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SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS IN THE YEARS 1860-'69.

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WESTERN SIDE OF THE COL DE TALÈFRE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE COL DE TALÈFRE.

THE person who discovered the Col du Géant must have been a shrewd mountaineer. The pass was in use before any other was known across the main chain of Mont Blanc, and down to the present time it remains the easiest and quickest route from Chamounix to Courmayeur, with the single exception of the pass that we crossed upon the 3d of July for the first time, which lies about midway between the Aiguille de Triolet and the Aiguille de Talèfre, and which,

for want of a better name, I have called the Col de Talèfre.

When one looks toward the upper end of the Glacier de Talèfre from the direction of the Jardin or of the Couvertle, the ridge that bounds the view seems to be of little elevation. It is overpowered by the colossal Grandes Jorasses and by the almost equally magnificent Aiguille Verte. The ridge, notwithstanding, is by no means despicable. At no point is its elevation less than eleven thousand six hundred feet. It does not look anything like this height. The Glacier de Talèfre mounts with a steady incline, and the eye is completely deceived.

In 1864, when prowling about with Mr. Reilly, I instinctively fixed upon a bent couloir which led up from the glacier to the lowest part of the ridge; and when, after crossing the Col de Triolet, I saw that the other side presented no particular difficulty, it seemed to me that this was the *one* point in the whole of the range which would afford an easier passage than the Col du Géant.

We set out from the Montanvert at 4 A. M. upon July 3, to see whether this opinion was correct, and it fortunately happened that the Rev. A. G. Girdle-

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stone and a friend, with two Chamounix guides, left the inn at the same hour as ourselves, to cross the Col du Géant. We kept in company as far as our routes lay together, and at 9.35 we arrived at the top of our pass, having taken the route to the south of the Jardin. Description is unnecessary, as our track is laid down very clearly on the engraving at the head of this chapter.

Much snow had fallen during the late bad weather, and as we reposed upon the top of our pass (which was about eleven thousand six hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and six hundred feet above the Col du Géant), we saw that the descent of the rocks which intervened between us and the Glacier de Triolet would require some caution, for the sun's rays poured down directly upon them, and the snow slipped away every now and then from ledge to ledge just as if it had been water—in cascades not large enough to be imposing, but sufficient to knock us over if we got in their way. This little bit of cliff consequently took a longer time than it should have done, for when we heard the indescribable swishing, hissing sound which announced a coming fall, we of necessity huddled under the lee of the rocks until the snow ceased to shoot over us.

We got to the level of the Glacier de Triolet without misadventure, then steered for its left bank to avoid the upper of its two formidable ice-falls, and after descending the requisite distance by some old snow lying between the glacier and the cliffs which border it, crossed directly to the right bank over the level ice between the two ice-falls. The right bank was gained without any trouble, and we found there numerous beds of hard snow (avalanche débris), down which we could run or glissade as fast as we liked.

Glissading is a very pleasant employment when it is accomplished successfully, and I have never seen a place where it can be more safely indulged in than the snowy valley on the right bank of the Glacier de Triolet. In my dreams I glissade delightfully, but in practice I

find that somehow the snow will not behave properly, and that my alpenstock will get between my legs. Then my legs go where my head should be, and I



see the sky revolving at a rapid pace: the snow rises up and smites me, and runs away, and when it is at last overtaken it suddenly stops, and we come into violent collision. Those who are with me say that I tumble head over heels, and there may be some truth in what they say. Streaks of ice are apt to make the heels shoot away, and stray stones cause one to pitch headlong down. Somehow, these things always seem to come in the way, so it is as well to glissade only when there is something soft to tumble into.*

Near the termination of the glacier we could not avoid traversing a portion of its abominable moraine, but at 1.30 P. M. we were clear of it, and threw ourselves upon some springy turf, conscious that our day's work was over. An hour afterward we resumed the march, crossed the Doire torrent by a bridge a little below Gruetta, and at five o'clock entered Courmayeur, having occupied somewhat less than ten hours on the way. Mr. Girdlestone's party came in, I believe, about four hours afterward, so there was no doubt that we made a shorter pass than the Col du Géant; and I believe we dis-

* In glissading an erect position should be maintained, and the point of the alpenstock allowed to trail over the snow. If it is necessary to stop or to slacken speed, the point is pressed against the slope, as shown in the illustration.

covered a quicker way of getting from Chamounix to Courmayeur, or *vice versa*, than will be found elsewhere so long as the chain of Mont Blanc remains in its present condition.

CHAPTER XX.

ASCENT OF THE RUINETTE—THE MATTERHORN.

ALL of the excursions that were set down in my programme had been carried out, with the exception of the ascent of the Matterhorn, and we now turned our faces in its direction, but instead of returning *via* the Val Tournanche, we took a route across country, and bagged upon our way the summit of the Ruinette.

We passed the night of July 4 at Aosta, under the roof of the genial Tairaz, and on the 5th went by the Val d'Ollomont and the Col de la Fenêtre (9140 feet) to Chermontane. We slept that night at the chalets of Chanrion (a foul spot, which should be avoided), left them at 3.50 the next morning, and after a short scramble over the slope above, and a half-mile tramp on the Glacier de Breney, we crossed directly to the Ruinette, and went almost straight up it. There is not, I suppose, another mountain in the Alps of the same height that can be ascended so easily. You have only to go ahead: upon its southern side one can walk about almost anywhere.

Though I speak thus slightly of a very respectable peak, I will not do anything of the kind in regard to the view which it gives. It is happily placed in respect to the rest of the Pennine Alps, and as a stand-point it has not many superiors. You see mountains, and nothing but mountains. It is a solemn—some would say a dreary—view, but it is very grand. The great Combin (14,164 feet), with its noble background of the whole range of Mont Blanc, never looks so big as it does from here. In the contrary direction the Matterhorn overpowers all besides. The Dent d'Hérens, although closer, looks a mere outlier of its great neighbor, and the snows of Monte Rosa behind seem in-

tended for no other purpose than to give relief to the crags in front. To the south there is an endless array of Becs and Beccas, backed by the great Italian peaks, whilst to the north Mont Pleureur (12,159 feet) holds its own against the more distant Wildstrubel.

We gained the summit at 9.15, and stayed there an hour and a half. My faithful guides then admonished me that Prerayen, whither we were bound, was still far away, and that we had yet to cross two lofty ridges. So we resumed our harness and departed; not, however, before a huge cairn had been built out of the blocks of gneiss with which the summit is bestrewn. Then we trotted down the slopes of the Ruinette, over the Glacier de Breney, and across a pass which (if it deserves a name) may be called the Col des Portons, after the neighboring peaks. From thence we proceeded across the great Otemma glacier toward the Col d'Olen.

The part of the glacier that we traversed was overspread with snow, which completely concealed its numerous pitfalls. We marched across it in single file, and of course roped together. All at once Almer dropped into a crevasse up to his shoulders. I pulled in the rope immediately, but the snow gave way as it was being done, and I had to spread out my arms to stop my descent. Biener held fast, but said afterward that his feet went through as well, so, for a moment, all three were in the jaws of the crevasse. We now altered our course, so as to take the fissures transversely, and after the centre of the glacier was passed, changed it again and made directly for the summit of the Col d'Olen.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, after what has been before said, that it is my invariable practice to employ a rope when traversing a snow-covered glacier. Many guides, even the best ones, object to be roped, more especially early in the morning, when the snow is hard. They object sometimes because they think it is unnecessary. Crevasses that are bridged by snow are almost always more or less perceptible by undulations on the surface: the snow droops

down, and hollows mark the course of the chasms beneath. An experienced guide usually notices these almost imperceptible wrinkles, steps one side or the other, as the case may require, and rarely breaks through unawares. Guides think there is no occasion to employ a rope, because they think that they will *not* be taken by surprise. Michel Croz used to be of this opinion. He used to say that only imbeciles and children required to be tied up in the morning. I told him that in this particular matter I was a child to him. "You see these things, my good Croz, and avoid them. I do not, except you point them out to me, and so that which is not a danger to you *is* a danger to me." The sharper one's eyes get by use, the less is a rope required as a protective against these hidden pitfalls, but according to my experience the sight never becomes so keen that they can be avoided with unvarying certainty, and I mentioned what occurred upon the Otemma glacier to show that this is so.

I well remember my first passage of the Col Théodule, the easiest of the higher Alpine glacier passes. We had a rope, but my guide said it was not necessary—he knew all the crevasses. However, we did not go a quarter of a mile before he dropped through the snow into a crevasse up to his neck. He was a heavy man, and would scarcely have extricated himself alone; anyhow, he was very glad of my assistance. When he got on to his legs again, he said, "Well, I had no idea that there was a crevasse there." He no longer objected to use the rope, and we proceeded—upon my part with greater peace of mind than before. I have crossed the pass thirteen times since then, and have invariably insisted upon being tied.

Guides object to the use of the rope upon snow-covered glacier, because they are afraid of being laughed at by their comrades; and this, perhaps, is the more common reason. To illustrate this, here is another Théodule experience. We arrived at the edge of the ice, and I required to be tied. My guide (a Zermatt man of repute) said that no one used a

rope going across that pass. I declined to argue the matter, and we put on the rope, though very much against the wish of my man, who protested that he should have to submit to perpetual ridicule if we met any of his acquaintances. We had not gone very far before we saw a train coming in the contrary direction. "Ah!" cried my man, "there is R——" (mentioning a guide who used to be kept at the Riffel hotel for the ascent of Monte Rosa): "it will be as I said—I shall never hear the end of this." The guide we met was followed by a string of tomfools, none of whom were tied together, and had his face covered by a mask to prevent it becoming blistered. After we had passed, I said, "Now, should R—— make any observations to you, ask him why he takes such extraordinary care to preserve the skin of his face, which will grow again in a week, when he neglects such an obvious precaution in regard to his life, which he can only lose once." This was quite a new idea to my guide, and he said nothing more against the use of the rope so long as we were together.

I believe that the unwillingness to use a rope upon snow-covered glacier which born mountaineers not unfrequently exhibit, arises—first, on the part of expert men from the consciousness that they themselves incur little risk; secondly, on the part of inferior men from fear of ridicule, and from aping the ways of their superiors; and thirdly, from pure ignorance or laziness. Whatever may be the reason, I raise my voice against the neglect of a precaution so simple and so effectual. In my opinion, the very first thing a glacier-traveler requires is plenty of good rope.

A committee of the English Alpine Club was appointed in 1864 to test, and to report upon, the most suitable ropes for mountaineering purposes, and those which were approved are probably as good as can be found. One is made of Manila and another of Italian hemp. The former is the heavier, and weighs a little more than an ounce per foot (103 ounces to 100 feet). The latter weighs 79 ounces per 100 feet, but I prefer the Manila rope, because it is more easy

to handle. Both of these ropes will sustain 168 pounds falling 10 feet, or 196 pounds falling 8 feet, and they break with a dead weight of two tons. In 1865 we carried two 100-foot lengths of the Manila rope, and the inconvenience arising from its weight was more than made up for by the security which it afforded. Upon several occasions it was worth more than an extra guide.

Now, touching the *use* of the rope. There is a right way and there are wrong ways of using it. I often meet, upon glacier-passes, elegantly got-up persons, who are clearly out of their element, with a guide stalking along in front, who pays no attention to the innocents in his charge. They are tied together as a matter of form, but they evidently have no idea *why* they are tied up, for they walk side by side or close together, with the rope trailing on the snow. If one tumbles into a crevasse, the rest stare and say, "La! what is the matter with Smith?" unless, as is more likely, they all tumble in together. This is the wrong way to use a rope. It is abuse of the rope.

It is of the first importance to keep the rope taut from man to man. There is no real security if this is not done, and your risks may be considerably magnified. There is little or no difficulty in extricating one man who breaks through a bridged crevasse if the rope is taut, but the case may be very awkward if two break through at the same moment, close together, and there are only two others to aid, or perhaps only one other. Further, the rope ought not upon any account to graze over snow, ice or rocks, otherwise the strands suffer and the lives of the whole party may be endangered.



THE WRONG WAY TO USE THE ROPE.

Apart from this, it is extremely annoying to have a rope knocking about one's heels. If circumstances render it im-



THE RIGHT WAY TO USE THE ROPE.

possible for the rope to be kept taut by itself, the men behind should gather it up round their hands,* and not allow it to incommode those in advance. A man must either be incompetent, careless or selfish if he permits the rope to dangle about the heels of the person in front of him.

The distance from man to man must be neither too great nor too small. About

* For example, when the leader suspects crevasses, and *sounds* for them in the manner shown in the engraving, he usually loses half a step or more. The second man should take a turn of the rope around his hand to draw it back in case the leader goes through.

twelve feet is sufficient. If there are only two or three persons, it is prudent to allow a little more—say fifteen feet. More than this is unnecessary, and less than nine or ten feet is not much good.

It is essential to examine your rope from time to time to see that it is in good condition. If you are wise you will do this yourself every day. Latterly, I have examined every inch of my rope overnight, and upon more than one occasion have found the strands of the Manila rope nearly half severed through accidental grazes.

Thus far the rope has been supposed to be employed upon level, snow-covered glacier, to prevent any risk from concealed crevasses. On rocks and on slopes it is used for a different purpose (namely, to guard against slips), and in these cases it is equally important to keep it taut and to preserve a reasonable distance one from the other. It is much more troublesome to keep the rope taut upon slopes than upon the level, and upon difficult rocks it is all but impossible, except by adopting the plan of moving only one at a time.

From the Col d'Olen we proceeded down the combe of the same name to the chalets of Prerayen, and passed the night of the 6th under the roof of our old acquaintance, the wealthy herdsman. On the 7th we crossed the Va Cornère Pass, *en route* for Breuil. My thoughts were fixed on the Matterhorn, and my guides knew that I wished them to accompany me. They had an aversion to the mountain, and repeatedly expressed their belief that it was useless to try to ascend it. "*Anything* but Matterhorn, dear sir!" said Almer—"anything but Matterhorn." He did not speak of difficulty or of danger, nor was he shirking work. He offered to go *anywhere*, but he entreated that the Matterhorn should be abandoned. Both men spoke fairly enough. They did not think that an ascent could be made, and for their own credit, as well as for my sake, they did not wish to undertake a business which in their opinion would only lead to loss of time and money.

I sent them by the short cut to Breuil, and walked down to Val Tournanche to look for Jean-Antoine Carrel. He was not there. The villagers said that he and three others had started on the 6th to try the Matterhorn by the old way, on their own account. They will have no luck, I thought, for the clouds were low down on the mountains; and I walked up to Breuil, fully expecting to meet them. Nor was I disappointed. About halfway up I saw a group of men clustered around a chalet upon the other side of the torrent, and crossing over

found that the party had returned. Jean-Antoine and Cæsar were there, C. E. Gorret and J. J. Maquignaz. They had had no success. The weather, they said, had been horrible, and they had scarcely reached the Glacier du Lion.

I explained the situation to Carrel, and proposed that we, with Cæsar and another man, should cross the Théodule by moonlight on the 9th, and that upon the 10th we should pitch the tent as high as possible upon the east face. He was unwilling to abandon the old route, and urged me to try it again. I promised to do so provided the new route failed. This satisfied him, and he agreed to my proposal. I then went up to Breuil, and discharged Almer and Biener—with much regret, for no two men ever served me more faithfully or more willingly.* On the next day they crossed to Zermatt.

The 8th was occupied with preparations. The weather was stormy, and black, rainy vapors obscured the mountains. Toward evening a young man came from Val Tournanche, and reported that an Englishman was lying there extremely ill. Now was the time for the performance of my vow, and on the morning of Sunday, the 9th, I went down the valley to look after the sick man. On my way I passed a foreign gentleman, with a mule and several porters laden with baggage. Amongst these men were Jean-Antoine and Cæsar, carrying some barometers. "Hullo!" I said, "what are you doing?" They explained that the foreigner had arrived just as they were setting out, and that they were assisting his porters. "Very well: go on to Breuil, and await me there—we start at midnight, as agreed." Jean-Antoine then said that he should not be able to serve me after Tuesday, the 11th, as he was engaged to travel "with a family of distinction" in the valley of Aosta. "And Cæsar?" "And Cæsar also." "Why did you not say this before?" "Because," said he, "it was not settled. The engagement is of long

* During the preceding eighteen days (I exclude Sundays and other non-working days) we ascended more than one hundred thousand feet, and descended ninety-eight thousand feet.

standing, but *the day* was not fixed. When I got back to Val Tournanche on Friday night, after leaving you, I found a letter naming the day." I could not object to the answer, but the prospect of being left guideless was provoking. They went up, and I down, the valley.

The sick man declared that he was better, though the exertion of saying as much tumbled him over on to the floor in a fainting-fit. He was badly in want of medicine, and I tramped down to Chatillon to get it. It was late before I returned to Val Tournanche, for the weather was tempestuous and rain fell in torrents. A figure passed me under the church-porch. "*Qui vive ?*" "Jean-Antoine." "I thought you were at Breuil." "No, sir: when the storm came on I knew we should not start to-night, and so came down to sleep here." "Ha, Carrel," I said, "this is a great bore. If to-morrow is not fine, we shall not be able to do anything together. I have sent away my guides, relying on you, and now you are going to leave me to travel with a party of ladies. That work is not fit for *you*" (he smiled, I supposed at the implied compliment): "can't you send some one else instead?" "No, monsieur. I am sorry, but my word is pledged. I should like to accompany you, but I can't break my engagement." By this time we had arrived at the inn door. "Well, it is no fault of yours. Come presently with Cæsar, and have some wine." They came, and we sat up till midnight, recounting our old adventures, in the inn of Val Tournanche.

The weather continued bad upon the 10th, and I returned to Breuil. The two Carrels were again hovering about the above-mentioned chalet, and I bade them adieu. In the evening the sick man crawled up, a good deal better, but his was the only arrival. The Monday crowd* did not cross the Théodule, on account of the continued storms. The inn was lonely. I went to bed early, and was awake the next morning by the invalid inquiring if I had heard the news.

*Tourists usually congregate at Zermatt upon Sundays, and large gangs and droves cross the Théodule pass on Mondays.

"No—what news?" "Why," said he, "a large party of guides went off this morning to try the Matterhorn, taking with them a mule laden with provisions."

I went to the door, and with a telescope saw the party upon the lower slopes of the mountain. Favre, the landlord, stood by. "What is all this about?" I inquired: "who is the leader of this party?" "Carrel." "What! Jean-Antoine?" "Yes, Jean-Antoine." "Is Cæsar there too?" "Yes, he is there." Then I saw in a moment that I had been bamboozled and humbugged, and learned, bit by bit, that the affair had been arranged long beforehand. The start on the 6th had been for a preliminary reconnaissance; the mule that I passed was conveying stores for the attack; the "family of distinction" was Signor F. Giordano, who had just despatched the party to facilitate the way to the summit, and who, when the facilitation was completed, was to be taken to the top along with Signor Sella!†

I was greatly mortified. My plans were upset: the Italians had clearly stolen a march upon me, and I saw that the astute Favre chuckled over my discomfiture, because the route by the eastern face, if successful, would not benefit his inn. What was to be done? I retired to my room, and, soothed by tobacco, re-studied my plans, to see if it was not possible to outmanœuvre the Italians. "They have taken a mule-load of provisions." That is *one* point in my favor, for they will take two or three days to get through the food, and until that is done no work will be accomplished." "How is the weather?" I went to the window. The mountain was smothered up in mist—another point in my favor. "They are to facilitate the way. Well, if they do that to any purpose, it will be a long job." Altogether, I reckoned that they could not possibly ascend the mountain and come back to Breuil in less than seven days. I got cooler, for it was evident that the wily ones might be outwitted after all. There was time enough to go to Zermatt, to try

†The Italian minister. Signor Giordano had undertaken the business arrangements for Signor Sella.

the eastern face, and, should it prove impracticable, to come back to Breuil before the men returned; and then it seemed to me, as the mountain was not padlocked, one might start at the same time as the messieurs, and yet get to the top before them.

The first thing to do was to go to Zermatt. Easier said than done. The seven guides upon the mountain included the ablest men in the valley, and none of the ordinary muleteer-guides were at Breuil. Two men, at least, were wanted for my baggage, but not a soul could be found. I ran about and sent about in all directions, but not a single porter could be obtained. One was with Carrel, another was ill, another was at Chatillon, and so forth. Even Meynet the hunchback could not be induced to come: he was in the thick of some important cheese-making operations. I was in the position of a general without an army: it was all very well to make plans, but there was no one to execute them. This did not much trouble me, for it was evident that so long as the weather stopped traffic over the Théodule, it would hinder the men equally upon the Matterhorn; and I knew that directly it improved company would certainly arrive.

About midday on Tuesday, the 11th, a large party hove in sight from Zermatt, preceded by a nimble young Englishman and one of old Peter Taugwalder's sons.* I went at once to this gentleman to learn if he could dispense with Taugwalder. He said that he could not, as they were going to recross to Zermatt on the morrow, but that the young man should assist in transporting my baggage, as he had nothing to carry. We naturally got into conversation. I told my story, and learned that the young Englishman was Lord Francis Douglas,† whose recent exploit—the ascent of the Gabelhorn—had excited my wonder and admiration. He brought good news. Old Peter had lately been beyond the Hörnli, and had reported that he thought

an ascent of the Matterhorn was possible upon that side. Almer had left Zermatt, and could not be recovered, so I determined to seek for old Peter. Lord Francis Douglas expressed a warm desire to ascend the mountain, and before long it was determined that he should take part in the expedition.

Favre could no longer hinder our departure, and lent us one of his men. We crossed the Col Théodule on Wednesday morning, the 12th of July, rounded the foot of the Ober Théodulgletscher, crossed the Furggengletscher, and deposited tent, blankets, ropes and other things in the little chapel at the Schwarzsee. All four were heavily laden, for we brought across the whole of my stores from Breuil. Of rope alone there were about six hundred feet. There were three kinds: first, two hundred feet of Manila rope; second, one hundred and fifty feet of a stouter and probably stronger rope than the first; and third, more than two hundred feet of a lighter and weaker rope than the first, of a kind that I used formerly (stout sash-line).

We descended to Zermatt, sought and engaged old Peter, and gave him permission to choose another guide. When we returned to the Monte Rosa hotel, whom should we see sitting upon the wall in front but my old *guide-chef*, Michel Croz! I supposed that he had come with Mr. B—, but I learned that that gentleman had arrived in ill health at Chamounix, and had returned to England. Croz, thus left free, had been immediately engaged by the Rev. Charles Hudson, and they had come to Zermatt with the same object as ourselves—namely, to attempt the ascent of the Matterhorn!

Lord Francis Douglas and I dined at the Monte Rosa, and had just finished when Mr. Hudson and a friend entered the *salle à manger*. They had returned from inspecting the mountain, and some idlers in the room demanded their intentions. We heard a confirmation of Croz's statement, and learned that Mr. Hudson intended to set out on the morrow at the same hour as ourselves. We left the room to consult, and agreed it

* Peter Taugwalder, the father, is called *old* Peter, to distinguish him from his eldest son, *young* Peter. In 1865 the father's age was about forty-five.

† Brother of the present marquis of Queensbury.

was undesirable that two independent parties should be on the mountain at the same time with the same object. Mr. Hudson was therefore invited to join us, and he accepted our proposal. Before admitting his friend, Mr. Hadow, I took the precaution to inquire what he had done in the Alps, and, as well as I remember, Mr. Hudson's reply was, "Mr. Hadow has done Mont Blanc in less time than most men." He then mentioned several other excursions, that were unknown to me, and added, in answer to a further question, "I consider he is a sufficiently good man to go with us." Mr. Hadow was admitted without any further question, and we then went into the matter of guides. Hudson thought that Croz and old Peter would be sufficient. The question was referred to the men themselves, and they made no objection.

So Croz and I became comrades once more, and as I threw myself on my bed and tried to go to sleep, I wondered at the strange series of chances which had first separated us and then brought us together again. I thought of the mistake through which he had accepted the engagement to Mr. B—; of his unwillingness to adopt my route; of his recommendation to transfer our energies to the chain of Mont Blanc; of the retirement of Almer and Biener; of the desertion of Carrel; of the arrival of Lord Francis Douglas; and lastly of our accidental meeting at Zermatt; and as I pondered over these things I could not help asking, "What next?" If any one of the links of this fatal chain of circumstances had been omitted, what a different story I should have to tell!

CHAPTER XXL

THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

WE started from Zermatt on the 13th of July at half-past five, on a brilliant and perfectly cloudless morning. We were eight in number—Croz, old Peter and his two sons,* Lord Francis Doug-

* The two young Taugwalders were taken as porters by desire of their father, and carried provisions amply sufficient for three days, in case the ascent should prove more troublesome than we anticipated.

las, Hadow, Hudson† and I. To ensure steady motion, one tourist and one native walked together. The youngest Taugwalder fell to my share, and the lad marched well, proud to be on the expedition and happy to show his powers. The wine-bags also fell to my lot to carry, and throughout the day, after

† I remember speaking about pedestrianism to a well-known mountaineer some years ago, and venturing to remark that a man who averaged thirty miles a day might be considered a good walker. "A fair walker," he said—"a *fair* walker." "What, then, would you consider *good* walking?" "Well," he replied, "I will tell you. Some time back a friend and I agreed to go to Switzerland, but a short time afterward he wrote to say he ought to let me know that a young and delicate lad was going with him who would not be equal to great things—in fact, he would not be able to do more than fifty miles a day!" "What became of the young and delicate lad?" "He lives." "And who was your extraordinary friend?" "Charles Hudson." I have every reason to believe that the gentlemen referred to were equal to walking more than fifty miles a day, but they were exceptional, not *good* pedestrians.

Charles Hudson, vicar of Skillington in Lincolnshire, was considered by the mountaineering fraternity to be the best amateur of his time. He was the organizer and leader of the party of Englishmen who ascended Mont Blanc by the Aiguille du Goûter, and descended by the Grands Mulets route, without guides, in 1855. His long practice made him sure-footed, and in that respect he was not greatly inferior to a born mountaineer. I remember him as a well-made man of middle height and age, neither stout nor thin, with face pleasant though grave, and with quiet, unassuming manners. Although an athletic man, he would have been overlooked in a crowd; and although he had done the greatest mountaineering feats which have been done, he was the last man to speak of his own doings. His friend, Mr. Hadow, was a young man of nineteen, who had the looks and manners of a greater age. He was a rapid walker, but 1865 was his first season in the Alps. Lord Francis Douglas was about the same age as Mr. Hadow. He had had the advantage of several seasons in the Alps. He was nimble as a deer, and was becoming an expert mountaineer. Just before our meeting he had ascended the Ober Gabelhorn (with old Peter and Joseph Viennin), and this gave me a high opinion of his powers, for I had examined that mountain all round a few weeks before, and had declined its ascent on account of its apparent difficulty.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Hudson was very slight; still, I should have been content to have placed myself under his orders if he had chosen to claim the position to which he was entitled. Those who knew him will not be surprised to learn that, so far from doing this, he lost no opportunity in consulting the wishes and opinions of those around him. We deliberated together whenever there was occasion, and our authority was recognized by the others. Whatever responsibility there was devolved upon us. I recollect with satisfaction that there was no difference of opinion between us as to what should be done, and that the most perfect harmony existed between all of us so long as we were together.

each drink, I replenished them secretly with water, so that at the next halt they were found fuller than before! This was considered a good omen, and little short of miraculous.

On the first day we did not intend to ascend to any great height, and we mounted, accordingly, very leisurely, picked up the things which were left in the chapel at the Schwarzsee at 8.20, and proceeded thence along the ridge connecting the Hörnli with the Matterhorn. At half-past eleven we arrived at the base of the actual peak, then quit the ridge and clambered round some ledges on to the eastern face. We were now fairly upon the mountain, and were astonished to find that places which from the Riffel, or even from the Furggengletscher, looked entirely impracticable, were so easy that we could *run about*.

Before twelve o'clock we had found a good position for the tent, at a height of eleven thousand feet.* Croz and young Peter went on to see what was above, in order to save time on the following morning. They cut across the heads of the snow-slopes which descended toward the Furggengletscher, and disappeared round a corner, but shortly afterward we saw them high up on the face, moving quickly. We others made a solid platform for the tent in a well-protected spot, and then watched eagerly for the return of the men. The stones which they upset told that they were very high, and we supposed that the way must be easy. At length, just before 3 P. M., we saw them coming down, evidently much excited. "What are they saying, Peter?" "Gentlemen, they say it is no good." But when they came near we heard a different story: "Nothing but what was good—not a difficulty, not a single difficulty! We could have gone to the summit and returned to-day easily!"

We passed the remaining hours of daylight—some basking in the sunshine, some sketching or collecting—and when

* Thus far the guides did not once go to the front. Hudson or I led, and when any cutting was required we did it ourselves. This was done to spare the guides, and to show them that we were thoroughly in earnest. The spot at which we camped was just four hours' walking from Zermatt.

the sun went down, giving, as it departed, a glorious promise for the morrow, we returned to the tent to arrange for the night. Hudson made tea, I coffee, and we then retired each one to his blanket-bag, the Taugwalders, Lord Francis Douglas and myself occupying the tent, the others remaining, by preference, outside. Long after dusk the cliffs above echoed with our laughter and with the songs of the guides, for we were happy that night in camp, and feared no evil.

We assembled together outside the tent before dawn on the morning of the 14th, and started directly it was light enough to move. Young Peter came on with us as a guide, and his brother returned to Zermatt. We followed the route which had been taken on the previous day, and in a few minutes turned the rib which had intercepted the view of the eastern face from our tent platform. The whole of this great slope was now revealed, rising for three thousand feet like a huge natural staircase. Some parts were more and others were less easy, but we were not once brought to a halt by any serious impediment, for when an obstruction was met in front it could always be turned to the right or to the left. For the greater part of the way there was indeed no occasion for the rope, and sometimes Hudson led, sometimes myself. At 6.20 we had attained a height of twelve thousand eight hundred feet, and halted for half an hour: we then continued the ascent without a break until 9.55, when we stopped for fifty minutes at a height of fourteen thousand feet. Twice we struck the north-eastern ridge, and followed it for some little distance—to no advantage, for it was usually more rotten and steep, and always more difficult, than the face. Still, we kept near to it, lest stones perchance might fall.

We had now arrived at the foot of that part which, from the Riffelberg or from Zermatt, seems perpendicular or overhanging, and could no longer continue upon the eastern side. For a little distance we ascended by snow upon the arête—that is, the ridge—descending

toward Zermatt, and then by common consent turned over to the right, or to the northern side. Before doing so we made a change in the order of ascent. Croz went first, I followed, Hudson came third: Hadow and old Peter were last. "Now," said Croz as he led off—"now for something altogether different." The work became difficult, and required caution. In some places there was little to hold, and it was desirable that those should be in front who were least likely to slip. The general slope of the mountain at this part was *less* than forty degrees, and snow had accumulated in, and had filled up, the interstices of the rock-face, leaving only occasional fragments projecting here and there. These were at times covered with a thin film of ice, produced from the melting and refreezing of the snow. It was the counterpart, on a small scale, of the upper seven hundred feet of the Pointe des Écrins; only there was this material difference—the face of the Écrins was about, or exceeded, an angle of fifty degrees, and the Matterhorn face was less than forty degrees. It was a place over which any fair mountaineer might pass in safety, and Mr. Hudson ascended this part, and, as far as I know, the entire mountain, without having the slightest assistance rendered to him upon any occasion. Sometimes, after I had taken a hand from Croz or received a pull, I turned to offer the same to Hudson, but he invariably declined, saying it was not necessary. Mr. Hadow, however, was not accustomed to this kind of work, and required continual assistance. It is only fair to say that the difficulty which he found at this part arose simply and entirely from want of experience.

This solitary difficult part was of no great extent. We bore away over it at first nearly horizontally, for a distance of about four hundred feet, then ascended directly toward the summit for about sixty feet, and then doubled back to the ridge which descends toward Zermatt. A long stride round a rather awkward corner brought us to snow once more. The last doubt vanished! The Matterhorn was ours! Nothing but two hun-

dred feet of easy snow remained to be surmounted!

You must now carry your thoughts back to the seven Italians who started from Breuil on the 11th of July. Four days had passed since their departure, and we were tormented with anxiety lest they should arrive on the top before us. All the way up we had talked of them, and many false alarms of "men on the summit" had been raised. The higher we rose the more intense became the excitement. What if we should be beaten at the last moment? The slope eased off, at length we could be detached, and Croz and I, dashing away, ran a neck-and-neck race which ended in a dead heat. At 1.40 P. M. the world was at our feet and the Matterhorn was conquered! Hurrah! Not a footstep could be seen.

It was not yet certain that we had not been beaten. The summit of the Matterhorn was formed of a rudely level ridge, about three hundred and fifty feet long,* and the Italians might have been at its farther extremity. I hastened to the southern end, scanning the snow right and left eagerly. Hurrah again! it was untrodden. "Where were the men?" I peered over the cliff, half doubting, half expectant. I saw them immediately, mere dots on the ridge, at an immense distance below. Up went my arms and my hat. "Croz! Croz! come here!" "Where are they, monsieur?" "There—don't you see them down there?" "Ah! the *coquins*! they are low down." "Croz, we must make those fellows hear us." We yelled until we were hoarse. The Italians seemed to regard us—we could not be certain. "Croz, we *must* make them hear us—they *shall* hear us!" I seized a block of rock and hurled it down, and called upon my companion, in the name of

*The highest points are toward the two ends. In 1865 the northern end was slightly higher than the southern one. In bygone years Carrel and I often suggested to each other that we might one day arrive upon the top, and find ourselves cut off from the very highest point by a notch in the summit-ridge which is seen from the Théodule and from Breuil. This notch is very conspicuous from below, but when one is actually upon the summit it is hardly noticed, and it can be passed without the least difficulty.

friendship, to do the same. We drove our sticks in and prized away the crags, and soon a torrent of stones poured down the cliffs. There was no mistake about it this time. The Italians turned and fled.*

Still, I would that the leader of that party could have stood with us at that moment, for our victorious shouts conveyed to him the disappointment of the ambition of a lifetime. He was *the* man,

for the honor of his native valley. For a time he had the game in his hands: he played it as he thought best, but he made a false move, and lost it. Times have changed with Carrel. His supremacy is questioned in the Val Tournanche; new men have arisen, and he is no longer recognized as *the* chasseur above all others; but so long as he remains the man that he is to-day it will not be easy to find his superior.



"CROZ! CROZ! COME HERE!"

of all those who attempted the ascent of the Matterhorn, who most deserved to be the first upon its summit. He was the first to doubt its inaccessibility, and he was the only man who persisted in believing that its ascent would be accomplished. It was the aim of his life to make the ascent from the side of Italy

* I have learned since from J.-A. Carrel that they heard our first cries. They were then upon the south-west ridge, close to the "Cravate," and *twelve hundred and fifty feet* below us, or, as the crow flies, at a distance of about one-third of a mile.

The others had arrived, so we went back to the northern end of the ridge. Croz now took the tent-pole† and planted it in the highest snow. "Yes," we said, "there is the flag-staff, but where is the flag?" "Here it is," he answered, pulling off his blouse and fixing it to the stick. It made a poor flag, and there was no wind to float it out, yet it was seen all around. They saw it at Zermatt, at the Rifel, in the Val Tournanche. At Breuil the watchers cried, "Victory is ours!" They raised "bravos" for Carrel and "vivas" for Italy, and hastened to put themselves *en fête*. On the morrow they were undeceived. All was changed: the explorers returned sad—cast down—disheartened—confounded—gloomy. "It is true," said the men. "We saw them ourselves—they hurled stones at us!"

The old traditions *are* true—there are spirits on the top of the Matterhorn!"‡

† At our departure the men were confident that the ascent would be made, and took one of the poles out of the tent. I protested that it was tempting Providence: they took the pole, nevertheless.

‡ Signor Giordano was naturally disappointed at the result, and wished the men to start again. *They all refused to do so, with the exception of Jean-Antoine.* Upon the 16th of July he set out again with three others, and upon the 17th gained the summit by passing (at first) up the south-west ridge, and (afterward) by turning over to the Z'Mutt, or north-western side. On the 18th he returned to Breuil.

Whilst we were upon the southern end of the sum-

We returned to the southern end of the ridge to build a cairn, and then paid homage to the view.* The day was one of those superlatively calm and clear



THE SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN IN 1865 (NORTHERN END).

ones which usually precede bad weather. The atmosphere was perfectly still and free from all clouds or vapors. Mountains fifty—nay, a hundred—miles off looked sharp and near. All their details—ridge and crag, snow and glacier

mit-ridge we paid some attention to the portion of the mountain which intervened between ourselves and the Italian guides. It seemed as if there would not be the least chance for them if they should attempt to storm the final peak directly from the end of the "shoulder." In that direction cliffs fell sheer down from the summit, and we were unable to see beyond a certain distance. There remained the route about which Carrel and I had often talked—namely, to ascend directly at first from the end of the "shoulder," and afterward to swerve to the left (that is, to the Z'Mutt side), and to complete the ascent from the north-west. When we were upon the summit we laughed at this idea. The part of the mountain that I have described upon page 619 was not easy, although its inclination was moderate. If that slope were made only ten degrees steeper its difficulty would be enormously increased. To double its inclination would be to make it impracticable. The slope at the southern end of the summit-ridge, falling toward the north-west, was *much* steeper than that over which we passed, and we ridiculed the idea that any person should attempt to as-

—stood out with faultless definition. Pleasant thoughts of happy days in by-gone years came up unbidden as we recognized the old, familiar forms. All were revealed—not one of the principal peaks of the Alps was hidden.† I see them clearly now—the great inner cir-

cend in that direction when the northern route was so easy. Nevertheless, the summit was reached by that route by the undaunted Carrel. From knowing the final slope over which he passed, and from the account of Mr. F. C. Grove—who is the only traveler by whom it has been traversed—I do not hesitate to term the ascent of Carrel and Bich in 1865 the most desperate piece of mountain-scrambling upon record. In 1869 I asked Carrel if he had ever done anything more difficult. His reply was, "Man cannot do anything much more difficult than that."

* The summit-ridge was much shattered, although not so extensively as the south-west and north-east ridges. The highest rock in 1865 was a block of mica-schist, and the fragment I broke off it not only possesses in a remarkable degree the *character* of the peak, but mimics in an astonishing manner the details of its form. (See illustration on page 622.)

† It is most unusual to see the southern half of the panorama unclouded. A hundred ascents may be made before this will be the case again.

cles of giants, backed by the ranges, chains and *massifs*. First came the Dent Blanche, hoary and grand; the Gabelhorn and pointed Rothhorn, and then the peerless Weisshorn; the towering Mischabelhörner, flanked by the Allaleinhorn, Strahlhorn and Rimpfischhorn; then Monte Rosa—with its many Spitzes—the Lyskamm and the Breit-horn. Behind were the Bernese Oberland, governed by the Finsteraarhorn, the Simplon and St. Gothard groups, the Disgrazia and the Orteler. Toward the

sunny plains and frigid plateaux. There were the most rugged forms and the most graceful outlines—bold, perpendicular cliffs and gentle, undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones and spires! There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire.

We remained on the summit for one hour—

One crowded hour of glorious life.

It passed away too quickly, and we began to prepare for the descent.

CHAPTER XXII.

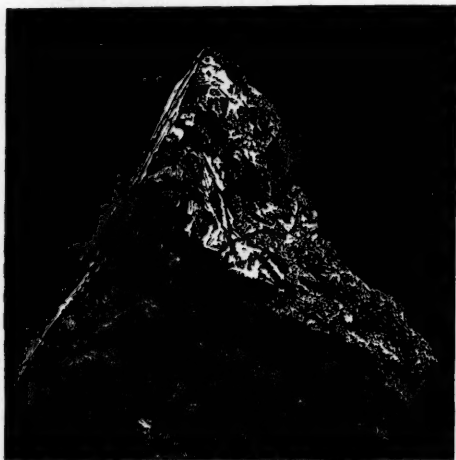
DESCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

HUDSON and I again consulted as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first,* and Hadow second; Hudson, who was almost equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord F. Douglas was placed next, and old Peter, the strongest of the remainder, after him. I suggested to Hudson that we

should attach a rope to the rocks on our arrival at the difficult bit, and hold it as we descended, as an additional protection. He approved the idea, but it was not definitely settled that it should be done. The party was being arranged in the above order whilst I was sketching the summit, and they had finished, and were waiting for me to be tied in line, when some one remembered that our names had not been left in a bottle. They requested me to write them down, and moved off while it was being done.

A few minutes afterward I tied myself to young Peter, ran down after the others, and caught them just as they were commencing the descent of the dif-

* If the members of the party had been more equally efficient, Croz would have been placed *last*.



THE ACTUAL SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN.

south we looked down to Chivasso on the plain of Piedmont, and far beyond. The Viso—one hundred miles away—seemed close upon us; the Maritime Alps—one hundred and thirty miles distant—were free from haze. Then came my first love—the Pelvoux; the Écrins and the Meije; the clusters of the Grans; and lastly, in the west, gorgeous in the full sunlight, rose the monarch of all—Mont Blanc. Ten thousand feet beneath us were the green fields of Zermatt, dotted with chalets, from which blue smoke rose lazily. Eight thousand feet below, on the other side, were the pastures of Breuil. There were forests black and gloomy, and meadows bright and lively; bounding waterfalls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes;

ficult part.* Great care was being taken. Only one man was moving at a time: when he was firmly planted, the next advanced, and so on. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to rocks, and nothing was said about it. The suggestion was not made for my own sake, and I am not sure that it even occurred to me again. For some little distance we two followed the others, detached from them, and should have continued so had not Lord F. Douglas asked me, about 3 P. M., to tie on to old Peter, as he feared, he said, that Taugwalder would not be able to hold his ground if a slip occurred.

A few minutes later a sharp-eyed lad ran into the Monte Rosa hotel to Seiler, saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhornletscher. The boy was reproved for telling idle stories: he was right, nevertheless, and this was what he saw.

Michel Croz had laid aside his axe, and in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions.† As far as I know, no one was actually descending. I cannot speak with certainty, because the two leading men were partially hidden from my sight by an intervening mass of rock, but it is my belief, from the movements of their shoulders, that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself: at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell against him and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downward: in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him.‡ All this was the

* Described upon p. 619.

† Not at all an unusual proceeding, even between born mountaineers. I wish to convey the impression that Croz was using all pains, rather than to indicate extreme inability on the part of Mr. Hadow.

‡ At the moment of the accident, Croz, Hadow and Hudson were all close together. Between Hudson and Lord F. Douglas the rope was all but taut, and the same between all the others who were above. Croz was standing by the side of a rock which afford-

work of a moment. Immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit:‡ the rope was taut between us, and the jerk came on us both as on one man. We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downward on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavoring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhornletscher below, a distance of nearly four thousand feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them.

So perished our comrades! For the space of half an hour we remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two men, paralyzed by terror, cried like infants, and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others. Old Peter rent the air with exclamations of "Chamounix!—oh, what will Chamounix say?" He meant, Who would believe that Croz could fall?

ed good hold, and if he had been aware or had suspected that anything was about to occur, he might and would have gripped it, and would have prevented any mischief. He was taken totally by surprise. Mr. Hadow slipped off his feet on to his back, his feet struck Croz in the small of the back and knocked him right over, head first. Croz's axe was out of his reach, and without it he managed to get his head uppermost before he disappeared from our sight. If it had been in his hand I have no doubt that he would have stopped himself and Mr. Hadow.

Mr. Hadow, at the moment of the slip, was not occupying a bad position. He could have moved either up or down, and could touch with his hand the rock of which I have spoken. Hudson was not so well placed, but he had liberty of motion. The rope was not taut from him to Hadow, and the two men fell ten or twelve feet before the jerk came upon him. Lord F. Douglas was not favorably placed, and could move neither up nor down. Old Peter was firmly planted, and stood just beneath a large rock which he hugged with both arms. I enter into these details to make it more apparent that the position occupied by the party at the moment of the accident was not by any means excessively trying. We were compelled to pass over the exact spot where the slip occurred, and we found—even with shaken nerves—that it was not a difficult place to pass. I have described the *slope generally* as difficult, and it is so undoubtedly to most persons, but it must be distinctly understood that Mr. Hadow slipped at an easy part.

§ Or, more correctly, we held on as tightly as possible. There was no time to change our position.

The young man did nothing but scream or sob, "We are lost! we are lost!" Fixed between the two, I could move neither up nor down. I begged young Peter to descend, but he dared not. Unless he did, we could not advance. Old Peter became alive to the danger, and



ROPE BROKEN ON THE MATTERHORN.

swelled the cry, "We are lost! we are lost!" The father's fear was natural—he trembled for his son; the young man's fear was cowardly—he thought of self alone. At last old Peter summoned up courage, and changed his position to a rock to which he could fix the rope: the young man then descended, and we all stood together. Immediately we did so, I asked for the rope which had given way, and found, to my surprise—indeed, to my horror—that it was the weakest of the three ropes. It was not brought, and should not have been employed, for the purpose for which it was used. It was old rope, and, compared with the others, was feeble. It was intended as a reserve, in case we had to leave much rope behind attached to rocks. I saw at once that a serious question was involved, and made them give me the end. It had broken in mid-air, and it did not appear to have sustained previous injury.

For more than two hours afterward I

thought almost every moment that the next would be my last, for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from them at any moment. After a time we were able to do that which should have been done at first, and fixed rope to firm rocks, in addition to being tied together. These ropes were cut from time to time, and were left behind.* Even with their assurance the men were afraid to proceed, and several times old Peter turned with ashy face and faltering limbs, and said with terrible emphasis, "*I cannot!*"

About 6 P. M. we arrived at the snow upon the ridge descending toward Zermatt, and all peril was over. We frequently looked, but in vain, for traces of our unfortunate companions: we bent over the ridge and cried to them, but no sound returned. Convinced at last that they were within neither sight nor hearing, we ceased from our useless efforts, and, too cast down for speech, silently gathered up our things and the little effects of those who were lost, preparatory to continuing the descent. When lo! a mighty arch appeared, rising above the Lyskamm high into the sky. Pale, colorless and noiseless, but perfectly sharp and defined, except where it was lost in the clouds, this unearthly apparition seemed like a vision from another world, and almost appalled we watched with amazement the gradual development of two vast crosses, one on either side. If the Taugwalders had not been the first to perceive it, I should have doubted my senses. They thought it had some connection with the accident, and I, after a while, that it might bear some relation to ourselves. But our movements had no effect upon it. The spectral forms remained motionless. It was a fearful and wonderful sight, unique in my experience, and impressive beyond description, coming at such a moment.†

* These ends, I believe, are still attached to the rocks, and mark our line of ascent and descent.

† See Frontispiece. I paid very little attention to this remarkable phenomenon, and was glad when it disappeared, as it distracted our attention. Under ordinary circumstances I should have felt vexed after-

I was ready to leave, and waiting for the others. They had recovered their appetites and the use of their tongues. They spoke in patois, which I did not understand. At length the son said in French, "Monsieur." "Yes." "We are poor men; we have lost our Herr; we shall not get paid; we can ill afford this." * "Stop!" I said, interrupting him—"that is nonsense: I shall pay you, of course, just as if your Herr were here." They talked together in their patois for a short time, and then the son spoke again: "We don't wish you to pay us. We wish you to write in the hotel-book at Zermatt and to your journals that we have not been paid." "What nonsense are you talking? I don't understand you. What do you mean?" He proceeded: "Why, next year there will be many travelers at Zermatt, and we shall get more *voyageurs*."

Who would answer such a proposition? I made them no reply in words,† but they knew very well the indignation that I felt.

ward at not having observed with greater precision an occurrence so rare and so wonderful. I can add very little about it to that which is said above. The sun was directly at our backs—that is to say, the fog-bow was opposite to the sun. The time was 6.30 P. M. The forms were at once tender and sharp, neutral in tone, were developed gradually, and disappeared suddenly. The mists were light (that is, not dense), and were dissipated in the course of the evening.

It has been suggested that the crosses are incorrectly figured in the Frontispiece, and that they were probably formed by the intersection of other circles or ellipses, as shown



in the annexed diagram. I think this suggestion is very likely correct, but I have preferred to follow my original memorandum.

In Parry's *Narrative of an Attempt to Reach the North Pole*, 4to, 1828, there is, at pp. 99, 100,

an account of the occurrence of a phenomenon analogous to the above-mentioned one: "At half-past 5 P. M. we witnessed a very beautiful natural phenomenon. A broad white fog-bow first appeared opposite to the sun, as was very commonly the case," etc. I follow Parry in using the term fog-bow.

* They had been traveling with, and had been engaged by, Lord F. Douglas, and so considered him their employer, and responsible to them.

† Nor did I speak to them afterward, unless it was absolutely necessary, so long as we were together.

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They filled the cup of bitterness to overflowing, and I tore down the cliff madly and recklessly, in a way that caused them, more than once, to inquire if I wished to kill them. Night fell, and for an hour the descent was continued in the darkness. At half-past nine a rest-



MONSIEUR ALEX. SEILER.

ing-place was found, and upon a wretched slab, barely large enough to hold the three, we passed six miserable hours. At daybreak the descent was resumed, and from the Hörnli ridge we ran down to the chalets of Buhl and on to Zermatt. Seiler met me at his door, and followed in silence to my room: "What is the matter?" "The Taugwalders and I have returned." He did not need more, and burst into tears, but lost no time in useless lamentations, and set to work to arouse the village. Ere long a score of men had started to ascend the Hohlicht heights, above Kalbermatt and Z'Mutt, which commanded the plateau of the Matterhorn-gletscher. They returned after six hours, and reported that they had seen the bodies lying motionless on the snow. This was on Saturday, and they proposed that we should leave on Sunday evening, so as to arrive upon the plateau at daybreak on Monday. Unwilling to lose the slightest chance, the Rev. J. McCormick and I resolved to start on Sunday morning. The Zermatt men, threatened with excommunication by their priests if they failed to attend the early mass, were unable to accompany us. To several of them, at least, this was a severe trial, and Peter Perrin

declared with tears that nothing else would have prevented him from joining in the search for his old comrades. Englishmen came to our aid. The Rev. J. Robertson and Mr. J. Phillpotts offered themselves and their guide, Franz Andermatten: another Englishman lent us Joseph Marie and Alexandre Lochmatter. Frédéric Payot and Jean Tairraz of Chamonix also volunteered.



THE MANILA ROPE.*

We started at 2 A. M. on Sunday, the 16th, and followed the route that we had taken on the previous Thursday as far as the Hörnli. From thence we went down to the right of the ridge, and mounted through the *stracs* of the Matterhornletscher. By 8.30 we had got to the plateau at the top of the glacier, and within sight of the corner in which we knew my companions must be. As we saw one weather-beaten man after

* The three ropes have been reduced by photography to the same scale.

another raise the telescope, turn deadly pale and pass it on without a word to the next, we knew that all hope was gone. We approached. They had fallen below as they had fallen above—Croze a little in advance, Hadow near him, and Hudson some distance behind, but of Lord F. Douglas we could see nothing.† We left them where they fell, buried in snow at the base of the grandest cliff of the most majestic mountain of the Alps.

All those who had fallen had been tied with the Manila, or with the second and equally strong rope, and consequently there had been only one link—that between old Peter and Lord F. Douglas—where the weaker rope had been used. This had a very ugly look for Taugwalder, for it was not possible to suppose that the others would have sanctioned the employment of a rope so greatly inferior in strength when there were more than two hundred and fifty feet of the better qualities still out of use.‡ For the sake of the old guide (who bore a good reputation), and upon all other accounts, it was desirable that this matter should be cleared up; and after my examination before the court of inquiry which was instituted by the government was over, I handed in a number of questions which were framed so as to afford old Peter an opportunity of exculpating himself from the grave suspicions which at once fell upon him. The questions, I was told, were put and answered, but the answers, although promised, have never reached me.§

† A pair of gloves, a belt and boot that had belonged to him were found. This, somehow, became publicly known, and gave rise to wild notions, which would not have been entertained had it been also known that the boots of *all* those who had fallen were off, and were lying upon the snow near the bodies.

‡ I was one hundred feet or more from the others whilst they were being tied up, and am unable to throw any light on the matter. Croze and old Peter no doubt tied up the others.

§ This is not the only occasion upon which M. Clemenz (who presided over the inquiry) has failed to give up answers that he has promised. It is greatly to be regretted that he does not feel that the suppression of the truth is equally against the interests of travelers

Meanwhile, the administration sent strict injunctions to recover the bodies, and upon the 19th of July twenty-one men of Zermatt accomplished that sad and dangerous task. Of the body of Lord Francis Douglas they too saw nothing: it is probably still arrested on the rocks above.* The remains of Hudson and Hadow were interred upon the north side of the Zermatt church, in the presence of a reverent crowd of sympathizing friends. The body of Michel Croz lies upon the other side, under a simpler tomb, whose inscription bears honorable testimony to his rectitude, to his courage and to his devotion.†

and of the guides. If the men are untrustworthy, the public should be warned of the fact, but if they are blameless, why allow them to remain under unmerited suspicion?

Old Peter Taugwalder is a man who is laboring under an unjust accusation. Notwithstanding repeated denials, even his comrades and neighbors at Zermatt persist in asserting or insinuating that he *cut* the rope which led from him to Lord F. Douglas. In regard to this infamous charge, I say that he *could* not do so at the moment of the slip, and that the end of the rope in my possession shows that he did not do so beforehand. There remains, however, the suspicious fact that the rope which broke was the thinnest and weakest one that we had. It is suspicious, because it is unlikely that any of the four men in front would have selected an old and weak rope when there was abundance of new and much stronger rope to spare; and on the other hand, because if Taugwalder thought that an accident was likely to happen, it was to his interest to have the weaker rope where it was placed.

I should rejoice to learn that his answers to the questions which were put to him were satisfactory. Not only was his act at the critical moment wonderful as a feat of strength, but it was admirable in its performance at the right time. I am told that he is now nearly incapable of work—not absolutely mad, but with intellect gone and almost crazy; which is not to be wondered at, whether we regard him as a man who contemplated a scoundrelly meanness, or as an injured man suffering under an unjust accusation.

In respect to young Peter, it is not possible to speak in the same manner. The odious idea that he propounded (which I believe emanated from *him*) he has endeavored to trade upon, in spite of the fact that his father was paid (for both) in the presence of witnesses. Whatever may be his abilities as a guide, he is not one to whom I would ever trust my life or afford any countenance.

* This or a subsequent party discovered a sleeve. No other traces have been found.

† At the instance of Mr. Alfred Wills, a subscription-list was opened for the benefit of the sisters of Michel Croz, who had been partly dependent upon his earnings. In a short time more than two hundred and eighty pounds were raised. This was considered sufficient, and the list closed. The proceeds were invested in French Rentes (by Mr. William Mathews), at the recommendation of M. Dupui, at that time maire of Chamounix.

So the traditional inaccessibility of the Matterhorn was vanquished, and was replaced by legends of a more real character. Others will essay to scale its proud cliffs, but to none will it be the



THE SECOND ROPE.

mountain that it was to its early explorers. Others may tread its summit-snows, but none will ever know the feelings of those who first gazed upon its marvelous panorama, and none, I trust, will ever be compelled to tell of joy turned into grief, and of laughter into mourning. It proved to be a stubborn foe; it resisted long and gave many a hard blow; it was defeated at last with an ease that none could have anticipated, but, like a relentless enemy conquered but not crushed, it took terrible vengeance. The time may come when the Matterhorn shall have passed away, and nothing save a heap of shapeless fragments will mark the spot where the great

mountain stood, for, atom by atom, inch by inch, and yard by yard, it yields to forces which nothing can withstand. That time is far distant, and ages hence generations unborn will gaze upon its awful precipices and wonder at its unique form. However exalted may be their ideas and however exaggerated their expectations, none will come to return disappointed!

The play is over, and the curtain is about to fall. Before we part, a word upon the graver teachings of the mountains. See yonder height! 'Tis far away—unbidden comes the word "Impossible!" "Not so," says the mountaineer. "The way is long, I know: it's difficult—it may be dangerous. It's possible, I'm sure: I'll seek the way, take counsel of my brother mountaineers, and find how they have gained similar heights and learned to avoid the dangers." He starts (all slumbering down below): the path is slippery—maybe laborious too. Caution and perseverance gain the day—the height is reached! and those beneath cry, "Incredible! 'tis superhuman!"

We who go mountain-scrambling have constantly set before us the superiority of fixed purpose or perseverance to brute force. We know that each height, each step, must be gained by patient, laborious toil, and that wishing cannot take the place of working: we know the benefits of mutual aid—that many a difficulty must be encountered, and many an obstacle must be grappled with or turned; but we know that where there's a will there's a way; and we come back to our daily occupations better fitted to fight the battle of life and to overcome the impediments which obstruct our paths, strengthened and cheered by the recollection of past labors and by the memories of victories gained in other fields.

I have not made myself an advocate or an apologist for mountaineering, nor do I now intend to usurp the functions of a moralist, but my task would have been ill performed if it had been concluded without one reference to the

more serious lessons of the mountaineer. We glory in the physical regeneration which is the product of our exertions; we exult over the grandeur of the scenes that are brought before our eyes, the splendors of sunrise and sunset, and the beauties of hill, dale, lake, wood and waterfall; but we value more highly the development of manliness, and the evolution, under combat with difficulties, of those noble qualities of human nature—courage, patience, endurance and fortitude.

Some hold these virtues in less estimation, and assign base and contemptible motives to those who indulge in our innocent sport.

Be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

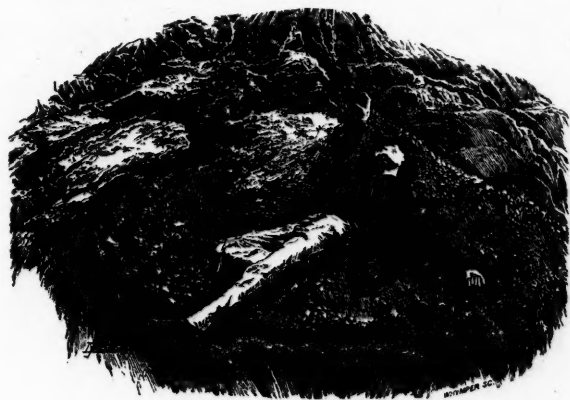
Others, again, who are not detractors, find mountaineering, as a sport, to be wholly unintelligible. It is not greatly to be wondered at—we are not all constituted alike. Mountaineering is a pursuit essentially adapted to the young or vigorous, and not to the old or feeble. To the latter toil may be no pleasure, and it is often said by such persons, "This man is making a toil of pleasure." Toil he must who goes mountaineering, but out of the toil comes strength (not merely muscular energy—more than that, an awakening of all the faculties), and from the strength arises pleasure. Then, again, it is often asked, in tones which seem to imply that the answer must at least be doubtful, "But does it repay you?" Well, we cannot estimate our enjoyment as you measure your wine or weigh your lead: it is real, nevertheless. If I could blot out every reminiscence or erase every memory, still I should say that my scrambles amongst the Alps have repaid me, for they have given me two of the best things a man can possess—health and friends.

The recollections of past pleasures cannot be effaced. Even now as I write they crowd up before me. First comes an endless series of pictures, magnificent in form, effect and color. I see the great peaks with clouded tops, seeming to mount up for ever and ever; I hear the music of the distant herds,

the peasant's jodel and the solemn church-bells; and I scent the fragrant breath of the pines: and after these have passed away another train of thoughts succeeds—of those who have been upright, brave and true; of kind hearts and bold deeds; and of courtesies received at stranger hands, trifles in themselves, but expressive of that good-will toward men which is the essence of charity.

Still, the last sad memory hovers round, and sometimes drifts across like

floating mist, cutting off sunshine and chilling the remembrance of happier times. There have been joys too great to be described in words, and there have been griefs upon which I have not dared to dwell; and with these in mind I say, Climb if you will, but remember that courage and strength are naught without prudence, and that a momentary negligence may destroy the happiness of a lifetime. Do nothing in haste, look well to each step, and from the beginning think what may be the end.



APPENDIX.

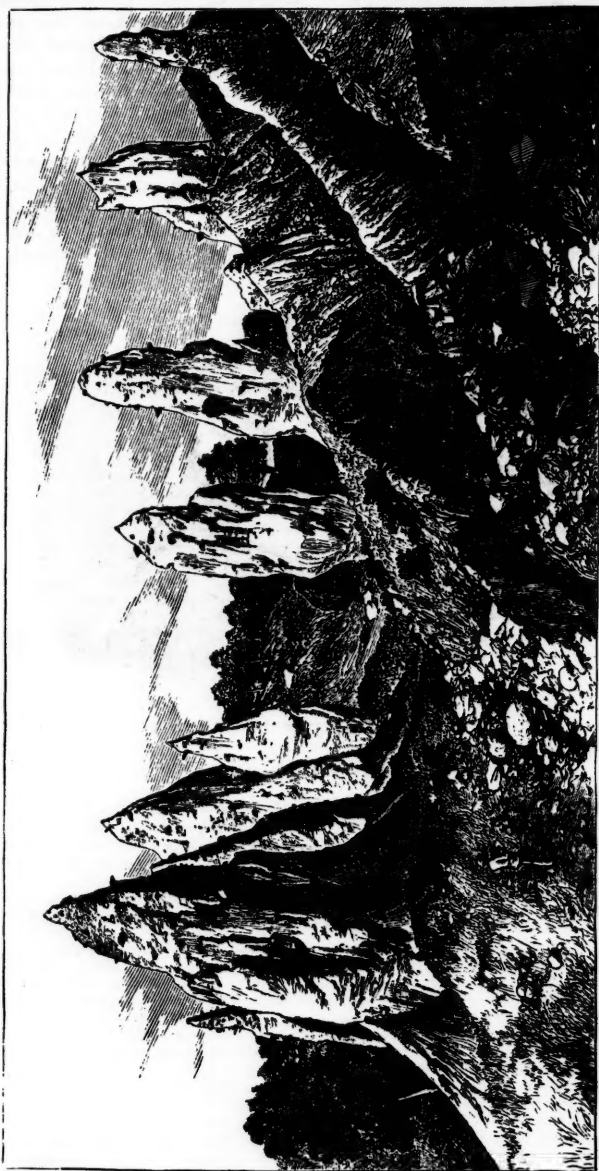
A. SUBSEQUENT ASCENTS OF THE MATTERHORN.

MR. CRAFTURD GROVE was the first traveler who ascended the Matterhorn after the accident. This was in August, 1867. He took with him as guides three mountaineers of the Val Tournanche—J.-A. Carrel, J. Bich and S. Meynet, Carrel being the leader. The natives of Val Tournanche were, of course, greatly delighted that his ascent was made upon their side. Some of them, however, were by no means well pleased that J.-A. Carrel was so much regarded. They feared, perhaps, that he would acquire the monopoly of the mountain. Just a month after Mr. Grove's ascent, six Val Tournanchians set out to see whether they could not learn the route, and so come in for a share of the good things which were expected to arrive. They were three Maquignazes, Césaire Carrel (my old guide), J.-B. Carrel, and a daughter of the last named! They left Breuil at 5 A. M. on September 12, and at 3 P. M. arrived at the hut, where they passed the night. At 7 A. M. the next day they started again (leaving J.-B. Carrel behind), and proceeded along the "shoulder" to the final peak; passed the cleft which had stopped Bennen,

and clambered up the comparatively easy rocks on the other side until they arrived at the base of the last precipice, down which we had hurled stones on July 14, 1865. They (young woman and all) were then about three hundred and fifty feet from the summit! Then, instead of turning to the left, as Carrel and Mr. Grove had done, Joseph and J.-Pierre Maquignaz paid attention to the cliff in front of them, and managed to find a means of passing up, by clefts, ledges and gullies, to the summit. This was a shorter (and it appears to be an easier) route than that taken by Carrel and Grove, and it has been followed by all those who have since then ascended the mountain from the side of Breuil. Subsequently, a rope was fixed over the most difficult portions of the final climb.

In the mean time they had not been idle upon the other side. A hut was constructed upon the eastern face at a height of 12,526 feet above the sea, near to the crest of the ridge which descends toward Zermatt (north-east ridge). This was done at the expense of Monsieur Seiler and of the Swiss Alpine Club. Mons. Seiler placed the execution of the work under the direction of the Knubels, of the village of St. Nicholas,

in the Zermatt valley; and Peter Knubel, along with Joseph Marie Lochmatter of the same village, had the honor of making the second ascent of the mountain upon the northern side with Mr. Elliott. This took



PINNACLES NEAR SACHAS IN THE VALLEY OF THE DURANCE, FORMED FROM AN OLD MORAINÉ.

place on July 24 and 25, 1868. Since then numerous ascents have been made, and of these the only one which calls for mention is that by Signor Giordano, on September 3-5, 1868. This gentleman came to

Breuil several times after his famous visit in 1865, with the intention of making the ascent, but he was always baffled by weather. In July, 1866, he got as high as the "cravate" (with J.-A. Carrel and other men), and was detained there five days and nights, unable to move either up or down! At last, upon the above-named date, he was able to gratify his desires, and accomplished the feat of ascending the mountain upon one side and descending it upon the other. Signor Giordano is, I believe, the only geologist who has ascended the Matterhorn. He spent a considerable time in the examination of its structure, and became benighted on its eastern face in consequence.

B. DENUDATION IN THE VALLEY OF THE DURANCE.

In the summer of 1869, whilst walking up the valley of the Durance from Mont Dauphin to Briançon, I noticed, when about five kilometres from the latter place, some pinnacles on the mountain-slopes to the west of the road. I scrambled up, and found the remarkable natural pillars which are represented in the annexed engraving. They were formed out of an unstratified conglomerate of gritty earth, boulders and stones. Some of them were more thickly studded with stones than a plum-pudding usually is with plums, whilst from others the stones projected like the spines from an echinoderm. The earth (or mud) was extremely hard and tenacious, and the stones embedded in it were extricated with considerable difficulty. The mud adhered very firmly to the stones that were got out, but it was readily washed away in a little stream near at hand. In a few minutes I extracted fragments of syenite, mica-schist, several kinds of limestone and conglomerates, and some fossil plants characteristic of carboniferous strata. Most of the fragments were covered with scratches, which told that they had traveled underneath a glacier. The mud had all the character of glacier-mud, and the hillside was covered with drift. From these indications, and from the situation of the pinnacles, I concluded that they had been formed out of an old moraine. The greatest of them were sixty to seventy feet high, and the moraine had therefore been at least

that height. I judged from appearances that the moraine was a frontal-terminal one of a glacier which had been an affluent of the great glacier that formerly occupied the valley of the Durance, and which during retrogression had made a stand upon this hillside near Sachas. This lateral glacier had flowed down a nameless *vallon* which descends toward the east-south-east from the mountain called upon the French government map *Sommet de l'Eychouda* (8740 feet).

Only one of all the pinnacles that I saw was capped by a stone (a small one), and I did not notice any boulders lying in their immediate vicinity of a size sufficient to account for their production in the manner of the celebrated pillars near Botzen. The readers of Sir Charles Lyell's *Principles* (10th ed., vol. i., p. 338) will remember that he attributes the formation of the Botzen pillars chiefly to the protection which boulders have afforded to the underlying matter from the direct action of rain. This is no doubt correct: the Botzen pinnacles are mostly capped by boulders of considerable dimensions. In the present instance this does not appear to have been exactly the case. Running water has cut the moraine into ridges (shown upon the right hand of the engraving), and has evidently assisted in the work of denudation. The group of pinnacles here figured belonged, in all probability, to a ridge which had been formed in this way, whose crest, in course of time, became sharp, perhaps attenuated. In such a condition very small stones upon the crest of the ridge would originate little pinnacles: whether these would develop into larger ones would depend upon the quantity of stones embedded in the surrounding moraine-matter. I imagine that the largest of the Sachas pinnacles owe their existence to the portions of the moraine out of which they are formed having been studded with a greater quantity of stones and small boulders than the portions of the moraine which formerly filled the gaps between them; and, of course, primarily, to the facts that glacier-mud is extremely tenacious when dry, and is readily washed away. Thus, the present form of the pinnacles is chiefly due to the direct action of rain, but their production was assisted, in the first instance, by the action of running water.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE regular approach to Constantinople is as rich in historic memories as in exquisite scenery. The Danube is such a "slow coach," owing to its impeded navigation and its inferior steamers, that all the world takes passage by the Dardanelles; though this can hardly have been the case with the Cockney traveler, who, when asked if he had seen the Dardanelles, replied, "Oh, to be sure—I breakfasted with them in Paris!"

Before you enter this renowned strait

the Trieste steamer carries you over the route of the greatest of the apostles, right under Cyprus, close to Crete, perhaps in the teeth of that Levant hurricane, the Euroclydon. After sailing by the harbor of Agamemnon's fleet, you coast the low shore of Troy and see the mound commemorating Achilles, delaying a moment near these Dardanelles forts, whose immense guns have been so famous. Twelve hours more of steaming and the most coveted city of Europe

looms in sight; as with all Oriental cities distance lending enchantment to the view, and the outward splendor ill prepar-

ing us for the squalor and wretchedness within. The glory of the scene is partly the blending of colors, partly the sur-



A STREET SCENE.

passing elegance of the tall minarets and majestic domes, partly the Arabic and Saracenic architecture of many a palace lining the blue waters; but Na-

ture herself is not wanting, and there are noble mountains for a background on the Asiatic shore.

The Golden Horn, the inner harbor,

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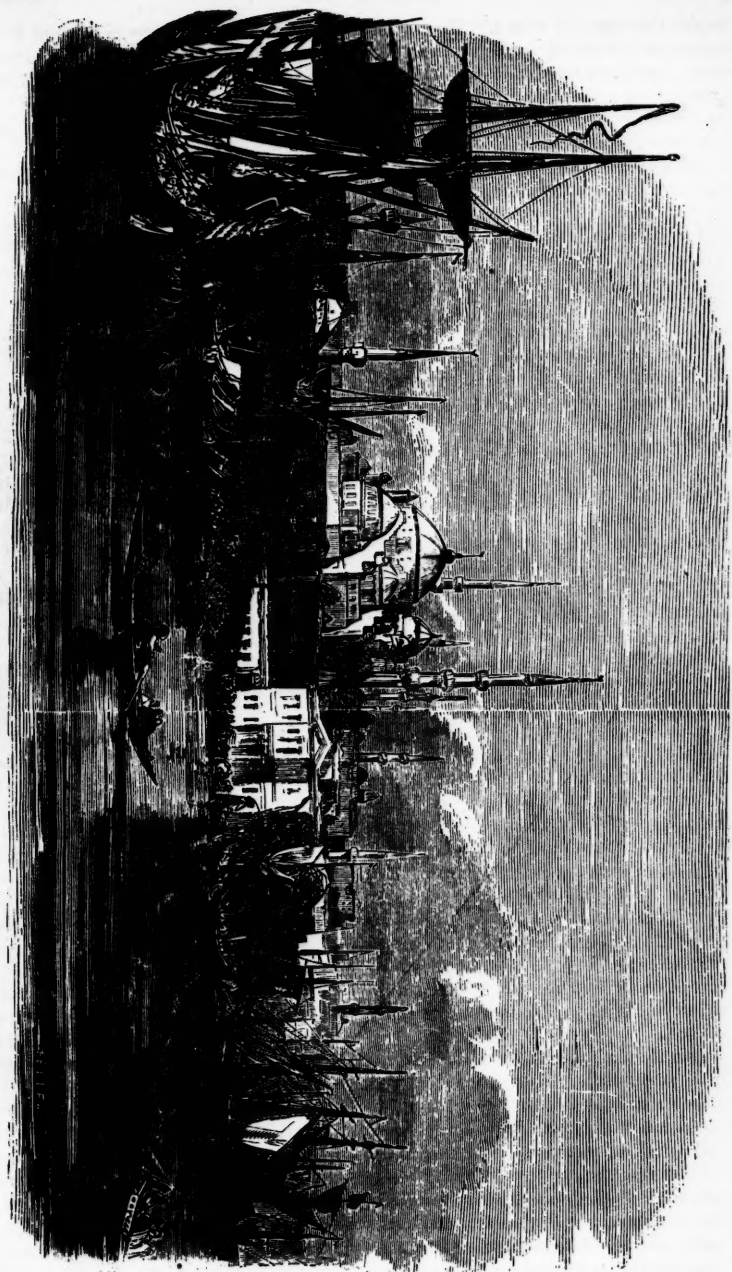
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CONSTANTINOPLE.

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THE GOLDEN HORN.



richly deserves its name. The commerce of the world could be sheltered there, and the largest frigate land its crew on the solid street. Washed clean by the flowing "Sweet Waters," its banks are lined on one side with arsenals, barracks and hospitals, and dotted on the other with pavilions and palaces. On fine days a fleet of gayly-painted canoes will carry you in sight of the Greeks' quarters, the West End of Constantinople, past the palace of the sultan's mother, the famous burial-place of Eyoub and its mosque, until, the arm of the sea contracting, you gradually approach the former sultan's summer-house, the graves of his more renowned horses, and the marble kiosk where he was wont to smoke away many an hour, lulled by the sound of falling water.

Along these sloping banks picnics are held the summer long, musical entertainments are given, the young Greeks dance, the fragrant coffee is sipped from eggshell cups, the time-killing "hubble-bubble" is smoked by rose-lipped maidens, while gentlemen lose themselves over the stronger chibouque.

Constantine showed genius in selecting this spot for the imperial city. It is the bridge of two continents, the confluence of two seas, the union-point of Grecian and Asiatic arts and manners. It towers over the Bosphorus on seven hills, each hill crowned by superb buildings, which bear aloft the waning Crescent amidst masses of cypress and orange trees, numerous domes rising over baths and mosques, the flags of all nations floating around, the whitest of minarets piercing the heavens, the mixture of traffic and pleasure forming a far richer scene than Rome can ever have offered.

But the enchantment vanishes as you draw near. Mouldering city walls, overgrown with the rank weeds of many centuries, tell the story of twenty-seven sieges and three captures: vast squares are passed with naked chimneys marking where extensive conflagrations have been, and the immense cemeteries are filled with half-ruined monuments. The Turk never repairs: a bending minaret, a cracked

dome, a broken window, a leaning wall, a yawning grave, provokes no notice. Everywhere decay stares one in the face. Many a Mussulman feels it to be the national doom. Often the streets are cumbered with ruins. Often the sacred cemeteries or the "Sweet Waters" betray the fallen turbans of some gilded tomb. What a type of the Ottoman empire! How visibly is life ebbing away from its unburied corpse! How that fatalism which is the backbone of its faith pledges the dissolution of an empire which no foreign powers will again combine to uphold!

So I believe; and yet I admire many traits in this city's life: its honesty, for instance. Warrington Smith bought some goods of a Turkish merchant for seventy-five piasters. Such was the price, but the Mussulman had expected to be beaten down half; so when he delivered the bundle he returned the pieces he had intended to deduct from the price. No mosque has more minarets than that of Achmet; but more imposing than its architectural grandeur is that famous gallery where a fabulous amount of plate and jewels has been deposited for safe-keeping by families leaving the city, some of whom have fallen victims to the cholera or plague. No iron vault encloses this uncounted heap of treasure, no combination-lock secures its door, no sleepless sentinel forbids access. Nothing but general honesty guards it from needy sultans or famished revolutionists. At the mosque Suleiman I found a smaller illustration of the same hardy virtue. The door was open, the shrine deserted: there was no one to betray the sexton if he took my bribe. I offered four times what would have been "open sesame" to any Christian church, and was refused. I honored that poor sexton, and thought better of human nature.

Constantinople is the most temperate capital of its size in the world. Spending day after day in the open air, wandering among the common folk, having at one time several people in my employ, even in the biting air before daylight I never found any Turk drinking stronger beverage than coffee. But that is noth-

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ing to their great annual fast. During the Ramadan, which lasts a whole month, from sunrise to sunset the panting boatman, the heavy-laden porter will touch nothing like food, not even tobacco, and no drink whatever; and at sundown will make up for this abstinence not by a drunken carouse, but by

a larger dish of pilau and a longer smoke of Latakia. To be sure, temperance is a part of the Turk's religion, but is it not of ours? And *that* religion—an imposture as we call it—has something very real in its worship at four in the morning the year round, its indifference to "Infidel" gaze, the heartiness of all its ob-



DANCING DERVISHES.

servances, the severity of its daily self-denials. Often have I found the shop entirely open while the shopman was at his prayers, and I have taken up the goods to see if anybody would remonstrate, and laid them down again without anybody's interference. And how often have I watched the thin-clad boatman kneeling in prayer on the wet sand or in drizzling rain, "the world forgetting, by

the world forgot"! To be sure, there is less of this outward piety at Constantinople than where Christians are less common, but it is a character of the religion not to mind being sneered at, to feel sustained by a divine sanction, and lifted far above the criticism of men by the favor of Heaven.

Hospitality is another striking feature of the Moslem faith, and belongs to these

patriarchal lands. Even the meanest village provides a few days' shelter for every stranger in its khan; fugitives from every nation are protected by en-



THE GRAND BAZAAR.

tering its territory; every pasha invites the traveler to taste his coffee and smoke his tobacco, wishing him a prosperous journey and offering him government protection. And if this does not mean

much, it is exceedingly soothing to a spirit chafed by disappointment, fatigue, excessive heat, the ever-besetting vermin. It gilds the chain if no more.

The dervishes I take to be an emblem

of Mohammedanism. Once the inspiration of the Faithful, their decay of fervor is apparent enough. Their colleges are sometimes deserted, and desertion in Turkey means ruin. Still, their exercises are worth looking in upon any Friday noon after the mosque service. The Whirling and the Howling saints are not altogether unlike. After some readings or recitations from the Koran, performed by a circle of wild-looking men, some of them exceedingly old and some evidently insane, comes among the Whirlers a waltz, each performer turning on his own axis, some of them hundreds of times, without getting dizzy or falling from fatigue. The Howlers, on the other hand, shout the name of Allah ever faster and louder as the music gets more uproarious, until it becomes nothing better than the bellowing of a hound: then two or three make a dive at the bare walls, striking them again and again with the naked head, until somebody seizes the frenzied fanatics and lays them, just breathing, on their backs. Running daggers through the cheek is still done, but rarely, because the heart of a ferocious superstition is becoming death-chilled, its weekly service is fossilizing into a ceremony. The only mystery is why an iron skewer thrust through and through the mouth should do no harm—the butting of one's head against a marble block leave any brains. It must be that the excitement sustains the system—that fervor of feeling makes up for the injury done to the frame.

I have spoken of the shops. They are funny little boxes, with one half of the cover turned up, the other half laid down as a counter. The purchaser stands outside, the merchant squats within. No goods are made a show of; there seems to be no anxiety to sell; no anger at having everything turned topsy-turvy; no offence at an offer of just half the asking price. The bazaars are collections of shopkeepers in some particular branch—gloomy sheds, often odorous, generally dingy, crowded and stupid. The number of tobacco-pipe merchants and manufacturers amazes one at Constantinople as at Damascus. An amber

mouthpiece often costs hundreds of dollars: the long cherry tube is beautifully wrought in gay silks, and jewels often glitter along the sides, because the pasha expects to pass his pipe round among his visitors, and has no better means of displaying his wealth. His wife cannot receive strangers and make her parlor a museum, because the harem is forbidden ground: her slippers outside the door prevent even her husband's entrance; and most of his leisure he is glad to spend anywhere else than in such monotonous stupor. A genuine Turk sees hardly any Turkish ladies: he never beholds his wife till after marriage, and does not commonly marry more than one, unless he is some grand official who is expected to live in style. He never alludes to his family in public, or expects it to be alluded to: to ask after madame's health would be the worst insult. The French ambassador's wife succeeded admirably when she presented some silks to Mrs. Redschid Pasha through the prime minister, by saying, "Please accept these, sir: you will know how to use them."

Among the antiquities are some cisterns which are perfectly gigantic. That of the "thousand-and-one columns," exaggerated from a quarter of that number, would alone supply the city with water through a year's siege, but it is now a silk-factory, exceedingly cool in summer, and as decidedly unhealthy. It has played some part in politics by sheltering those whom a change of dynasty put in danger of the bowstring. In another of these cisterns (perhaps an abandoned quarry) there is water enough to float a boat; and lives have sometimes been lost in its dark recesses, about whose extent there seemed to be some mystery.

No other city has anything like such burial-grounds for immensity. The dead actually occupy more ground than the living, and are never encroached upon by streets or buildings. Huge forests of grand old cypresses cover millions of marble monuments extending back four hundred years. Fortunately, the ground is not lost to the public, as the citizens have no dread of the cemetery, and the



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

gayety of its decorations, as well as the beauty of its position, makes it a precious breathing-place for the city. And there is something noble in the idea of perfect repose—that even the beggar rests immovably until the judgment trump, sung to by innumerable birds, cheered by the play of children, greeted, so long as any friend survives, with occasional flowers.

The solitary story of Turkish superstition which reached my ears was of a dervish who had hid himself in a sultan's tomb in the Eyoub cemetery, and who cried out "Water! water!" as a procession marched by. He meant to practice on pious credulity, and secure a grant of money for prayers over the dead. But Mahmoud's successor was

in the procession, and snuffed up the nonsense at once: "He wants water, does he? Well, give him the Bosphorus, then." So the tomb was opened, and soon the concealed dervish was swimming for life in the cold bath he had so unexpectedly earned.

There is a legend of the capture of the city by the Mussulmans still current and still credited. A priest was engaged in his morning devotions before the high altar of Saint Sophia when the fierce shouts of the bloodthirsty conquerors drove him to a side-altar, where he carried the sacred vessels and continued the service. As they drew near the walls opened and he disappeared, leaving a promise to return the twenty-fourth day of May, 1864, and complete the un-

finished sacrifice on the grand altar of Justinian.

The gentleman failed for some reason to keep his appointment. Moslem worship goes on still under that Christian dome; the Koran is read there instead of the Gospels; prayer goes up daily in the name of the Arabian prophet, instead of the Nazarene. But I have faith he will yet come. The Russian avalanche every year draws nearer to Constantinople. The czar's hand is outstretched to seize this key of the Mediterranean. Through the weakness of France and the apathy of England he

is certain to supply his most urgent want—is bound to re-establish his Church at its ancient fountain-head—is summoned to redeem the True Faith from the stain of four centuries of servitude. It is only a question of time. Recent reforms in Turkey have chilled the people's faith; debts have accumulated upon the palsied government's hands; the fanaticism which was its life has grown cold as a tombstone; the mouldering graves which crowd upon the living in the imperial city seem to cry aloud, "Dust unto dust!"

F. W. HOLLAND.

ALWAYS: A FLORIDA LYRIC.

LET the plover pipe in the marshy grain,
The hart and the hind go play,
But the fowler lurks in the maiden cane,
And the huntsman hides in the bay.

The eagle may soar like a rising shout
To the very deeps of the sky,
But the whistling bullet will find him out,
Though hé be ever so high.

The salmon may leap in a fringe of froth,
And the trout in the lake may laugh,
But the fisherman's net will have them both,
And cruel the barbèd gaff.

If ever the blue sky wears a sun
That is glad in the sight of day,
The sorrowing stars come one by one
And gather its glory away;

And if ever the heart is rich and strong
As a bridegroom's first caress,
The death-grief comes, in its cruel wrong,
And turns it to bitterness.

Then let the plover pipe in the grain,
The hart and the hind go play,
But the fowler lurks in the maiden cane,
And the huntsman hides in the bay.

W. W. HARNEY.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH."

CHAPTER XIII.

Unto the great Twin Brethren
We keep this solemn feast.
Swift, swift the great Twin Brethren
Came spurring from the east!

CASTOR and Pollux did us notable service that morning at Worcester. Arthur was coming round to see Bell before we started. Queen Tita was oppressed by anxious fears, and declared that now the crisis had come, and that the young man from Twickenham would demand some pledge from Bell as he bade her good-bye. The dread of this danger drove the kindly little woman into such exaggerations of his misconduct of yesterday that I began to wonder if this Arthur was the same lad she used to pet and think so much of when he came down to Leatherhead and dawdled with my lady and Bell along the Surrey lanes of an evening. What had changed him since then?

"You are pleased to be profound," says Tita abruptly.

Well, I was only pointing out to her that one of the chief accomplishments of life is consideration for the sick, and that whereas nearly all women seem to have an instinct that way, men only acquire the habit as the result of experience and reflection. Indeed, with most women the certain passport to their interest and kindness is to be unwell and exact a great deal of patient service from them. Now—I was saying to Tita when she uttered that unnecessary rebuke—why don't women show the same consideration to those who are mentally ailing—to the unfortunate persons whose vexed and irritated brain renders them peevish and ill-tempered? Once get a patient down with fever, and all his fractious complainings are soothed and all his querulous whims are humored. But when the same man is rendered a little insane by meeting with a disappointment, or if he is unable to stand being

crossed in argument, so that the mildest statement about some such contested subject as the American war, Governor Eyre or the annexation of Alsace sends a flash of flame through his head, why should not the like allowance be made for his infirmities? Why should the man who is ill-tempered because of a fever be humored, caressed and coaxed, and the man who is ill-tempered because his reason is liable to attacks of passion be regarded as an ill-conditioned boor, not fit for the society of well-bred ladies and gentlemen?

"I think," says Tita with a little warmth, "you do nothing now but try to invent excuses for Arthur. And it is not fair. I am very sorry for him if he is so vexed that he loses his temper, but that does not excuse his being absolutely rude."

"But his rudeness is part of his ailment," I venture to say. "Ordinarily, he is the mildest and gentlest of young men, who would shrink from a charge of rudeness as the worst thing you could urge against him. At present he is off his head. He does not know what he says, or, rather, he is incapable of controlling his utterances. He is really sick with a fever, though it isn't one of those, apparently, that secure the commiseration of even the most angelic of women."

I regarded that last expression as effective, but no. My lady remarked that she was not accustomed to the treatment of the insane, and that another day such as that she had just passed would soon make her as ill as himself.

Our bonny Bell did not seem so disturbed as might have been expected. When we went down to the coffee-room we found the lieutenant and her sitting at opposite sides of a small table deeply engaged over a sheet of paper. On our entrance the document was hastily folded up and smuggled away.

"It is a secret," said the lieutenant,

anticipating inquiry. "You shall not know until we are away on our journey again. It is a packet to be opened in a quiet place—no houses near, no persons to listen; and then—and then—"

"Perhaps it will remain a secret? *Bien!* Life is not long enough to let one meddle with secrets, they take up so much time in explanation; and then they never contain anything."

"But this is a very wonderful thing," said the lieutenant, "and you must hurry to get away from Worcester that you shall hear of it."

We were, however, to have another sealed packet that morning. Master Arthur, knowing full well that he would have but little chance of speaking privately with Bell, had entrusted his thoughts to a piece of paper and an envelope, and just as we were in the breath of departure the young man appeared. The truth was, the lieutenant had ordered the horses to be put in some quarter of an hour before the time we had said we should start; and my lady showed so much anxiety to set forth at once that I saw she hoped to leave before Arthur came.

The phaeton stood in the archway of the hotel, and on the stone steps were flung the rugs and guide-books.

"My dear," says Tita, rather anxiously, to Bell, "do get in! The horses seem rather fresh, and—and—"

"Won't you wait to bid good-bye to Arthur?" says Bell.

"It is impossible to say when he will come: he will understand—I will leave a message for him," says Queen Titania, all in a breath; and with that the lieutenant assists Bell to get up in front.

I have the reins in my hand, awaiting orders. The last rugs are thrown up, books stowed away, everything in readiness: Tita takes her seat behind, and the lieutenant is on the point of getting up.

At this moment Arthur comes round the corner, is amazed for a moment to see us ready to start, and then suddenly brings out a letter. "Bell," he said, "I—I have—there is something here I want you to see—only a moment, and

you can give me an answer now—yes or no—"

The unfortunate young man was obviously greatly excited, his face quite pale, and his speech rapid and broken. He handed up the letter: the crisis that Tita had endeavored to avoid had come. But in this our darkest hour—as I have already hinted—Castor and Pollux came to the rescue. It was the battle of the Lake Regillus acted once again in the gateway of the Worcester Star Hotel. For Pollux, casting his head about and longing to start, managed to fix his bit on the end of the pole, and of course a wild scene ensued. Despite the efforts of the ostler, that horse threw himself back on his haunches; the phaeton described a curve and was driven against the wall with a loud crash; the people about ran back, and the lieutenant jumped out and sprang to the horses' heads. Pollux was still making violent efforts to extricate himself, and Castor, having become excited, was plunging about; so that for a moment it seemed as though the vehicle would be shattered in pieces against the wall of the court. The women were quite still, except that Tita uttered a little suppressed cry as she saw the lieutenant having his feet kicked away from him. But he recovered himself, stuck to the animals' heads, and with the assistance of the ostler at last managed to get the bit off. Then both horses sprang forward. It would have been impossible to have confined them longer in this narrow place. The lieutenant leaped in behind, and the next moment the phaeton was out in the main street of Worcester, both horses plunging and pulling so as to turn all eyes toward us. Certainly it was a good thing the thoroughfare was pretty clear. The great Twin Brethren, not knowing what diabolical occurrence had marked their setting out, were speeding away from the place with might and main; and with scarcely a look at Worcester we found ourselves out in the country again, amid quiet and wooded lanes, with all the sweet influences of a bright summer morning around us.

"I hope you are not hurt," said my

lady to the lieutenant, who was looking about to see whether the smash had taken some of our paint off or done other damage.

"Oh, not in the least, madame," he said, "but I find that one of my boots it is cut, so that I think the shoe of the horse must have done it. And has he caught on the pole before?"

"Only once," she says.

"Then I would have the bit made with bars across, so that it will be more difficult; for suppose this did happen in the road, and there was a ditch and he backed you—"

"I suppose we should go over," remarked Queen Titania philosophically. "But it is strange how often accidents in driving might occur, and how seldom they do occur. But we must really have the bit altered."

"Well," I say privately to my companion, "what message did you leave with Arthur?"

"I could not leave any," she said, "for of course when the horses went back he had to get out of their way. But he will understand that I will write to him."

"Have you read the letter?"

"No."

"Do, like a good girl, and have it over. That is always the best way. You must not go into this beautiful country that lies ahead with a sort of cloud around you."

So Bell took out the letter and furtively opened it. She read it carefully over without uttering a word: then she continued looking at it for a long time.

"I am very glad that accident occurred," she remarks in a low voice. "He said I was to answer 'yes' or 'no.' I could not do that to such a letter as this; and if I had refused he would have been very much hurt. I will write to him from whatever place we stop at to-night."

This resolution seemed greatly to comfort her. If any explanation were needed, it was postponed until the evening, and in the mean time we had fine weather, fresh air and all the bright colors of an English landscape around us. Bell rapidly resumed her ordinary good spirits. She begged to have the reins, and

when these had been handed over to her with various cautions, the excitement of driving a pair of horses that yet showed considerable signs of freshness brought a new color into her cheeks. The route which we now followed was one of the prettiest we had yet encountered. Instead of following the old stage-coach route by Droitwich, we struck almost due north by a line of small and picturesque villages lying buried in the heart of this deeply-wooded country. The first of these was Ombersley—a curious little clump of cottages, nearly all of which were white, with black bars of woodwork crossed and recrossed; and they had odd gables and lattices and decorations, so that they looked almost like toy cottages. Wearing white and black in this prominent way, our Uhlan immediately claimed them as Prussian property, but beyond the fact of their showing the Prussian colors there was little else foreign-looking about those old-fashioned English houses lying along this level lane, and half hidden amid elms. As we got up into the higher ground above Ombersley we found around us a very pretty landscape; and it seemed to strike my gentle companion that the names of the villages around had been chosen to accord with the tender and sylvan beauties of this pretty piece of country. One of the sign-posts we passed had inscribed on it, "To Doverdale and Hampton Lovett." Then in the neighborhood are Elmley Lovett, Elmbridge, Crossway Green and Gardeners' Grove; while down between these runs Doverdale Brook, skirting Westmoor Park, the large house of which we could see as a faint blue mound amid the general leafage. The country, which is flat about Ombersley, gets more undulating about Hartlebury and on toward Kidderminster. The road winds up and down gentle hills, with tall and ruddy banks of sand on each side, which are hanging with every variety of wild flower and wayside weed. On both hands dense woods come down to these tall and picturesque banks, and you drive through an atmosphere laden with mist and resinous scents.

It was fortunate for us, indeed, that before starting we had lived for a time in town, for all the various perfumes of the hedges and fields came upon us with a surprise. Every now and again on these pleasant mornings we would drive past a hay-field, with the warm and sweet odors blowing all around. Or perhaps it was a great bank of wild-rose bushes that filled the air with scent. Then the lime trees were in flower; and who does not know the delight of passing under the boughs laden with blossom when the bees are busy overhead? More rarely, but still frequently enough in this favored country, a whiff of honeysuckle was borne to us as we passed. And if these things sweetened the winds that blew about us, consider what stars of color refreshed the eye as we drove gently past the tall hedge-rows and borders of woods—the golden rock-roses, purple patches of wild thyme, the white glimmering of stitchwort and campion, the yellow spires of the snapdragon, and a thousand others. And then when we ceased to speak there was no blank of silence. Away over the hay-field the lark floated in the blue, making the air quiver with his singing; the robin, perched on a fence, looked at us saucily, and piped a few notes by way of remark; the blackbird was heard, flute-throated, down in the hollow recesses of a wood; and the thrush, in a holly tree by the wayside, sang out his sweet, clear song, that seemed to rise in strength as the breeze awoke a sudden rustling through the long woods of birch and oak.

"Well, touching that sealed packet?" says my lady aloud.

"Oh no, madame," replied the lieutenant, "this is not the time for it. If I must tell you the truth, it is only a drinking-song I have been trying to remember of a young Englishman who was at Bonn with me; and mademoiselle was so good this morning as to alter some of the words. But now?—a drinking-song in this fine, quiet country? No. After we have got to Kidderminster, and when we drive away after lunch, then mademoiselle will play for you the air I did show to her, and I will sing you the

song. All what is needed is that you drink some Rhine wine at Kidderminster to make you like the song."

"Kidderminster Rhine wine!" exclaims one of the party, with a groan. He knows that whatever is suggested now by the lieutenant finds favor with a clear majority of the party.

"That was a very good young fellow," continues the lieutenant as we drive over a high slope and come in view of a mass of manufactories. "Very big and strong he was: we did call him *der grosse Engländer* always; and one time, in the winter, when there was much snow, we had a supper-party at his room. We had many duels then, for we were only boys, but the Englishman was not supposed to be challenged, for he knew nothing of our swords, but he was always ready to fight with his fists, for all that. And this evening I am afraid we did drink too much beer, and young Schweitzer of Magdeburg—he died at Königgrätz, the unfortunate! in '66—he was very angry with the Engländer for laughing at his sweetheart, who was but a young lady in a school there. And he challenged the Englishman, and went up to him and said he would not go away until there was a fight; and do you know what your countryman did? He lifted Schweitzer up in his arms like a baby, and carried him down the stairs, and opened the door and put him in the snow outside, very gently. There was so much laughing over that that we all said it was very good; and Schweitzer was grown sober by the cool of the snow, and he laughed too, and I think they swore *brüderschaft* about it afterward. Oh, he was a very clever fellow, your countryman, and had more delight in our songs than any German I ever knew. But you know how that is?"

Madame said it was no wonder any one should be in love with the German songs, but the lieutenant shook his head: "That is not it at all: no. This is it—that when you know only a little of a language you do not know what is commonplace in it. The simple phrase which is commonplace to others is full of meaning to you. So I find it with

your English. You would laugh if I told you that I find much meaning in poetry that you think only good for children, and in old-fashioned writing which looks affected now. Because, madame, is it not true that all commonplace phrases meant some new thing at one time? It is only my ignorance that I do not know they have grown old and worth little. Now the evening at Twickenham I did hear you go over the names of old-fashioned English songs, and much fun was made of the poetry. But to me that was very good—a great deal of it—because nothing in English is to me commonplace as yet."

"How fortunate you must be!" says one of the party with a sigh.

"You laugh when you say, 'Flow on, thou shining river!' Why? The river flows: it shines. I see a picture out of the words, like the man who wrote them: I am not accustomed to them so as to think them stupid. Then I saw you laugh when some one said, 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.' I did read that song, and although it is stupid that the man thinks he will live in marble halls, I found much tenderness in it. So with this young Englishman. He knew nothing of what was commonplace in our language. If you gave him children's rhymes, he looked at the meaning, and judged it all by that. And when we showed him stiff, artificial verses of old times, he seemed to go back to the time when they were written, and believe much in them and like them. That is a very good thing in ignorance, I think—when you know not much of a language, and every word has much meaning in it, and there is no commonplace anywhere."

This lecture of the lieutenant took us into Kidderminster. What married man is not familiar with this name, held up to him as an awful threat in reply to his grumblings about the price of Turkey and Brussels carpets? As we drove in to the busy town, signs of the prevailing manufacture were everywhere apparent in the large red-brick factories. We put up at the "Lion," and while Von Rosen went off to buy himself a new pair of

boots, we went for a stroll up to the interesting old church, the fine brasses and marble monuments of which have drawn many a stranger to the spot. Then we climbed up to the top of the tower, and from the roof thereof had a spacious view over the level and wooded country, which was deeply streaked by bands of purple where the clouds threw their shadows. Far below us lay the red, busy, smoky town set amid green fields, while the small river ran through it like a black snake, for the bed had been drained, and in the dark mud a multitude of boys could be seen wading, scooping about for eels. When we descended, Von Rosen had got his boots, and was prowling about the churchyard reading the curious inscriptions there. One of them informed the world of the person laid beneath that, "added to the character of a Gentleman, his actions were coeval with his Integrity, Hospitality and Benevolence." But our amiable guide, who had pointed out to us all the wonderful features of Kidderminster and its neighborhood, evidently looked on one particular gravestone as the chief curiosity of the place; for this, he informed us, was placed over a man who had prepared the vault and the inscription ten years before his death. Here is the legend:

To the Memory of
JOHN ORTON,
A MAN FROM LEICESTERSHIRE,
And when he is dead he must lie under
HERE.

The man from Leicestershire was not "alone among mortals" in anticipating his end in this fashion; but no matter. A man may well be allowed to humor himself in the way of a tombstone: it is the last favor he can ask from the world.

"Now," said the lieutenant as we drove away from this manufacturing town into the sweet country again, "shall I sing you the song which the young Englishman used to sing for us? or shall we wait until evening?"

"Now, by all means," said Bell; "and if you will be so good as to get me

out the guitar, I will try to play you an accompaniment."

"A guitar accompaniment to a drinking-song!" says Titania.

"Oh, but this is not a drinking-song, exactly, madame: it is a very moral song, and we shall discuss each verse as it goes along, and you will make alterations of it."

So he got out the guitar. We were now far away from any houses—all around us great woods that lay dark and green under a clouded afternoon sky. The road was very hilly, and sometimes, from the summit of a great height, we caught a glimpse of a long western stretch of country lying blue and misty under the gray sky. Behind us Kidderminster looked like a dusky red splotch in a plain of green, and all around it the meadows and fields were dark and intense in color. But then in the west we could see an occasional glimpse of yellow in the pall of cloud, and we hoped the sunset would break through the veil.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the lieutenant, "the song I am about to sing to you—"

Here Bell began to play a light prelude, and without further introduction our Uhlan startled the silence of the woods and fields by singing, in a profound and melancholy voice, the first two verses of the ballad composed by the young Englishman at Bonn, which ran somewhat as follows:

Burgundy isn't a good thing to drink:

Young man, I beseech you, consider and think,
Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes,
You'll discover the color of Burgundy rose:

Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
A dangerous symptom is Burgundy rose.

'Tis a very nice wine, and as mellow as milk,

'Tis a very nice color in satin or silk:

But you'll change your opinion as soon as it shows
In a halo around the extreme of your nose:

Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
'Tis a very bad thing at the tip of your toes.

"Well, madame, how do you like it so far as we have got?" says the lieutenant as Bell is extemporizing a somewhat wild variation of the air.

"I think your young English friend gave you very good advice; and I have

no doubt the students needed it very much."

"But you shall hear what he says: he was not a teetotaler at all." And there-with the lieutenant continued:

If tippie you must in beer, spirits or wine,
There are wholesome vintages hail from the Rhine;
And, take the advice of a fellow who knows,
Hochheimer's as gentle as any that goes:
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
Doth never appear from the wine I propose.

Burgundy isn't a good thing to drink:

Young man, I beseech you, consider and think,
Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes,
You'll discover the color of Burgundy rose:

Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
A fatal affliction is Burgundy rose!

"Oh, you two scapegraces!" cried Queen Titania. "I know now why you were laying your heads together this morning and poring over that sheet of paper: you were engaged in perverting an honest and well-intentioned song into a recommendation of German wines. I am sure that third verse is not in the original. I am certain the young English student never wrote it. It was written in Worcester this very morning; and I call on you to produce the original, so that we can cut out this very bad moral that has been introduced."

"The original, madame?" said the lieutenant gravely. "There is no original. I have repeated it most from memory—as he used to sing it at Bonn—and I put it down on paper only that mademoiselle might correct me about the words. No, I have put in no moral. You think your countryman did not like the Rhine wines? Pfui!—you should have seen him drink them, then, if he did not like them! And the very dear ones, too, for he had plenty of money; and we poor devils of the Germans used to be astonished at his extravagance, and sometimes he was called 'milord' for a joke. When we did go to his room to the supper-parties, we could not believe that any young man not come of age should have so much money given to him by his parents. But it did not spoil him one bit: he was as good, frank, careless as any man; and when he did get to know the language better he worked hard, and had such notes of the lec-

tures as not any one I think in the whole university had."

A strange thing now occurred. We were driving along level and wooded lanes running parallel with the Severn. The small hamlets we passed, merely two or three houses smothered in elms, are appropriately named Greens—Fen Green, Dodd's Green, Bard's Green, and the like—and on either side of us were lush meadows, with the cattle standing deep in the grass. Now all at once that long bar of glimmering yellow across the western clouds burst asunder, and at the same moment a flood of light shone along all the southern sky, where there was evidently abundant rain. We had no sooner turned to look at this wild gleam than all around us there was a stir in the hedges and the tall elms by the roadside—we were enveloped in sunshine: with it came a quick pattering on the leaves, and then we found all the air glittering with white drops and slanting streaks. In the glare of the sunlight the shower shone and sparkled all around us, and the heavier it fell—until the sound of it was like the far-off hissing of the sea on a pebbly beach—the more magical grew the effects of the mingled light and wet. Nor was it a passing shower merely. The air was still filled with the gleaming lines of the rain, the sunlight still shone mistily through it and lit up the green meadows and the trees with a wonderful radiance, as we wrapped cloaks round our companions and drove leisurely on. It was impossible to think that this glowing rain could wet us like ordinary rain. But by and by it drew itself off, and then Bell, with a sudden little cry, besought the lieutenant to pull up the horses.

Had we driven under a cloud and escaped at the other edge? Close behind us there was still mingled rain and sunlight, and beyond that again the sky was heaped up with immense dark blue masses. A rainbow shone in front of this black background. A puff of white cloud ran across the darkness, telling of contrary winds. And then when we turned from this gleaming and glowing picture to continue our course, lo! all

the west had cleared, and a great dim smoke of yellow lay over the land where the sky came down.

"It is like the sea, is it not?" said Bell, raising up in the phaeton and steadying herself to look into this distant world of gold. "You expect to view the masts of ships and sea-birds flying about out there!"

And then in the cool and fresh evening, with the dusk coming on, we drove up the valley of the Severn, by Quat and Quatford, toward our resting-place for the night. As we passed by Quatford Castle, the river, lying amid the dark meadows, had caught a glow of crimson fire from the last reflection of the sunset. A blue mist lay about the sides of the abrupt hill on which the town of Bridge-north is pitched, but as we wound round the hill to gain the easiest ascent, we came again into the clear and pallid glow of the west. It was a hard pull on the horses, just at the end of their day's work, was this steep and circuitous ascent; but at length we got into the rough streets of the old town, and in the fading twilight sought out the yellow and comfortable glow of the Crown Hotel.

We had got in passing a vague glimpse of a wide space around an old town-house, with a small crowd of people collecting. They had come to hear the playing of a volunteer band. Therefore, as we sat down to dinner, we had some very good music being played to us from without; and when at last it was gone, and the quaint old town on the top of the hill left to its ordinary silence, we found it was time to light our cigars and open the *bélique-box*. Probably no one noticed it, but it is a curious circumstance that Bell had apparently forgotten all about her determination to write to Arthur. There was no shadow of a cloud on her face, and she enjoyed the winning of various games—assisted thereto by the obvious ministrations of the lieutenant—with as much delight and careless amusement as though there was not anywhere in the world a young man sitting in his solitary chamber and wishing that he had never been born. But it was certainly not hard-heartedness

that gave to Bell the enjoyment of that one evening.

CHAPTER XIV.

But (trust me, gentles !) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

THE lieutenant was pensive. He and I had gone out for a turn before breakfast, and wandered on to the high promenade which, skirting one portion of the lofty town, looked down on the valley of the Severn, the huddled houses underneath the rocky height, and the bridge spanning the stream. It was a bright and pleasant morning, and the landscape that lay around was shining in the sun.

"England," he said, leaning his arms on the stone parapet of the walk, "is a very pleasant country to live in, I think."

I thanked him for the compliment.

"You are very free in your actions here: you do what you please. Only consider how you are at this moment."

But I had to protest against our young Prussian friend continually regarding this excursion as the normal condition of our existence. I showed him that we were not always enjoying ourselves in this fashion; that a good deal of hard work filled the long interval of the winter months; and that even Bell—whom he had grown to regard as a sort of feature of English scenery, a wild bird for ever on the wing through sunlight and green leaves—worked as hard as any of us.

"It is pleasant to be able to play dexterously on the piano or the guitar, or what not, but that accomplishment means imprisonment with hard labor stretching over years. It is very nice to be able to put on a sheet of paper, with a few rapid touches, the outlines of a scene which delights you, and to find yourself able to reproduce this afterward in water or oil, and have it publicly exhibited and sold; but do you know how much work it involves? Bell is a most untiring young woman, I promise you, and not

likely to fall asleep in counting her fingers."

"Oh, I am sure of that," he said absently. "She has too much spirit, too much life, to be indolent. But I was thinking—I was thinking whether if a man was to change his country he would choose England out of all the other countries to live in. Here it is. Your people in England who only enjoy themselves must be very rich, must they not? Is it a good country, I wonder, for a man who would have about eight hundred pounds a year?"

"Not without some occupation. But why do you ask?"

He only stared at the bushes down below us on the rocks, and at the river far below them.

"What would you say," he asked, suddenly, "if I were to come and live in England, and become naturalized, and never go back to my native country again?"

"And give up your profession, with all its interest and excitement?"

He was silent for a minute or two, and then he said, "I have done more than the service that is expected from every man in Prussia; and I do not think my country goes to war for many years to come. About the excitement of a campaign and the going into battle—well, there is much mistake about that. You are not always in enthusiasm: the long marches, the wet days, the waiting for months in one place—there is nothing heroic in that. And when you do come to the battle itself—Come, my dear friend, I will tell you something about that."

He seemed to wake up then. He rose from his recumbent position and took a look round the shining country that lay along the valley of the Severn.

"All the morning you have great gloom, and it seems as if the day is dark overhead. But this is strange—you think you can see very far, and you can see all your friends in Germany, and think you could almost speak to them. You expect to go forward to meet the enemy, and you hate him that he is waiting for you upon some of the hills or behind his

intrenchments. Then the hurry comes of getting on horseback, and you are very friendly to all your companions; and they are all very pleasant and laughing at this time, except one or two, who are thinking of their home. Your regiment is ordered forward: you do not know what to think. Perhaps you wish the enemy would run away, or that your regiment is not needed; and sometimes you have a great rush of anger toward him; but all this is so shifting, gloomy, uncertain, that you do not think two things one moment. Then you hear the sound of the firing, and your heart beats fast for a little while, and you think of all your friends in Germany; and this is the time that is the worst. You are angry with all the men who provoke wars in their courts and parliaments; and you think it is a shame you should be there to fight for them; and you look at the pleasant things you are leaving all behind in your own home, just as if you were never to see them any more. That is a very wretched and miserable time, but it does not last very long if you are ordered to advance; and then, my dear friend, you do not care one farthing for your own life—that you forget altogether—and you think no more of your friends: you do not even hate the enemy in front any more. It is all a stir, and life, and eagerness; and a warm, glad feeling runs all through your veins, and when the great 'Hurrah!' comes, and you ride forward, you think no more of yourself: you say to yourself 'Here is for my good Fatherland!'—and then—"

A sort of sob stuck in the throat of the big lieutenant.

"Bah!" said he, with a frown, as if the bright morning and the fresh air had done him an injury, "what is the use of waiting out here and killing ourselves with hunger?"

Bell was writing when we went into the hotel. As we entered she hastily shut up her small portfolio.

"Why not finish your letter, mademoiselle?" he said, gently. "It will be a little time before breakfast comes in."

"I can finish it afterward," said the girl, looking rather embarrassed.

Of course, when the lieutenant perceived that the attention thus drawn to the letter had caused her some confusion, he immediately rushed into another subject, and said to Queen Titania, with a fine affectation of carelessness, "You will laugh, madame, at our having yet another adventure in a stationer's shop."

"I think," said my lady gravely, "that I must put a stop to these wanderings about in the early morning. I cannot quite make out why you should always get up hours before anybody else; but I find that generally some story comes up afterward of a young lady."

"But there is no young lady this time," said the lieutenant, "but a very worthy man whom we found in the stationer's shop. And he has been at Sedan, and he has brought back the breech of a mitrailleuse and showed it all to us; and he has written a small book about his being in France, and did present us with a copy of it, and would not take any payment for it. Oh, he is a very remarkable and intelligent man to be found in a stationer's shop up in this curious old town on the top of a hill; but then I discovered he is a Scotchman, and do you not say here that a Scotchman is a great traveler, and is to be found everywhere? And I have looked into the little book, and I think it very sensible and good, and a true account of what he has seen."

"Then I presume he extols your countrymen?" says my lady, with a smile.

"Madame," replies the lieutenant, "I may assure you of this, that a man who has been in a campaign and seen both the armies, does not think either nation a nation of angels and the other a nation of demons. To believe one nation to have all the good, and another nation to have all the bad, that can only be believed by people who have seen none of them. I think my friend the stationer has written so much of what he saw that he had no time for imaginations about the character of two whole countries."

At this moment the introduction of breakfast broke our talk in this direction. After breakfast Bell finished her letter. She asked the lieutenant to get it

stamped and posted for her, and handed it openly to him. But, without looking at it, he must have known that it was addressed to "Arthur Ashburton, Esq., Essex court, Temple."

"Well," said Bell, coming down stairs with her hat on, "let us go out now and see the old town. It must be a very pleasant old place. And the day is so fine—don't you think we have had quite exceptional weather hitherto, Count von Rosen?"

Of course he said the weather had been lovely; but how was it that Bell was so sure beforehand that she would be delighted with Bridgenorth? The delight was already in her face and beaming in her eyes. She knew the weather was fine. She was certain we should have a pleasant drive during the day, and was certain the country through which we had to pass would be charming. The observant reader will remark that a certain letter had been posted.

Really, Bridgenorth was pleasant enough on this bright morning, albeit the streets on the river-side part of the town were distinctly narrow, dirty and smoky. First of all, however, we visited the crumbling walls of Robert de Belesme's mighty tower. Then we took the women round the high promenade over the valley. Then we went down through a curious and precipitous passage hewn out of the sandstone hill to the lower part of the town, and visited the old building in which Bishop Percy was born, the inscription* on which, by the way, is a standing testimony to the playful manner in which this nation has at various times dealt with its aspirates. Then we clambered up the steep streets again until we reached the great central square, with its quaint town-house and old-fashioned shops. A few minutes thereafter we were in the phaeton, and Castor and Pollux taking us into the open country.

"Mademoiselle," said the lieutenant—the young man was like a mavis, with

* The inscription inside the door of this old-fashioned building, which is ornamented by bars of black and white, and peaked gables, is as follows:

"Except the Lord BUILD the OWSE
The Labourers thereof evail nothing
Erected by R For 1480."

this desire of his to sing or hear singing just after his morning meal—"you have not sung to us anything for a long while now."

"But I will this morning, with great pleasure," said Bell.

"Then," said Von Rosen, "here is your guitar. When I saw you come down to go out this morning, I said to myself, 'Mademoiselle is sure to sing to-day.' So I kept out the guitar-case."

The horses pricked up their ears. The cords of the guitar twanged out a few notes. The fresh breeze blew by from the fields, and as we drove through the stillness of one or two straggling woods, Bell sang—

If enemies oppose us,
And England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound or scar.
To humble them, come on, lads!
Their flags we'll soon lay low:
Clear the way for the fray,
Though the stormy winds do blow!

"Mademoiselle," cries the lieutenant, "it is a challenge."

Bell laughed, and suddenly altered the key.

Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design—
this was what she sang now—

To escape from her charms and to drown love in wine:
I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, but still love in my heart.

"Well!" said Tita, with an air of astonishment, "that is a pretty song for a young lady to sing!"

Bell laid down the guitar.

"And what," I ask of Queen Titania, "are the sentiments of which alone a young lady may sing? Not patriotism? Not love? Not despair? Goodness gracious! Don't you remember what old Joe Blatchers said when he brought us word that some woman in his neighborhood had committed suicide?"

"What did he say?" asked the lieutenant, who was of an inquiring turn of mind.

"The wretched woman had drowned herself because her husband had died; and old Joe brought us the story with the serious remark, 'The ladies 'as their feelin's, 'asn't they, sir, arter all?' May not a young lady sing of anything but

the joy of decorating a church on Christmas Eve?"

"I have never been taught to perceive the humor of profanity," says my lady with a serene impassiveness.

"Curious, if true! Perhaps you were never taught that a white elephant isn't the same as a rainbow or a pack of cards?"

"My dear," says Tita, turning to Bell, "what is that French song that you brought over with you from Dieppe?"

Thus appealed to, Bell took up her guitar and sang for us a very pretty song. It was not exactly French, to be sure. It began—

'Twas frost and thro' leet, wid a greyming o' snaw,
When I went to see Biddy, the flow'r o' them aw:
To meet was agreed on at Seyway' deyk nulk,
Where I sauntered wi' mony a seegh and lang lulk.

But good honest Cumberlandshire is quite as foreign to most of us as French; and no exception could be taken to the sentiment of Bell's ballad, for none of us could understand six consecutive words of it.

Much-Wenlock is a quiet town—about as quiet as the spacious and grassy enclosure in which the magnificent ruins of its old monastery stand gray and black in the sunshine. There are many strange passages and courts in these noble ruins; and as you pass through broken arches, and wander over courtyards half hid in the long green grass, it is but natural that a preference for solitude should betray itself in one or other of the members of a noisy little party. We lost sight of Bell and the lieutenant. There was a peacock strutting through the grass, and making his resplendent tail gleam in the sunshine; and they followed him, I think. When we came upon them again, Bell was seated on a bit of tumbled pillar, pulling daisies out of the sward and plaiting them, and the lieutenant was standing by her side, talking to her in a low voice. It was no business of ours to interfere with this pastoral occupation. Doubtless he spoke in these low tones because of the great silence of the place. We left them there, and had another saunter before we returned. We were almost

sorry to disturb them, for they made a pretty group, these two young folks, talking leisurely to each other under the solemn magnificence of the great gray ruins, while the sunlight that lit up the ivy on the walls, and threw black shadows under the arches of the crumbling windows, and lay warm on the long grass around them, touched Bell's cheek too, and glimmered down one side of the loose masses of her hair.

Castor and Pollux were not allowed much time for lunch, for, as the young people had determined to go to the theatre on reaching Shrewsbury, their elders, warned by a long experience, knew that the best preparation for going to a country theatre is to dine before setting out. My lady did not anticipate much enjoyment, but Bell was positive we should be surprised.

"We have been out in the country so much, seeing so much of the sunlight and the green trees, and living at those little inns, that we ought to have a country theatre as well. Who knows but that we may have left all our London ideas of a play in London, and find ourselves quite delighted with the simple folk who are always uttering good sentiments, and quite enraged with the bad man who is wishing them ill. I think Count von Rosen was quite right—"

Of course Count von Rosen was quite right!

"—about commonplace things only having become commonplace through our familiarity with them," continued Miss Bell: "perhaps we may find ourselves going back a bit, and being as much impressed by a country drama as any of the farmer-folk who do not see half a dozen plays in their life. And then, you know, what a big background we shall have!—not the walls of the little theatre, but all the great landscape we have been coming through. Round about us we shall see the Severn, and the long woods, and Broadway Hill—"

"And not forgetting Bourton Hill," says the lieutenant. "If only they do give us a good moonlight scene like that, we shall be satisfied."

"Oh no," said Bell gravely—she was

evidently launching into one of her unconscious flights, for her eyes took no more notice of us, but were looking wistfully at the pleasant country around us—"that is asking far too much. It is easier for you to make the moonlight scene than for the manager. You have only to imagine it is there—shut your eyes a little bit, and fancy you hear the people on the stage talking in a real scene, with the real country around and the real moonlight in the air. And then you grow to believe in the people, and you forget that they are only actors and actresses working for their salaries, and you think it is a true story, like the stories they tell up in Westmoreland of things that happened in the villages years ago. That is one of the great pleasures of driving—that it gives you a sense of wide space. There is a great deal of air and sky about it, and you have a pleasant and easy way of getting through it, as if you were really sailing; whereas the railway whisks you through the long intervals, and makes your journey a succession of dots. That is an unnatural way of traveling, that staccato method of—"

Here mademoiselle caught sight of Queen Tita gravely smiling, and immediately paused to find out what she had been saying.

"Well?" she said, expecting to be corrected or reproofed, and calmly resolved to bear the worst.

But how could Tita explain? She had been amused by the manner in which the young lady had unconsciously caught up a trick of the lieutenant's in the construction of his sentences—the use of "that" as the introductory nominative, the noun coming in afterward. For the moment the subject dropped, in the excitement of our getting once more back to the Severn; and when Bell spoke next it was to ask the lieutenant whether the Wrekin—a solitary, abrupt and conical hill on our right which was densely wooded to the top—did not in a milder form reproduce the odd masses of rock that stud the great plain west of the Lake of Constance.

A pleasant drive through a fine stretch

of open country took us into Shrewsbury; and here, having got over the bridge and up the steep thoroughfares to our hotel, dinner was immediately ordered. When at length we made our way round to the theatre it was about half-past seven, and the performance was to commence at twenty minutes to eight.

"Oh, Bell!" says my lady as we enter the building. She looks blankly round. From the front of the dress-circle we are peering into a great hollow place dimly lighted by ten lamps, each of one burner, that throw a sepulchral light on long rows of wooden benches, on a sad-colored curtain and an empty orchestra. How is all the force of Bell's imagination to drive off these walls and this depressing array of carpentry, and substitute for them a stage of greensward and walls composed of the illimitable sky? There is an odor of escaped gas and of oranges; but when did any people ever muster up enough of gayety to eat an orange in this gloomy hall?

7.40, by Shrewsbury clock.—An old gentleman and a boy appear in the orchestra. The former is possessed of a bass-viol—the latter proceeds to tune up a violin.

7.50—which is the time for commencing the play—three ladies come into the pit. The first is a farmer's wife, fat, ostentatious, confident, in a black silk that rustles: the two others are apparently friends of hers in the town, who follow her meekly and take their seats with a frightened air. She sits down with a proud gesture, and this causes a thin cackle of laughter and a rude remark far up in the semi-darkness overhead, so that we gather that there are probably two persons in the upper gallery.

7.55.—Two young ladies—perhaps shop-girls, but their extreme blushing gives them a countrified look—come into the pit, talk in excited whispers to each other, and sit down with an uncomfortable air of embarrassment. At this moment the orchestra startles us by dashing into a waltz from "Faust." There are now five men and a boy in this tuneful choir. One of them starts vigorously on the cornet, but invariably

fails to get beyond the first few notes, so that the flute beats him hollow. Again and again the cornet strikes in at the easy parts, but directly he subsides again, and the flute has it all his own way. The music ceases. The curtain is drawn up. The play has begun.

The first act is introductory. There is a farmer, whose chief business it is to announce that "his will is law;" and he has a son, addressed throughout as Weelyam, whom he wishes to marry a particular girl. The son, of course, has married another. The villain appears and takes us into his confidence, giving us to understand that a worse villain never trod the earth. He has an interview with the farmer, but this is suddenly broken off: a whistle in some part of the theatre is heard, and we are conveyed to an Italian lake, all shining with yellow villas and blue skies.

"That is the problem stated," said the lieutenant: "now we shall have the solution. But do you find the walls going away yet, mademoiselle?"

"I think it is very amusing," said Bell, with a bright look on her face. Indeed, if she had not brought in with her sufficient influence from the country to resolve the theatre into thin air, she had imbibed a vast quantity of good health and spirits there, so that she was prepared to enjoy anything.

The plot thickens. The woman-villain appears—a lady dressed in deep black—who tells us in an awful voice that she was the mistress of Weelyam in France, that being the country naturally associated in the mind of the dramatist with crimes of this character. She is in a pretty state when she learns that Weelyam is married, and events are plainly marching on to a crisis. It comes. The marriage is revealed to the farmer, who delivers a telling curse, which is apparently launched at the upper gallery, but which is really meant to confound Weelyam: then the old man falls—there is a tableau—the curtain comes down, and the band, by some odd stroke of luck, plays "Home, Sweet Home," as an air descriptive of Weelyam's banishment.

We become objects of curiosity, now that the adventures of the farmer's son are removed. There are twenty-one people in the pit, representing conjointly a solid guinea transferred to the treasury. One or two gay young men, with canes, and their hats much on the sides of their heads, have entered the dress-circle, stared for a minute or two at the stage, and retired.

They are probably familiar with rustic drama, and hold it in contempt. A good ballet, now, would be more in their way, performed by a troupe of young ladies whose names are curiously like English names, with imposing French and Italian terminations. A gentleman comes into the pit along with a friend, nods familiarly to the attendant, deposits his friend, utters a few facetious remarks, and leaves: can it be that he is a reporter of a local newspaper, dowered with the privilege of free admission for "himself and one"? There must at least be three persons in the upper gallery, for a new voice is heard, calling out the graceful but not unfamiliar name of "Polly." One of the two rose-red maidens in front of us timidly looks up, and is greeted with a shout of recognition and laughter. She drops into her old position in a second, and hangs down her head, while her companion protests in an indignant way in order to comfort her. The curtain rises.

The amount of villainy in this Shrewsbury drama is really getting beyond a joke. We are gradually rising in the scale of dark deeds, until the third villain, who now appears, causes the previous two to be regarded as innocent lambs. This new performer of crime is a highwayman, and his very first act is to shoot Weelyam's father and rob him of his money. But, lo! the French adventuress drops from the clouds! The highwayman is her husband: she tells of her awful deeds, among them of her having murdered "her mistress the arch-duchess;" and then, as she vows she will go and murder Weelyam, a tremendous conflict of everybody ensues, and a new scene being run on, we are suddenly whirled up to Balmoral Castle.

"I am beginning to be very anxious about the good people," remarked Tita. "I am afraid William will be killed."

"Unless he has as many lives as Plutarch, he can't escape," said Bell.

"As for the old farmer," observed the lieutenant, "he survives apoplectic fits and pistol-shots very well—oh, very well indeed. He is a very good man in a play. He is sure to last to the end."

Well, we were near the end, and author, carpenter and scene-painter had done their dead best to render the final scene impressive. It was in a cavern. Cimmerian darkness prevailed. The awful lady in black haunts the gloomy byways of the cave, communing with herself, and twisting her arms so that the greatest agony is made visible. But what is this hooded and trembling figure that approaches? Once in the cavern, the hood is thrown off, and the palpitating heroine comes forward for a second to the low footlights, merely that there shall be no mistake about her identity. The gloom deepens. The young and innocent wife encounters the French adventuress: the woman who did not scruple to murder her mistress the archduchess seizes the girl by her hands—shrieks are heard—the two figures twist round one another—then a mocking shout of laughter, and Weelyam's wife is precipitated into the hideous waters of the lake! But, lo! the tread of innumerable feet: from all quarters of the habitable globe stray wanderers arrive. With a shout Weelyam leaps into the lake; and when it is discovered that he has saved his wife, behold! everybody in the play is found to be around him, and with weeping and with laughter all the story is told, and the drama ends in the most triumphant and comfortable manner, in the middle of the night, in a cavern a hundred miles from anywhere.

"No," said Queen Titania, distinctly, "I will *not* stay to see *La Champagne Ballet* or the *Pas de Fascination*."

So there was nothing for it but to take the ungrateful creature back to the hotel and give her tea and a novel. As for the billiard-room in that hotel, it is one of the best between London and Edin-

burgh. The lieutenant begs to add that he can recommend the beer.

CHAPTER XV.

"LA PATRIE EN DANGER."

By the dim side of this enchanted lake,
I, Baldwin, doubting stand.

I SIT down to write this chapter with a determination to be generous, calm and moderate in the last degree. The man who would triumph over the wife of his bosom merely to have the pleasure of saying "I told you so," does not deserve to have his path through life sweetened by any such tender companionship. Far be it from me to recall the protestations which my lady affixed to the first portion of this narrative on its publication. Not for worlds would I inquire into her motives for being so anxious to see Arthur go. The ways of a woman ought to be intricate, occult, perplexing, if only to preserve something of the mystery of life around her, and to serve her also as a refuge from the coarse and rude logic of the actual world. The foolish person who, to prove himself right, would drive his wife into a corner and demonstrate to her that she was wrong—that she had been guilty of small prevarications, of trifling bits of hypocrisy, and of the use of various arts to conceal her real belief and definite purpose—the man who would thus wound the gentle spirit by his side to secure the petty gratification of proving himself to have been something of a twopenny-halfpenny prophet—But these remarks are premature at the present moment, and I go on to narrate the events which happened on the day of our leaving Shrewsbury and getting into the solitary region of the meres.

"I have received a telegram from Arthur," says Bell calmly, and the pink sheet is lying on the breakfast-table before her.

"How did you get it?" says my lady with some surprise.

"At the post-office."

"Then you have been out?"

"Yes, we went for a short walk after

having waited for you," says Bell, looking down.

"Oh, madame," says the lieutenant, coming forward from the fireplace, "you must not go away from the town without seeing it well. It is handsome, and the tall poplars down by the side of the river, they are worth going to see by themselves."

"It was very pretty this morning," continued Bell, "when the wind was blowing about the light blue smoke, and the sun was shining down on the slates and the clumps of trees. We went to a height on the other side of the river, and I have made a sketch of it—"

"Pray," says my lady, regarding our ward severely, "when did you go out this morning?"

"Perhaps about an hour and a half ago," replies Bell carelessly: "I don't exactly know."

"More than that, I think," says the lieutenant, "for, with mademoiselle's permission, I did smoke two cigars before we came back. It is much to our credit to go so early, and not anything to be blamed of."

"I am glad Bell is improving in that respect," retorts my lady with a wicked smile; and then she adds, "Well?"

"He has started," is the reply to that question.

"And is going by another route?"

"Yes: in a dog-cart—by himself. Don't you think it is very foolish of him, Tita? You know what accidents occur with those dog-carts."

"Mademoiselle, do not alarm yourself," says the lieutenant, folding up his newspaper. "It is a very singular thing there are so many accidents in driving, and so very seldom any one hurt. You ask your friends—yes, they have all had accidents in their riding and driving, they have all been in great danger, but what have they suffered?—nothing! Sometimes a man is killed—yes, one out of several millions in the year. And if he tumbles over—which is likely if he does not know much of horses and driving—what then? No, there is no fear: we shall see him some day very well, and go on all together."

"Oh, shall we?" says my lady, evidently regarding this as a new idea.

"Certainly. Do you think he goes that way always? Impossible. He will tire of it. He will study the roads across to meet us. He will overtake us with his light little dog-cart: we shall have his company along the road."

Tita did not at all look so well satisfied with this prospect of meeting an old friend as she might have done.

"And when are you to hear from him next?" I inquire of mademoiselle.

"He will either write or telegraph to each of the big towns along our route, on the chance of the message intercepting us somewhere; and so we shall know where he is."

"And he has really started?"

Bell placed the telegram in my hands. It was as follows:

"Have set out by Hatfield, Huntingdon and York for Edinburgh. Shall follow the real old coach-road to Scotland, and am certain to find much entertainment."

"For man and beast," struck in the lieutenant. "And I know of a friend of mine traveling in your country who went into one of these small inns and put up his horse, and when they brought him in his luncheon to the parlor, he only looked at it and said, 'Very good, waiter: this is very nice, but where is the entertainment for the man?'"

I continued to read the telegram aloud:

"Shall probably be in Edinburgh before you; but will telegraph or write to each big town along your route, that you may let me know where you are."

"It is very obliging," says the lieutenant, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"It is quite certain," observes my lady with decision, "that he must not accompany us in his dog-cart; for we shall arrive at plenty of inns where they could not possibly put up three horses and so many people."

"It would have been so," said the lieutenant, "at the place on the top of the hill—Bourton was it called?"

The mere notion of Arthur coming in to spoil the enjoyment of that rare even-

ing was so distressing that we all took refuge in breakfast; after which we went for a long and leisurely stroll through Shrewsbury, and then had Castor and Pollux put into the phaeton. It seemed now to us to matter little at what town we stayed. We had almost begun to forget the various points of the journey. It was enough that some hospitable place—whether it were city, town or hamlet—afforded us shelter for the night, that on the next morning we could issue forth again into the sweet-smelling country air, and have all the fair green world to ourselves. We looked with a lenient eye upon the great habitations of men. What if a trifle of coal-smoke hung about the house-tops, and that the streets were not quite so clean as they might be? We suffered little from these inconveniences. They only made us rejoice the more to get out into the leafy lanes, where the air was fresh with the scent of the bean-fields and the half-dried hay. And when a town happened to be picturesque—and it was our good fortune to find a considerable number of handsome cities along our line of route—and combined with its steep streets, its old-fashioned houses, and its winding river and banks, a fair proportion of elms and poplars scattered about in clumps to mar the monotony of the gray fronts and the blue slates, we paid such a tribute of admiration as could only be obtained from people who knew they would soon be emancipated from the din and clamor, the odor and the squalor of thoroughfares and pavements.

Bell, sitting very erect and holding the whip and reins in the most accurate and scientific fashion, was driving us leisurely up the level and pleasant road leading from Shrewsbury to Ellesmere. The country was now more open and less hilly than that through which we had recently come. Occasionally, as in the neighborhood of Harmer Hill, we drove by dense woods, but for the most part our route lay between long stretches of meadows, fields and farms, with the horizon around lying blue and dark under the distant sky. The morning had gradually become overcast, and the

various greens of the landscape were darkened by the placid gray overhead. There was little wind, but a prevailing coolness that seemed to have something of premonitory moistness in it.

But how the birds sang under the silence of that cold gray sky! We seemed to hear all the sounds within a great compass, and these were exclusively the innumerable notes of various birds—in the hedges and in the roadside trees, far away in woods or hidden up in the level grayness of the clouds. Tawi, tawi, tawi, trrrr-weet!—droom, droom, phlaee!—tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, feer!—that was the silvery chorus from thousands of throats, and under the darkness of the gray sky the leaves of the trees and the woods seemed to hang motionless in order to listen. Now and again Bell picked out the call of a thrush or a blackbird from the almost indistinguishable mass of melody, but it seemed to us that all the fields and the hedges had but one voice, and that it was clear and sweet and piercing in the strange silence reigning over the land.

So we rolled along the unfrequented road, occasionally passing a wayside tavern, a farmhouse or a cluster of cottages, until about noon we caught a glimpse of a stretch of gray water. On this lonely mere no boat was to be seen, nor any house on its banks—merely a bit of leaden-colored water placed amid the low-lying woods. Then we caught the glimmer of another sheet of cold gray water, and by and by, driving under and through an avenue of trees, we came full in sight of Ellesmere.

The small lake looked rather dismal then. There was a slight stirring of wind on its surface, which destroyed the reflection of the woods along its shores, and so the water was pretty much the counterpart of the gloomy sky above. At this moment, too, the moisture in the air began to touch our faces, and everything portended a shower. Bell drove us past the mere and on to the small village, where Castor and Pollux were safely lodged in the stables of the "Bridgewater Arms."

We had got into shelter just in time.

Down came the rain with a will, but we were unconcernedly having luncheon in a long apartment which the landlord had recently added on to his premises. Then we darted across the yard to the billiard-room, where, Bell and my lady having taken up lofty positions in order to overlook the tournament, we proceeded to knock the balls about until the shower should cease.

The rain, however, showed no symptoms of leaving off, so we resolved to remain at Ellesmere that night, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in getting up arrears of correspondence and similar work. It was not until after dinner that it was found the rain-clouds had finally gathered themselves together, and then, when we went out for a stroll in obedience to Bell's earnest prayer, the evening had drawn on apace.

The darkening waters of the lake were now surrounded by low clouds of white mist, that hung about the wet woods. From the surface of the mere, too, a faint vapor seemed to rise, so that the shores on the other side had grown dim and vague. The trees were still dropping large drops into the streaming road; runnels of water showed how heavy the rain had been; and it seemed as if the gray and ghastly plain of the lake were still stirred by the commotion of the showers. The reflection of a small yacht out from the shore was blurred and indistinct, and underneath the wooded island beyond there only reigned a deeper gloom on the water.

Of course, no reasonable person could have thought of going out in a boat on this moist evening; but Bell having expressed some wish of the kind, the lieutenant forthwith declared we should soon have a boat, however late the hour. He dragged us through a wet garden to a house set amid trees by the side of the mere. He summoned a worthy woman, and overcame her wonder and objections and remonstrances in about a couple of minutes. In a very short space of time we found ourselves in a massive and unwieldy punt out in the middle of this gray sheet of water, with the darkness of night rapidly descending.

"We shall all have neuralgia and rheumatism and colds to-morrow," said my lady contentedly. "And all because of this mad girl, who thinks she can see ghosts wherever there is a little mist. Bell, do you remember—"

Tita stopped suddenly and grasped my arm. A white something had suddenly borne down upon us, and not for a second or two did we recognize the fact that it was a swan bent on a mission of curiosity. Far away beyond this solitary animal there now became visible a faint line of white, and we knew that there the members of his tribe were awaiting his report.

The two long oars plashed in the silence, we glided onward in the gloom, and the woods of the opposite shore were now coming near. But what was this new light that seemed to be coming from over the trees—a faint glow that began to tell upon the sky and reveal to us the conformation of the clouds? The mists of the lake deepened, but the sky lightened, and we could see breaks in it, long stripes of a soft and pale yellow. Bell had not uttered a word. She had been watching this growing light with patient eyes, only turning at times to see how the island was becoming more distinct in the darkness. And then more and more rapidly the light spread up and over the south-east, the clouds seemed to get thinner and thinner, until all at once we saw the white glimmer of the disk of the moon leap into a long crevice in the dark sky, and lo! all the scene around us was changed: the mists seemed to be dispersed and driven to the shores; the trees on the island were sharp black bars against a flood of light; and on the dark bosom of the water lay a long lane of silver, intertwisting itself with millions of gleaming lines, and flashing on the ripples that were sent back from the rocking of our boat.

"Every day, I think," said Bell, "we come to something more beautiful in this journey."

"Mademoiselle," said the lieutenant suddenly, "your country it has been too much for me: I have resolved to come to live here always, and in five years, if

I choose it, I shall be able to be naturalized and consider England as my own country."

The moonlight was touching softly at this moment the outline of Bell's face, but the rest of the face was in shadow, and we could not see what evidence of surprise was written there.

"You are not serious," she said.

"I am."

"And you mean to give up your country because you like the scenery of another country?"

That, plainly put, was what the proposal of the count amounted to as he had expressed it, but even he seemed somewhat taken aback by its apparent absurdity.

"No," he said, "you must not put it all down to one reason: there are many reasons, some of them important; but at all events it is sure that if I come to live in England, I shall not be disappointed of having much pleasure in traveling."

"With you it may be different," said Bell, almost repeating what I had said the day before to the young man. "I wish we could always be traveling and meeting with such pleasant scenes as this. But this holiday is a very exceptional thing."

"Worse luck!" said the lieutenant, with the air of a man who thinks he is being hardly used by destiny.

"But tell me," broke in my lady, as the boat lay in the path of the moonlight, almost motionless, "have you calculated the consequences of your becoming an exile?"

"An exile! There are many thousands of my countrymen in England: they do not seem to suffer much of regret because they are exiles."

"Suppose we were to go to war with Germany?"

"Madame," observed the lieutenant, seriously, "if you regard one possibility, why not another? Should I not hesitate of living in England for fear of a comet striking your country rather than striking Germany? No: I do not think there is any chance of either; but if there is a war, then I consider whether

I am more bound to Germany or to England. And that is a question of the ties you may form, which may be more strong than merely that you chance to have been born in a particular place."

"These are not patriotic sentiments," remarks my lady in a voice which shows she is pleased as well as amused by the announcement of them.

"Patriotism!" he said: "that is very good, but you need not make it a fetish. Perhaps I have more right to be patriotic in a country that I choose for my own than in a country where I am born without any choice of my own. But I do not find my countrymen when they come to England much troubled by such things; and I do not think your countrymen when they go to America consult the philosophers and say what they would do in a war. If you will allow me to differ with you, madame, I do not think that is a great objection to my living in England."

An objection—coming from her! The honest lieutenant meant no sarcasm, but if a blush remained in my lady's system—which is pretty well trained, I admit, to repress such symptoms of consciousness—surely it ought to have been visible on this clear moonlight night.

At length we had to make for the shore. It seemed as though we were leaving out there on the water all the white wonder of the moon; but when we had run the boat into the boat-house and got up among the trees, there too was the strong white light, gleaming on black branches and throwing bars of shadow across the pale, brown road. We started on our way back to the village by the margin of the mere. The mists seemed colder here than out on the water, and now we could see the moonlight struggling with a faint white haze that lay over all the surface of the lake. My lady and Bell walked on in front—the lieutenant was apparently desirous to linger a little behind.

"You know," he said, in a low voice and with a little embarrassment, "why I have resolved to live in England."

"I can guess."

"I mean to ask mademoiselle to-morrow—if I have the chance—if she will become my wife."

"You will be a fool for your pains."

"What is that phrase? I do not comprehend it," he said.

"You will make a mistake if you do. She will refuse you."

"And well?" he said. "Does not every man run the chance of that? I will not blame her—no; but it is better I should ask her, and be assured of this one way or the other."

"You do not understand. Apart from all other considerations, Bell would almost certainly object to entertaining such a proposal after a few days' acquaintanceship—"

"A few days!" he exclaimed. "*Du Himmel!* I have known her years and years ago—very well we were acquainted—"

"But the acquaintanceship of a boy is nothing. You are almost a stranger to her now—"

"See here," he urged. "We do know more of each other in this week or two than if I had seen her for many seasons of your London society. We have seen each other at all times, under all ways—not mere talking in a dance, and so forth."

"But you know she has not definitely broken off with Arthur yet."

"Then the sooner the better," said the lieutenant bluntly. "How is it you do all fear him, and the annoyance of his coming? Is a young lady likely to have much sympathy for him, when he is very disagreeable and rude and angry? Now, this is what I think about him. I am afraid mademoiselle is very sorry to tell him to go away. They are old friends. But she would like him to go away, for he is very jealous and angry and rude; and so I go to her and say—No, I will not tell you what my argument is, but I hope I will show mademoiselle it will be better if she will promise to be my wife, and then this pitiful fellow he will be told not to distress her any more. If she says No, it is a misfortune for me, but none to her. If she says Yes, then I will look out that she

is not any more annoyed—that is quite certain."

"I hope you don't wish to marry merely to rescue a distressed damsel?"

"Bah!" he said: "you know it is not that. But you English people, you always make your jokes about these things—not very good jokes either—and do not talk frankly about it. When madame comes to hear of this—and if mademoiselle is good enough not to cast me away—it will be a hard time for us, I know, from morning until night. But have I not told you what I have considered this young lady—so very generous in her nature, and not thinking of herself—so very frank and good-natured to all people around her—and of a good, light heart, that shows she can enjoy the world, and is of a happy disposition, and will be a very noble companion for the man who marries her. I would tell you much more, but I cannot in your language."

At all events, he had picked up a good many flattering adjectives: mademoiselle's dowry in that respect was likely to be considerable.

Here we got back to the inn. Glasses were brought in, and we had a final game of béczé before retiring for the night; but the lieutenant's manner toward Bell was singularly constrained and almost distant, and he regarded her occasionally in a somewhat timid and anxious way.

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—"It is perhaps unnecessary for me to explain that I am not responsible for the foolish notions that may enter the heads of two young people when they are away for a holiday. But I must protest against the insinuation—conveyed in a manner *which I will not describe*—that I was throughout scheming against Arthur's suit with our Bell. That poor boy is the son of two of my oldest friends, and for himself we have always had the greatest esteem and liking. If he caused us some annoyance at this time, he had probably a little excuse for it—which is more than *some people* can say, when they have long ago got over the jealous-

ies of courtship, and yet do not cease to persecute their wives with cruel jests—and it is most unfair to represent me as being blind to his peculiar situation or unmerciful toward himself. On the contrary, I am sure I did everything I could to smooth over the unpleasant incidents of his visit; but I did not find it incumbent on me to become a *partisan*, and spend hours in getting up philosophical—*philosophical!*—excuses for a rude-

ness which was really unpardonable. As for Count von Rosen, if he made up his mind to ask Bell to be his wife because Ellesmere looked pretty when the moon came out, I cannot help it. It is some years since I gave up the idea of attempting to account for the odd freaks and impulses that get into the brains of what we must call the *superior sex*."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PIERRE RONSARD.

THE first quarter of the sixteenth century had struck, and the world was waking to the new day of the Renaissance. Luther had burned the Pope's bull at Wittenberg, and had defied the Diet of Worms; Henry VIII. and Francis I. had joined hands on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; Michael Angelo had finished his masterpieces in the Sistine Chapel; Raphael had painted the greatest of all Madonnas, and had passed away; Titian was still holding the world breathless with the triumphs of his brush; Sir Thomas Wyatt, the earl of Surrey, and a few other English songsters were preparing the way for the full choir that was to startle Europe half a century later; and France, stimulated on all sides by the advance of her neighbors in literature and art, had begun to set herself to rival them. Charles of Orleans, François Villon and Clément Marot had already sung the first chansons worthy of note since the *Roman de la Rose*, and the "gentil maistre Clément" was even now sharing the captivity of his royal master at Pavia. The French for many years had been fighting almost incessantly; their worship of Mars had left them no time to devote to the Muses; and now that they had begun to study, they went into it as a matter of business, and worked at poetry as if it were the multiplication table, or could be written,

like an Ollendorff exercise, by the yard. Poetry became a varnish to be laid upon the veneer of the other accomplishments. Was it not enough, asks Sainte-Beuve, for a man to be at once a physician, a grammarian and a geometrician? Apparently not, for Pelletier du Mans, who was all these, also twanged his feeble lyre. It was not till the seventeenth century that the distinction between learning and genius came to be fully understood, and that the many versifiers began to give way to the few poets.

With the revival of art revived of course also the gods of Greece. Art and mythology go ever hand in hand. For the Greeks had embodied in visible forms the everlasting truths of Nature and of life, and Aphrodite smiles always upon the painter's imagination as when she first rose from the sea. The wet and weary boy to whom the old poet gave shelter for the night, only to be pierced by his arrow in the morning, is as vivid a reality in Andersen's prose-poem to-day as in the graceful verse of Anacreon five hundred years before our era. The stories the world learned in its cradle it never tires of telling its children, and when painters make them glow upon their canvas, and poets sing them in their sweetest verse, the rest of mankind must learn to spell them out. Beauty, Genius and Wealth divide

the world among them, whether we call them Venus, Apollo and Plutus, or not.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the recent discovery of the New World, with its vast riches ready to pour into the lap of Europe, the breaking of the old fetters of the Church, the intellectual stimulus resulting from all this agitation, the shock given to ascetic living and ascetic art by the recognition of the purely physical element, the glorification of the Body by the new school of colorists, headed by Titian,—all this better living and broader thinking had brought about what we are accustomed to call the Pagan Renaissance, of which Italy was the foster-mother. But these old divinities returned upon the canvas of Titian and his fellows as very real and palpable entities. They came with all the solidity of gradual tradition to incorporate them, and were received as human if immortal beings. There was no question of solar myths and volcanic convulsions with the poets of the sixteenth century: they took up the old stories where they had been dropped, and were far more concerned with the grammar of the classics than they were with their religion.

While the learned men of France were poring over their dictionaries, and occasionally giving testimony of their progress by a neat copy of Greek or Latin verses, the neglected French language was suffering. Noble words and phrases used by the Troubadours had dropped out altogether: the writers of each half century had to be translated by their successors before they could be understood. No wonder, then, that with the renaissance of art a renaissance of language should be felt to be equally necessary. The lyre must have new strings before the new music could be played upon it, and two young poets, Pierre Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay, undertook the audacious task of reforming a language. But it was not alone the poverty of the language that had caused the songs of each successive age to perish so quickly: it was in a great measure the necessarily ephemeral nature of a

literature that consisted almost entirely of the lightest kind of poetry.

The young poet, PIERRE RONSARD, to whose influence may be ascribed the *Illustration de la Langue Française*, published by his friend Du Bellay, was born on the 11th of September, 1524, at the Château de la Poissonnière (Vendômois). He was the fifth son of Louis Ronsard, maître-d'hôtel to Francis I., and came of a noble Hungarian family. Happy omens accompanied his birth. The lady who was carrying him to be christened dropped him from her careless arms, but into a bed of flowers—a mollifying of misfortune typical of his after life. Till the age of nine he was brought up under the direction of a tutor at the château, but then he was sent to the College of Navarre at Paris. Scholastic discipline was very strict at that time, however, and the regent of Pierre's schooldays was an uncommonly harsh master. His ardor fired by the traditions of his noble Hungarian ancestor, who had fought under Philip Augustus against the English, and by the martial spirit of the times, at the end of six months the boy begged to be taken away from school and to be brought up as a soldier. His father took him to the court, then settled at Avignon, where the child's uncommon beauty, spirit and promise caused him to be at once installed as page to the duke of Orleans. Two years afterward, when James V. returned to Scotland with his bride, Marie of Lorraine, Ronsard accompanied them, and spent two years and a half at the Scottish court and six months at the English, returning to France at the end of that time to re-enter the service of the duke of Orleans. His royal master sent him on all sorts of secret missions to Scotland, to Flanders, to Zealand, to the Diet of Spires with Lazare de Baif, to Piedmont with the viceroy, Du Bellay. He suffered hardships, perils, shipwreck, finally a severe illness, which left him almost totally deaf at the early age of sixteen. He lost his heart, too, about this time (not so irremediable a loss, however, as his hearing) to a fair *bourgeoise* of Blois, whom he chose to christen Cassandra. His deafness in-

terfering sadly with his chances at court, and his youthful passion inspiring him with a distaste for the world, he wished to devote himself to study. But his father, whose paternal pride had naturally been charmed with the brilliant figure his son of sixteen had made at three courts, peremptorily forbade him all apprenticeship to "le mestier des Muses." During his travels, however, he had learned to speak English, Italian and German, while one of his comrades had taught him Latin. He knew the best passages of Virgil by heart, and had already studied the first principles of French verse. In spite of his father's prohibition, he stole off every evening from the gayeties of the court to hear the lessons given by Jean Dorat, a famous classical scholar of the day, to Antoine de Baïf, son of the Lazare de Baïf with whom Ronsard had visited Germany.

In 1544, however, the ambitious father died, and the young man was free to follow his own inclinations. At the early age of twenty, having already seen more of life than many men of twice his age, he retired with his friend Antoine to the College of Coqueret, where their master Dorat had recently been installed as principal. Seven long years they passed in this retreat, studying with the greatest ardor, and helping each other along the thorny ways of learning. "Being early wonted by his courtly training to late hours," says Claude Binet, the earliest biographer of our poet, "Ronsard sat at his studies until two or three hours after midnight, and then, going to bed, roused De Baïf, who arose and went on by the same candle before his place had time to grow cold."

At this college they were joined by Remi Belleau, afterward an enthusiastic disciple of Ronsard, and by Antoine Muret, his future commentator. Here, too, came Joachim du Bellay, who embraced the literary theories of Ronsard with delight, and published in 1549 the result of their joint studies and speculations, under the title of *L'Illustration de la Langue Française*. The young students were in danger of forgetting

that their own enthusiasm was but one indication of the gradual reform beginning to take place in literature, and imagined, as young enthusiasts are so apt to do, that their especial lantern held the only light of the age. "Coloring their prejudices as erudite scholars with all the illusions of youth and patriotism," says Sainte-Beuve in his admirable work on *French Poetry in the Sixteenth Century*, "they asserted that there was no such thing as poetry in France, and promised themselves to create it all. On the strength of so great an intention, they already dreamed for their country a literary splendor equal to that with which Italy was glorified for the second time. From the first day of its majority this youthful generation impetuously proclaimed its freedom, and, to use the vigorous expression of a contemporary, a troop of poets rushed forth from the college of Jean Dorat as from another Trojan horse. Joachim du Bellay harangued them, so to speak, before the action." His ideas—and Ronsard's, for they were one in thought—were briefly these: "Languages are not like plants, strong or weak by chance: they depend upon human volition. Consequently, if our language be more feeble than the Greek or Latin, it is the fault of our ancestors, who have neglected to strengthen and adorn it. Translations alone will never enrich a language. We need to follow the example of the Romans, who imitated rather than translated the best Greek authors, transforming them into their own likeness, devouring their substance, and, after digesting it thoroughly, converting it into nourishment and blood. You who wish to enter the service of the Muses, turn to the Greek and Latin, yea even to the Spanish and Italian authors, whence you may derive a more exquisite form of poetry than from our own. Nor trust yourselves to follow the example of those of our own writers who have acquired great fame with little or no study, and do not tell me that poets are born: it would be too easy a thing to attain immortality thus. Whoso desires to live in the mouths of men must spend much time in his closet;

and whoso desires to live in the memory of posterity must die to himself, and while our poets and courtiers eat, drink and sleep at their ease, he must endure hunger, thirst and long vigils. These are the wings whereby the writings of men mount to heaven."

To this careful transportation of the classics, Ronsard added an audacious use of words. Where the French failed him he dressed up a Latin, Greek or Italian substitute at will. He advocated what he called the *provignement* (propagation) of words, and from a recognized substantive, for instance, would form a verb or an adjective to suit his need—a practice not yet gone out of vogue among our younger poets, who are apt to find even our own rich vocabulary too small for their vast needs, and, in the words of a recent critic, "distend our unfortunate language till we can almost hear it crack." Not content with this resource, Ronsard employed two more. He borrowed right and left from every French *patois* he could lay his hands upon, and he went into all the workshops of Paris and sought among the *argot* of the artisans for words and phrases to give amplitude and vigor to his verse. His genius melted down this heterogeneous mass into a wonderfully flowing stream of melody, and to us, in this polyglot age, his verse presents fewer difficulties than perhaps to his contemporaries, when malice said that his mistresses were fain to call in the dangerous aid of some brother scholar to help them to decipher his love-verses. An open question, after all, as to the learning of the ladies.

Ronsard's *Amours*, with the first four books of *Odes*, was published in 1550, the year after Du Bellay's manifesto, and was the first thing he had ever given to the world, unless we except his translation of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, acted at college, and, according to C. Binet, the first comedy ever played in French. This first book of *Amours*, a collection of sonnets addressed to the fair Cassandra, was followed in two years by the fifth book of *Odes*, accompanied with music fitted to the songs

and sonnets, and with a commentary by A. Muret. In 1555 the first book of *Hymnes* appeared, and in the following year the second book of *Hymnes* and the last of *Amours* came out. Finally, in 1560, Ronsard published the first edition of his collected works. Never was poet received with such tempests of praise. In vain the jovial curé of Meudon made fun of his neighbor: not even the mighty laughter of Rabelais could drown the applause of princes. In vain did Mellin de Saint-Gelais attempt to raise an opposing voice: he, too, was brought to worship the rising star. The Academy of Floral Games called Ronsard the prince of poets, and, not content with crowning him with their usual wreath of *eglantine*, sent him a massive silver statue of Minerva. The architect of the Louvre carved a Fame upon his façade, trumpeting the praises of the new Muse. He became the poet of princes: Margaret of Savoy, the sister of Henry II., loaded him with honors; Charles IX. made him his constant companion, presented him with priories and abbeys and wrote graceful verses in his praise; Henry III. inscribed his name among the first on his list of members for the newly-instituted Academy; Queen Elizabeth sent him a diamond of great price; and Marie Stuart, who had received him at her court and read his verses in her prosperity, sent him from her prison a Parnassus in silver surmounted by a Pegasus, the rock bearing this inscription: "To Ronsard, the Apollo of the fountain of the Muses." Montaigne immortalized him in a single line; Tasso was proud to read to him the first cantos of his *Gerusalemme*; another Italian poet, Speroni, wrote a whole poem in his praise; and his works were publicly read and explained in the French schools of Flanders, England, Poland, and other countries. Saddest and sweetest tribute of all, Chastelard, the poet-lover of "the fairest and cruellest of princesses," comforted himself in prison with the writings of Ronsard, and when condemned to death would have no other viaticum than his verses. "Being led to the scaffold," says Brantôme,

"he took the *Hymnes* of M. Ronsard in his hands, and for his eternal consolation began to read the 'Hymn to Death,' which is very well composed, asking no other help of holy book, nor of minister nor of confessor."

The people were as wild with admiration as the princes. "No one who could use a pen," Pasquier tells us, "but celebrated Ronsard in his verses. Did the young people but rub against his clothes, they fancied themselves about to become poets." Of course the fair sex burned their share of incense before the popular idol. Ronsard, in spite of his deafness, had a good deal of the Adonis as well as the Apollo about him. He is described as being tall and imposing in stature, with a beautiful and majestic countenance, large forehead, bright and piercing eyes, aquiline nose, wavy blonde hair and a long and well-turned neck. Other damsels besides Cassandra sway his facile heart and yield to his fascinations or his fame. A young girl of Anjou, named Marie, is celebrated in some of his sweetest songs, and her early death mourned over in many an elegy; a mysterious Genèvre, supposed to be the wife of Blaise de Vigenère, is a favorite subject; so are two noble ladies of the families of Acquaviva and D'Estrées, immortalized as Calirrhoë and Astræa, the former a flame of Charles IX. At the special request of the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, he obliged her, as he had her son in respect of the fair Calirrhoë, by singing the praises of a lovely maid of honor, Hélène de Sanguis, for whom he cherished a respectful admiration, sufficiently platonic because made to order.

Is it to be wondered at if all this royal adulation, this popular idolatry, this praise of ladies and poets, turned its object's head? A young man, a Frenchman and a poet, what could one expect but such a natural consequence? The age pronounced him the greatest poet of France and the equal of the ancients, and he accepted finally the verdict of the age. Not without some secret misgivings, however. The genius of the man was too fine not to realize

wherein those ancients were his masters, and many of his verses bear testimony to the humbler opinion that he held, in his cooler moments, of his own abilities. The nebulous clouds of adoration that surrounded him evolved finally into that then famous constellation, the "Pléiade," wherein Ronsard was the central star. Around him, at a respectful distance, revolved Dorat, his old master; Jamyn, his pupil; Du Bellay and De Baif, his fellow-students; Jodelle and De Thiard. There is a little uncertainty, however, as to these lesser lights, for the authorities differ about two or three of the names. They were not accepted with unanimous praise: it was only Ronsard whom the whole world delighted to honor. Twenty days after the massacre of St. Bartholomew appeared all that was ever written of the *Franciade*, four cantos of the destined twenty-four. It was founded on the obscure legend of Francus, son of Hector, who fled from Troy and conquered the country of the Gauls. The choice of subject was unfortunate, in the first place. It was not founded, like the *Æneid*, upon a popular romance told by every fireside, but was disinterred from the library of the scholar. The verse was the familiar decasyllabic, unsuited to the dignity of the subject and the genius of Ronsard. To name the principal and final objection, it was essentially lyric, and not epic. Such was the faith of the age in its greatest poet, however, that if the *Franciade* added little to its author's fame, it woke no storm of adverse criticism. It was reserved for the historians of French literature to speak of it as contemptuously as Mennechet does: "Claude Binet, the biographer and panegyrist of Ronsard, asserts that the only fault of the *Franciade* is that it is not finished: that seems to us its principal merit." Charles IX. loaded him with new honors, bestowing upon him, besides two priories, the abbey of Belloczane and Croix-Val. To the latter Ronsard retired upon the death of his royal patron, which happened in 1574, two years after the publication of the *Franciade*. Very near this chosen re-

treat were the forest of Gastine and the fountain of Bellerie that he had so often sung. Gouty and prematurely old, Ronsard led a studious and pious life, amusing himself by correcting and preparing for the press another edition of his complete works, which appeared in 1584. He has left us a sketch in verse of his last years, full of a sweet and chastened spirit, but too long to quote entire. Beginning the day with prayer, he spent four or five hours in study; then, feeling his mind wearied, went to church. Returning from church, he devoted an hour to pleasure, and then dined, soberly and gratefully. After dinner, in pleasant weather, he strolled about the country, or, sitting with a book or a friend on the edge of a murmuring brook, listened to the noise of the water or fell asleep in the shade of the willows. In wet weather he sought out his friends' society, or amused himself with bodily exercise in-doors. Then when the dark night had called out the stars and curtailed the earth and sky, he lay down to sleep without care, imploring a gentle pardon from Heaven for all his errors.

This is a pretty picture of the last days of the old poet. Would that all singers might fall asleep in as safe and quiet a nest! His critics complained, however, of the ten years' labor spent on the last edition of his poems. So captious had the fastidious taste of the scholarly poet grown that he altered and corrected the sonnets and chansons of his youth with a most unsparing hand, often much to the detriment of their spontaneity and vigor; "not considering," says Colletet, in his quaint old French, "that although he was the father of his works, yet doth it not appertain to sad and captious age to sit in judgment upon the strokes of gallant youth." Ronsard did not live many months to hear his alterations blamed by his jealous admirers. During the sleepless nights of his lingering illness he diverted his mind by composing epitaphs and hymns, a singer to the last. He died at his priory of Saint-Cosme, Tours, on Friday, December 27, 1585, and was buried in the choir of the priory church without pomp

or display. Two months after his death, however, his dear friend Gallaud, who closed his eyes, celebrated his obsequies at the chapel of the College of Boncour. The king sent his own musicians to sing the mass: Duperron, afterward bishop of Evreux and cardinal, pronounced the funeral oration, and drew tears from the eyes of all present. The chapel was crowded with the princes of the blood, the cardinals, the Parliament, and the University of Paris. So great was the crush that the Cardinal de Bourbon and many other princes and lords were unable to penetrate the crowd, and were forced to return home. Other orations and verses were recited the next day in all the colleges of Paris, and volumes might be made of the eclogues, elegies and epitaphs written to his memory. Twenty-four years after his death, Joachim de la Chétardie, then the prior of Saint-Cosme, built a marble tomb, surmounted by a statue, over his grave.

But before that tomb was finished the wheel of Fortune had made a turn. Only fifteen years after the death of Ronsard arose the star of Malherbe, severest of his critics because so near a rival. The grammarian in him quite as strong as the poet, he was scandalized at the liberties Ronsard had dared to take with the language. Whenever in reading aloud his own verses he came to a harsh or doubtful word, he was accustomed to say, "Here I *ronsardize*." Racan coming in one day—when he was ill and out of sorts, let us hope—took up a volume of Ronsard with many verses erased by the critical hand of Malherbe. "Posterity will quote the others as admired by Malherbe," said Racan; whereupon the irritated poet seized a pen and scratched out all the rest. Many other critics agreed with him. The Seigneur de Balzac, born only nine years after the death of Ronsard, said that he was but the beginning and material of a poet; La Bruyère said that Ronsard and his school had done French style far more harm than good; Boileau confirmed the sentence of Malherbe; La Monnoye wrote, "I think it would be very difficult to find a person who would

dare to boast that he owned and had read his works."

The wheel of Fortune turned again. Malherbe was forgotten like Ronsard. Corneille and Racine and the severely classic drama ruled the day. The immortal Molière, taking his stand outside of rules, and hand in hand with his mother, Nature, was not for a day, but part of the universal world's inheritance. Again the wheel went round, and in 1828 the revolution of the Romantic School in literature began. Sainte-Beuve and Victor Hugo rehabilitated Ronsard. Once more France rang with his fame. Sainte-Beuve wrote his *Tableau historique et critique de la poésie française au 16^e siècle*, followed by a volume of selections from Ronsard, with a commentary, which set the new school wild. The early editions of Ronsard's works went up to fabulous prices, and a copy of the favorite edition of 1609 was presented to Victor Hugo by some of his most enthusiastic disciples as the best they could give to one whom they styled the successor of the greatest lyric poet of France. The wide margins of this precious volume were enriched with many autograph verses by the most celebrated authors of the day.

It is easier to account for the fame of Ronsard than for its sudden reverse. That he did a great deal for the French language is unquestionable. He found it dry, stiff and barren, and he did his best to soften and enrich it. From other languages, from the different *patois*, from arts and trades, he borrowed their richest treasures, and developed the old vocabulary. "The system was a great conception," says Sainte-Beuve, "and its success shows that it was skillfully executed. All the enlightened world received and admired it: it seemed as if the French language had recovered its rights, and was no longer to yield precedence to any." That the system was not entirely successful can hardly surprise us. In the first place, languages, in spite of the dictum of Du Bellay, *are* like plants, and develop slowly from a fitting soil and in a congenial atmosphere, independent of human volition. One can no more incorporate a word at

will into the popular vocabulary than make a peach-stone grow on a sea-beach in November. But let the word appear at the right time and place, and the whole world rings with it. Ronsard succeeded so far that for years after he died a popular saying described any error in speech as "a hit at Ronsard." But in their young enthusiasm he and his school sometimes forgot to let their judgments be seasoned with mercy, or ran at times into something of extravagance in their importations. "They asked of words," says Nisard, "what things alone could give: they did not perceive that languages can only be enriched by ideas; that the secret of a noble style is entirely in the calm and sustained elevation of the thought; that harmony is less a music that delights the ear than the general effect of a language which unites all the conditions of propriety, nobility, clearness." Then, too, the reform was premature: the age was not yet out of leading-strings. We scarcely realize how far beyond it was Ronsard till we find ourselves compelled to wait three hundred years for a worthy successor to him in French lyric verse.

Nor were his services in the art of versification less notable than his efforts for the language. To him belongs the honor of introducing the ode, in form and name, into French poetry: that he also revived the epic is a doubtful matter of congratulation. Sainte-Beuve claims as Ronsard's invention a great variety of new rhythms, and at least eight or ten different forms of strophes of which we may seek vainly for any trace among his predecessors. Not until Victor Hugo took up the fallen lyre do we find in French poetry any songs that for exquisite melody, simplicity and grace can rival his. He transplanted some of the finest odes and sonnets of Anacreon, Theocritus, Horace, Petrarch and Bembo into his native tongue, but added to them such fine and delicate touches of his own fancy that they seemed to bloom anew as with engrafted flowers.

Six years after his death there was born on the other side of the Channel his nearest English counterpart, Robert

Herrick. But Herrick possessed the great advantage of finding his materials ready to his hand: he did not have to make the words which he was to sing. The noble English language was at the very acme of its splendor when he was ready to use it; the songs of Shakespeare, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Ben Jonson, the most exquisite lyrics in our literature, were still ringing in men's ears; the lute was strung and tuned, and Herrick had but to wake anew its still vibrating chords. His mastery of rhythm is as great as Ronsard's, but his poetic genius is of a lower order. Both had studied under the same masters, and particularly Anacreon; but while we find them translating the same odes, the versions of Ronsard are marked by a keener and finer thought. They sing the same dainty ditties of love, tempered by a gentle pagan sadness: they are full of delicate turns of thought expressed in perfect melody, and nothing can surpass their sweet and fanciful grace. But Ronsard's imagination has a loftier flight than Herrick's fancy: there is more dignity and depth in his sweetness, a subtler pathos in his tenderness. The "cheeks like cream enclareted" and the "roses misted o'er with lawn" of Herrick are exquisite conceits, but how much finer Ronsard's line, "*Vostre teint sentoît encore son enfance*"! It is a pretty idea of Herrick to sing of "those babies in your eyes, in their crystal nunneries," but we prefer Ronsard's "*le doux languir de ses yeux*." What can be more perfect than his picture of the dreaming maiden with downcast eyes, "*toute amusée avecques sa pensée*," or his slight touch of Chaucer-like humor in his sketch of the coy coquette who flies but to be pursued?—

*Je jure Amour que vous estes si fine,
Que pour mourir, de bouche ne diriez
Qu'on vous baisast, bien que le desiriez.*

Both poets profess the same Epicurean philosophy—the enjoyment of life while it lasts, because after it comes the grave and darkness. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, old Time is still a-flying," sings Herrick; and Ronsard tells the same thing to Cassandra in this little song:

*Darling! look if that blushing rose,
That but this morning did uncloze
Her crimson vestments to the sun,
Hath not quite lost in evening's air
The fine folds of that vestment rare,
And that bright tinting like your own.*

*Alas! even in this little space,
Darling! we see o'er all the place
Her scattered beauties strown!
O stepdame Nature, stern and hard!
That couldst not such a flower have spared
From morn till eve alone!*

*Then, darling! hear me while I sing:
Enjoy the verdure of your spring,
The sweets of youth's short hour;
Gather the blossoms while ye may,
For youth is gone like yesterday,
And beauty like that flower!*

This is the moral of many a verse in both poets, it is true, but Ronsard's treatment of love is far more noble and dignified than that of Herrick. With the English Anacreon love is either a passion, of the earth earthy, or an exquisite conceit wherewith to inspire pretty verses; the only poem that we remember with any real vigor and nobility of feeling being the verses addressed "To Anthea, who may command me in anything." Ronsard, though ministering occasionally to the worst taste of his time, preserves in nearly all his love-poems a manliness and a delicacy that enhance their richness. He neither rails at his mistress when she is cruel, and forswears her, nor grovels in the dust at her feet, but submits with patient dignity, bidding her remember that some day, when, very old and feeble, she sits spinning through the long winter evenings by the light of her taper, she will perhaps recall that Ronsard once sang of her when she was young and fair; and then, when he is dead and gone, and she crouching over the fire, she will sigh to find her faithful servant no longer at her side, and will repent too late her hardness and his sorrow. His opening sonnet to Cassandra is full of the same noble pathos:

*He who would see how Love triumphant came,
How he assailed and conquered every part
Of all my soul, now froze, now fired my heart,
Making himself an honor of my shame;—*

*He who would see a youth made up, indeed,
Of following its own desire and bane,—
May come and read me, witnessing my pain,
Whereof God and my goddess take no heed.*

Then he will see in love no reason is :
 'Tis a fair prison and a dear abyss,
 A lying hope, wherein we feed on wind.
 Then how man cheats himself he will perceive,
 When in his ignorance he doth receive
 A child for master, and a guide that's blind.

One of the many fascinations of Ronsard's poems is the sudden and unexpected turn of thought or rhythm, not so abrupt as to be startling, but coming in like the capricious shower of an April day, making its sunshine the more beautiful. The tender melody of his modulation in the line, "*le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame,*" is but imperfectly suggested by the translation in the following sonnet :

I send you a bouquet I plucked for you
 With mine own hand from all these flowers bright :
 Were they not gathered ere the fall of night,
 Their leaves to-morrow would the garden strew.

Then let these blossoms your exemplar be,
 For though your beauty bloom as bright as they,
 A little while and it will pass away,
 And, like the flowers, will perish utterly.

The time flits by, the time flits by, my dear !
 Alas ! not time alone, but we depart,
 And soon must lie extended on our bier ;
 And all these loves, so dear unto our heart,
 When we are dead no more for them we care :
 Ah therefore love me now, seeing thou art so fair !

The exquisite transition of the last line from moralizing to love-making finds a parallel in the address to the nightingale, where the sudden change from the admonition of the preacher to the eager impatience of the lover is a pretty touch of Nature and poetry :

Sweet nightingale ! that com'st again
 To sing thy passion and thy pain,
 And mak'st thy pleasant lodgment now
 Upon thine old accustomed bough,
 Making re-echo with thy lay
 The hills and woods by night and day,
 And dost anew the quarrel tell
 Of Tereus and Philomel,—

I pray thee (and thus mayst thou prove
 Successful ever in thy love)
 To make my tyrant sweet believe—
 When she comes forth at dewy eve,
 And bendeth o'er thy nest her face—
 That all her beauty and her grace,
 Although so lasting they may seem,
 Must vanish quicker than a dream ;
 Tell her that summer's fairest flowers
 Lose their bright hues 'neath winter's showers.

But when sweet April's sun arrives
 Their withered beauty soon revives.
 Not so with maids : their roses dead
 For evermore with youth are fled ;
 Tell her they never can return,
 But in their place we may discern
 I know not what of hollows deep,
 Wherein a finger's point might sleep,
 And all the face is withered up,
 Like some fair flower's tender cup
 Touched by the ploughshare's cruel blade ;
 Tell her that after Time hath made
 Dull silver of her golden hair,
 And furrowed all her brow with care,
 That then perhaps in vain she'll mourn
 The youth that never can return,
 The pleasures sweet she let slip by,
 For which her age in vain may sigh,
 Now grown so cold to love and these
 That Pleasure's self hath ceased to please.

But, nightingale, why comes she not
 To tread the fresh grass of this spot
 Within the wood, where we should meet ?
 For while thou singest loud and sweet
 Among the hazels overhead,
 I'd make her whiteness rosy red.

But, alas ! for us also "*le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame,*" and it will not do to linger too long over the pages of a forgotten poet—pages so full of a delicate and airy fascination that we wonder the world should ever have ceased to love them. The first poet in French literature who showed any real knowledge and love of Nature, his poetry has kept the charm of her sweet influence for three centuries in all its freshness and purity. As we turn over the quaint old pages with their antiquated spelling, the forest of Gastine with its "*belle verdure*" seems to open its grassy glades before us, the fountain Bellerie sparkles in the sunshine, the lark is singing of love among the morning clouds, the happy hornets, that rivalled the bees in our poet's affections, are flitting about the old and twisted oaks, the nightingale is hidden in the shade, while down the long green vista slowly comes the saintly Angelette, with dreamy eyes "*toute amusée avecques sa pensée.*" It may be three hundred years old, this song, but it is as young as yesterday and as immortal as to-morrow, for the poet who sings of love and beauty and the birds and flowers, sings "of what the world will be when the years have passed away."

KATE HILLARD.

A DRAFT ON THE BANK OF SPAIN.

NOT many of us would be eager to live our lives over again if the gift of a new life were possible; but when I think upon the goodness and grace and love that have these many years gone side by side with mine, I doubt a little as to how I should decide. Indeed, were God to give it me to turn anew the stained and dog-eared pages of the life-book, it would not be for the joy of labor, or to see again the marvels of growth in knowledge, that I should so yearn as for the great riches of love which have made for me its text and margins beautiful with the colors of heaven. And so, when I recall this life, and its sorrows and adventures and successes, with every memory comes to me first of all the tender commentary of that delightful face; and I rejoice with a sudden following of fear as I turn to see it again, and once more to wonder at the calm of sweet and thoughtful gravity which the generous years have added to its abundant wealth of motherly and gracious beauty.

It is a little story of this matron and myself which I find it pleasant to tell you; chiefly, I suppose, because it lets me talk of her and her ways and doings—a very simple story, with nothing in the least startling or strange, but so cheerful and grateful to me to think over that I cannot but hope you too may get good cheer from it, and like her a little, and find interest in my old friend the clockmaker and his boy, and haply come at last to believe that you would be pleased to smoke a pipe with me, and to give me too of such love as you have to spare; which, I take it, is for a man to get from man or woman the most desirable of earthly things.

We had been married a twelvemonth, I think, and were coming on in years, she being eighteen, and I—well, somewhat older, of course. From among gentle and kindly folks, long and steadily rooted in the soil of one of our oldest Dutch towns in Middle Pennsylvania,

we had come, with good courage and great store of hopes, to seek our fortunes in the Quaker City, whose overgrown-village ways have always seemed to the stranger so much more homelike than the bullying bustle of its greater sister.

I smile now when I think what very young and trustful people we were, May and I, and how full of knowledge we thought ourselves of men and things. I had been bred an engineer, and when I married May was a draughtsman in a great railway office, with just enough of an income to make our marriage what most folk would call unwise—an opinion in which, perhaps, I might join them, were it not that so many of these reckless unions, in which there is only a great estate of love, have seemed to me in the end to turn out so well.

Away from broad fields, and laden barns, and my father's great farmhouse, and plenty, and space, we came to grope about for a home among strangers, with at least a hope that somewhere in the city we should find a little of what my wife's old father, the schoolmaster, used to call "homesomeness." With great comfort in our mutual love, we found for a long while no abiding-place which seemed to us pleasant, until at last a happy chance brought us to lodge within the walls which for some two years of our young married life were all to us that we could ask.

It chanced one day that I had to have a watch mended, and for this purpose walked into a shop in one of the older streets—a place altogether deserted by the rich, and not fully seized upon by trade. There were many great warehouses and huge storehouses, with here and there between them an old house built of red and glazed black brick, with small windows full of little gnarled glasses, and above them a hipped roof. Some of these houses had at that time half doors, and on the lower half of one of these

was leaning a man somewhat past middle life. The window-cases on either side were full of watches, and over them was a gilded quadrant and the name F. WILLOW. As I drew near, the owner—for he it was—let me in, and when I gave him my watch, took it without a word, pushed his large spectacles down over two great gray eyebrows on to eyes as gray, and began to open and pore over the timepiece in a rapt and musing way.

At last said I, "Well?"

"In a week," said he.

"A week!" said I; "but how am I to get on for a week without it?"

"Just so!" he returned. "Sit down while I look at it, or come back in half an hour."

"I will wait," said I.

Without further words he turned to his seat, screwed into his eye one of those queer black-rimmed lenses which clockmakers use, and began to peer into the works of my sick watch. In the mean while I amused myself by strolling between the little counters, and as gravely studying the man and his belongings, for both were worthy of regard. A man of fifty-five, I should say—upright, despite his trade—gray of beard and head—with an eagle nose and large white teeth. Altogether, a face full of power, and, as I learned, of sweetness when I came to know better its rare smile. The head was carried proudly on a frame meant by Nature to have been the envy of an athlete, but now just touched with the sad shadows of fading strength. I wondered a little at the waste of such a frame in so petty a toil, until I began to hear, as one does by degrees, the intrusive ticking of the many clocks and watches which surrounded me. First I heard a great tick, then a lesser, then by and by more ticks, so as at last quite to call my attention from their owner. There were many watches, and, if I remember well, at least a dozen clocks. In front of me was a huge old mahogany case, with a metal face, and a ruddy moon peering over it, while a shorter and more ancient timepiece, with a solemn cluck, for which

at last I waited nervously, was curious enough to make me look at it narrowly. On the top sat a neatly-carved figure of Time holding in both hands an hour-glass, through which the last grains were slowly dropping. Suddenly there was a whirring noise in the clock, and the figure grimly turned the hour-glass in its hands, so that it began to run again. The sand was full of bits of bright metal—gold, perhaps—and the effect was pretty, although the figure, which was cleverly carved, had a quaint look of sadness, such as I could almost fancy growing deeper as he shifted the glass anew.

"He hath a weary time of it," said a full, strong voice, which startled me, who had not seen the clockmaker until, tall as his greatest clock, he stood beside me.

"I was thinking that, or some such like thought," said I, but feeling that the man spoke for himself as well as for his puppet. "I wonder," said I, "does time seem longer to those who make and watch its measurers all day long?"

"My lad," said he, laying two large white hands on my shoulders with a grave smile and a look which somehow took away all offence from a movement so familiar as to seem odd in a stranger—"my lad, I fancy most clockmakers are too busy with turning the dollar to care for or feel the moral of their ticking clocks." Then he paused, and added sadly, "You are young to moralize about time, but were you lonely and friendless you would find strange company in the endless ticking of these companions of mine."

With a boy's freedom and sympathy I said quickly, "But is any one—are you—quite lonely and friendless?"

"I did not say so," he returned abruptly; but he added, looking around him, "I have certainly more clocks than friends."

"Well, after all," said I, "Mr. Willow, what is a clock but a friend, with the power to do you one service, and no more?"

"I think," said he, "I have seen friends who lacked even that virtue, but this

special little friend of yours needs regulation: its conscience is bad. Perhaps you will be so kind as to call in a week: it will take fully that long."

I went out amused and pleased with the man's oddness, and feeling also the charm of a manner which I have never since seen equaled. As I passed the doorway I saw tacked to it a notice of rooms to let. I turned back: "You have rooms to let. Might I see them?"

"If it please you, yes," he said. "The paper has been up a year, and you are the first to ask about it. You will not wish to live long in this gloomy place, even," he added, "if I should want you."

Then he locked the shop door and led me up a little side stair to the second story, and into two rooms—the one looking out on the street, and the other on a square bit of high-walled garden, so full of roses—for now it was June—that I quite wondered to find how beautiful it was, and how sweet was the breeze which sauntered in through the open casement.

"Pardon me," said I, "but did you plant all these?"

"Yes," he said. "My boy and I took up the pavement and put in some earth, and made them thrive, as," he added, "all things thrive for him—pets or flowers, all alike."

I turned away, feeling how quaint and fresh to me was this life made up of clocks and roses. The rooms also pleased me, the rent being lower than we were paying; and so, after a glance at the furniture, which was old but neat, and observing the decent cleanliness of the place, I said, "Have you any other lodgers?"

"Two more clocks on the stairway," he replied, smiling.

"My wife won't mind them or their ticking," I said. "I am always away until afternoon, and perhaps she may find them companionable, as you do."

"Wife!" he said hastily. "I shall have to see her."

"All right!" said I.

"No children?" he added.

"No," said I.

"Humph! Perhaps I am sorry. They

beat clocks all to pieces for company, as my boy says."

"Only my wife and I, sir. If you do not object, I will bring her to look at the rooms to-morrow."

As I turned to leave, I noticed over the chimney-place a tinted coat-of-arms, rather worn and shabby. Beneath it was the name "Tressilian," and above it hung a heavy sabre.

As I walked away I mused with a young man's sense of romance over the man and his trade, and the history which lay in his past life—a history I never knew, but which to this day still excites my good wife's curiosity when we talk, as we often do, of the clocks and the roses.

I shall never forget the delight that my little lady found in our new home, to which we soon after moved. It was a warm summer afternoon, as I well remember. The watchmaker and his boy, whom I had not yet seen, were out, and the house was in charge of a stout colored dame, who was called Phœbe, and who was never without a "misery" in her head.

My May followed our trunks up stairs, and went in and out, and wondered at the coat-of-arms and the sabre; and at last, seeing the roses, was down stairs and out among them in a moment. I went after her, and saw, with the constant joy her pleasures bring to me, how she flitted like a bee to and fro, pausing to catch at each blossom a fresh perfume, and shaking the petals in a rosy rain behind her as her dress caught the brambles.

"May," said I at last, "you have demolished a thousand roses. What will their owner say? Look! there is Mr. Willow now."

Then, like a guilty thing, caught in her innocent mood of joy and mischief, she paused with glowing cheeks, and looked up at the window of our room, whence Mr. Willow was watching her, with the lad beside him. "Oh, what a scamp I am, Harry!" said she, and in a moment had plucked a moss-rose bud, and was away up stairs with it.

When I reached the room she was

making all sorts of little earnest excuses to the watchmaker. "But I have spoilt your rose-harvest," she said. "Will you let me give you this one?" and as I entered the man was bending down in a way which seemed to me gracious and even courtly, a moisture in his eyes as she laughingly pinned the bud to the lapel of his threadbare coat.

"Well, well!" he said. "It is many and many a day since a woman's hand did that for me. We must make you free of our roses—that is, if Arthur likes."

The lad at this said gravely, "It would give me the greatest pleasure, madam."

I smiled, amused that the little woman should be called *madam* in such a reverential fashion, while she retreated a step to see the effect of her rose, and then would arrange it anew. They made freshness and beauty in the old wainscoted chamber—the man, large and nobly built, with a look of tenderness and latent strength; the girl, full of simplicity and grace, hovering about him with mirthful brown eyes and changeful color; the lad, tall, manly and grave, watching with great blue eyes, full of wonder and a boy's deep worship, her childlike coquetties and pretty ways. From that day forward father and son, like another person I know of, were her humble slaves, and from that day to this the wily little lady has only gone on adding to her list of willing vassals.

It was early agreed that the clockmaker, his son and ourselves should take meals in common in our little back room, which, under my wife's hands, soon came to look cheerful enough. By and by she quietly took control of the housekeeping also, and with Phœbe's aid surprised us with the ease in which we soon began to live. But as to the roses, if they had thriven in the care of Arthur and his father, they now rioted, if roses can riot, in luxury of growth over wall and trellis, and despite unending daily tributes to make lovely our table and chamber—grew as if to get up to her window was their sole object in life. I have said those were happy days, and I doubt not that for others than ourselves they were also delightful. Often in the

afternoon, when coming back from my work, I would peep into the shop to see the watchmaker busy with his tools, the lad reading aloud and my wife listening, seated with her needlework between the counters. Often I have stayed quiet a moment to hear them as the lad, perched on a high stool, would sit with a finger in his book, making shrewd comments full of a strange thoughtfulness, until the watchmaker, turning, would listen well pleased, or May would find her delight in urging the two to fierce battle of argument, her eyes twinkling with mischief as she set about giving some absurd decision, while the great clocks and little ticked solemnly, and the watches from far corners made faint echoes. Or perhaps, in the midst of their chat, all the clocks would begin to strike the hour, and on a sudden the watchmaker would start up from his seat and stride toward some delinquent a little late in its task, and savagely twist its entrails a bit, and then back to his seat, comforted for a time. My May had all sorts of queer beliefs about these clocks and their master, and delighted to push the hands a little back or forward, until poor Willow was in despair. One hapless bit of brass and iron, which was always five minutes late in striking, she called the foolish virgin, and at last carried off to her room, explaining that it was so nice to get up five minutes late, and the clock would help her to do it; with other such pleasant sillinesses as might have been looked for from a young person who kept company with idle roses and the like.

But if the clockmaker and my wife were good friends, the lad and she were sworn allies, and just the frank, wholesome friend she has since been to my boys she was then to young Willow. His white mice and the curiously tame little guinea pig, which had been taught not to gnaw the roses—hard sentence for those cunning teeth of his!—were hers in a little while as much as the boy's, and the two had even come at last to share his favorite belief that the solemn old battered box-turtle on the garden had been marked with "G. W."

by General Washington, and was to live to be the last veteran of '76. I used to propose in my unheroic moments that the old fellow should apply for a pension, but my jeers were received with patience, and this and other boy-beliefs rested unshaken.

There are many scenes of our quiet life of those days which are still present to me in such reality as if they were pictures which I had but to open a gallery door to see anew. The watchmaker seems to me always a foremost figure in my groups. He was a man most often moody, and prone when at leisure to sit looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows into some far-away distance of time and space; almost haughty at times, and again so genial and sunshiny and full of good talk and quick-witted fancies that it was a never-ceasing wonder to us unmoody young folks how these human climates could change and shift so strangely. His wintry times were sadly frequent when, as we came to know him better, he ceased to make efforts to please, and yielded to the sway of his accustomed sadness. The boy made a curious contrast, and was so full of happy outbursts of spirits and mirth, so swiftly changing too, with an ever-brightening growth of mind, that beside his father no one could fail to think of him as of the healthful promise of the spring-tide hour. And as for my wife, in his better times the watchmaker had a pretty way of calling her "Summer," which by and by, for his own use, the lad made into "Mother Summer," until at length the little lady, well pleased with her nicknames, answered to them as readily as to her lawful titles.

I used to think our happiest days were the bright Sundays in the fall of the last year of our long stay with the Willows. We had taken up the habit of going to the Swedes' Church, which in fact was the nearest to our home, and surely of all the houses of prayer the quaintest and most ancient in the city. Always when the afternoon service was over we used to wander a little about the well-filled churchyard and read the inscription on Wilson's grave, and wonder,

with our boy-friend, who knew well his story, if the many birds which haunted the place came here to do him honor. Pleasant it was also to make our way homeward among old houses long left by the rich, and at last to find ourselves sauntering slowly up the wharves, quietest of all the highways on Sunday, with their ships and steamers and laden market-boats jostling one another at their moorings, like boys at church, as if weary of the unaccustomed stillness. Then, when the day was over, we were in the habit of sitting in the open doorway of the shop watching the neatly-dressed Sunday folk, lulled by the quiet of the hour and the busy, monotonous ticking of the little army of clocks behind us, while my wife filled our pipes and the talk, gay or grave, rose and fell.

On such an early October evening came to us the first break in the tranquil sameness of our lives. We had enjoyed the evening quiet, and had just left the garden and gone into the shop, where Mr. Willow had certain work to do, which perhaps was made lighter by our careless chat. By and by, as the night fell, one or two sea-captains called in with their chronometers, that they might be set in order by the clockmaker. Then the lad put up and barred the old-fashioned shutters, and coming back settled himself into a corner with a torn volume of *Gulliver's Travels*, over which now and then he broke out into great joy of laughter, which was not to be stilled until he had read us a passage or two, whilst between-times my wife's knitting-needles clicked an irregular reply to the ticking clocks, and I sat musing and smoking, a little tired by a long day's work.

At last the watchmaker paused from his task and called us to look at it. It was some kind of registering instrument for the Coast Survey—a patent on which he greatly prided himself. Seven or eight pendulums were arranged in such a manner that their number corrected the single error of each escapement. Further I do not remember, but only recall how we marveled at the beautiful steadiness of the movement, and how my wife

clapped her hands joyously at the happy end of so much toil and thought.

"It is done," said the watchmaker, rising. "Let us look how the night goes;" for it was a constant custom with him always before going to bed to stand at the door for a little while and look up at the heavens. He said it was to see what the weather would be, a matter in which he greatly concerned himself, keeping a pet thermometer in the garden, and noting day by day its eccentricities with an interest which no one but my wife ever made believe to share. I followed him to the open door, where he stood leaning against the side-post, looking steadily up at the sky. The air was crisp and cool, and overhead, thick as snow-flakes, the stars twinkled as if they were keeping time to the ticking clocks. Presently my wife came out, and laying a hand on his arm stood beside us and drank in the delicious calm of the autumn night, while the lad fidgeted under his elbow between them, and got his share of the starlight and the quiet.

"It seems hard to think they are all moving for ever and ever," said the boy. "I wonder if they are wound up as often as your clocks, father?"

"It is only a great clock, after all," said Willow, "and must stop some of these days, I suppose. Did ever you think of that, little Summer?"

"Will last our time," said my wife.

"Your time!" returned the clockmaker. "Your time is for ever, little woman: you may live in the days not of this world to see the old wonder of it all fade out and perish."

Just then a man stopped in front of us and said, "Does Mr. Willow live here?"

"Yes," said I; and as he came toward us we naturally gave way, thinking him some belated customer, and he entered the lighted shop.

Then Willow turned again, and the two men came face to face. The stranger was a man of great height, but spare and delicate. He leaned on a gold-headed cane somewhat feebly, and seemed to me a person of great age. What struck

me most, however, was the ease and grace of his bearing and a certain elegance of dress and manner. The moment Willow set eyes on him he staggered back, reeled a moment, and, catching at a chair, fell against the tall clock over which he had set the figure of Time. "What has brought you here?" he cried hoarsely.

"My son, my boy," said the elder man in a voice shaken by its passion of tenderness. "Can you never, never forget?"

"Forget!" said the other. "I had almost come to that, but, remembering anew, how can I ever forgive? Go!" he cried fiercely, darting forward on a sudden and opening the door. "Go before the madness comes upon me. Go, go before I curse you." Then he reeled again, and growing white fell into a chair, and, as if choked with emotion, stayed, rigidly pointing to the door.

Then my wife ran forward. "Leave us," she said, "whoever you are. You see how ill he is. You can do no good here. Come again if you will, but go away now."

The stranger hesitated and looked in bewilderment from one to another, while the lad, till then silent, opened the door wider and said gently, "Will it please you to go, grandpapa?"

"My boy—his boy!" exclaimed the new-comer, patting his curly head. "Now am I indeed punished," he added, for the lad shrunk back with a look of horror quite strange on a face so young, and, suddenly covering his face with both hands, the elder man went by him and passed out into the street without a word. Then the boy hastily shut the door, and we turned to Willow, who had fallen in something like a swoon from his chair. Silently or with whispers we gathered about him, while my wife brought a pillow and some water and gave him to drink. At last we got him up stairs to our own room, where for some days he lay in a state of feebleness which seemed to me very strange in one so vigorous but a little while before. On the next morning after his attack he showed some uneasiness, and at length was able to bid us take down the painted

arms over the fireplace and hide them away; but beyond this he gave no sign of what he had passed through, and by slow degrees got back again very nearly his wonted habits and mode of life.

I need scarcely say that so strange an event could hardly take place in our little household without awakening the curiosity of two people as young and romantic as May and I. Indeed, I greatly fear that the little lady so far yielded to the impulses of her sex as even to question young Willow in a roundabout way; but the lad was plainly enough schooled to silence, and you had only to look at his square, strongly-built chin to learn how hopeless it would be to urge him when once his mind was made up. He only smiled and put the question by as a man would have done, and before us at least neither father nor son spoke of it again during the next month.

The pleasant hazy November days came and went, and one evening on my return home I learned that Mr. Willow had suffered from a second attack of faintness, and from my wife I heard that the lad had let fall that his grandfather had called once more, and that the two men had had another brief and bitter meeting. The following morning, as I went to my work, I saw the stranger walking to and fro on the far side of the street. Nothing could be more pitiable than his whole look and bearing, because nothing is sadder to see than a man of gentle breeding so worn with some great sorrow as to have become shabby from mere neglect of himself. He peered across the street, looked up at the windows and at the shop, and at last walked feebly away, with now and then a wistful look back again—such a look as I saw once in my life in the great eyes of a huge watch-dog whom we left on the prairie beside the lonely grave of his master.

From this time onward, all through a severe winter, he haunted the neighborhood, once again, and only once, venturing to speak to the clockmaker, to whom his constant presence where he could hardly fail to see him at times be-

came a torture which was plainly wearing his life away. Twice also he spoke to the boy, and once urged him to take a little package which we supposed might have been money. At last my anxiety became so great that I spoke to him myself, but was met so coldly, yet with so much courtesy, that I felt little inclined to make the same attempt again.

I learned with no great trouble that he lived quietly during this winter at one of our greater hotels, that he seemed to be a man of ample means, and that his name was Tressilian, but beyond this I knew no more. He came, at last, to be a well-known figure in our neighborhood, as he wandered sadly about among rough porters and draymen and the busy bustle of trade. His visits to our house, and his questions about Mr. Willow, were added sources of annoyance to the latter, who rarely failed to look gloomily up and down the street, to make sure of his absence, before he ventured out of doors.

Under this system of watching and worry, Mr. Willow's attacks grew at last more frequent, and as the spring came on my good wife became, as she said, worked up to that degree that she at last made up her feminine mind; and so one fine morning sallied out and had her own talk with the cause of our troubles.

I think the good little woman had determined to try if she could reconcile the father and son. She came to me in the evening a good deal crestfallen, and with very little of the blessedness of the peacemaker in her face. While Mr. Willow was out she had sent his son, who was keeping guard in the shop, on an errand, and had then actually brought the stranger into the house, where, refusing to sit down, he had wandered to and fro, talking half coherently at times, and at last urging her to induce his son to speak with him once more. As to their cause of quarrel he was silent. "A lonely, sad old man," said my wife. He said he would kneel to his boy, if that would do good, but to go away, to go away and leave him, that he could not do—that he would not do. God would bless her, he was sure; and might he

kiss her hand? and so went away at last, sorrow-stricken, but willful to keep to his purpose.

Perhaps my wife's talk may have had its effect, because for a month or two he was absent. Then he came and asked at the door for Willow, who was out, and for a while haunted the street, until late in the spring, when we saw him no longer.

Meanwhile, Willow had become more feeble, and a new trouble had come to our own modest door.

Many years have since gone by, and happier fortunes have been ours—brave sons and fair daughters, and more of this world's gear than perhaps is good for us to leave them—but to this day I remember with discomfort that luckless evening. I hastened home with the news to my wife, and what news to two trustful young folks, who had married against the will of their elders, and had seen, as yet, no cause to regret their waywardness!

"May," said I—and I can recall how full my throat felt as I spoke—"May, I—I am thrown out of work. The company is lessening its staff, and I am to leave to-morrow."

I thought the little woman would have been crushed, but, on the contrary, it was I, who meant to comfort her, who was the beaten one.

"Well, Harry," said she in a cheery way, "I did not suppose it would last for ever."

Man though I was, I sat down and covered my face with my hands. We were very young, and very, very poor. I had been offered, not long before, a place in the West, but our little treasury was very low, and to secure the position with a probable future of success required some hundreds of dollars, so that we had not dared to give it another thought; and now, at last, what were we to do?

"Do!" said May. "Why— But kiss me, Harry—you haven't kissed me since you came in."

I kissed her, rather dolefully I fear. "We can't live on kisses," said I.

"Not as a steady diet," she replied, laughing. "Perhaps this may have

good news for us;" and so saying she handed me a letter.

I opened it absently and glanced over it in haste. "Misfortunes never come single, May," said I.

"No, my darling," she answered, laughing: "they only come to married people, to make them good girls and boys, I suppose. What is it, you grumpy old man?"

I read it aloud. It was a request—and a rather crusty one too—from a bachelor cousin to return to him a small sum which he had lent us when we were married. He had met with certain losses which made it needful that he should be repaid at once.

"Any more letters, May?" said I, ruefully.

"Nonsense!" said she. "Let us think about it to-morrow."

"What good will sleeping on it do?" I replied. "Do you expect to dream a fortune?"

"I have dreamed a good many," she said, "in my time, and all for you, you ungrateful fellow. Now suppose—"

"Well, suppose what?" said I, crossly.

"Suppose," she returned—"suppose we two laugh a little."

That woman would have laughed at anything or with anybody.

"I can't laugh, May," said I. "We are in a rather serious scrape, I assure you."

"Scrape!" said she. "Old age is a scrape, but at twenty-two all the good things of time are before us; and—and God, my darling, has he not been very, very good to us two sparrows?"

"But, May," said I, "it is not myself I think of: it is—"

"Me, I suppose—me. Do you know how rich I am, Harry? It seems to me I never can be poor. There's, first, your love—that is twenty thousand dollars; then there is that dear old bearded face of yours—that is ten thousand more; then there is all the rest of you—that's ever so much more; and then there are my Spanish castles—"

"May, May," said I, "if castles in Spain would aid us, I would gladly enough help you to build them; but for my part—"

"For my part," she broke in, "castles in Spain do help me. They help me to get over the shock of this horrid bother, and to gain a little time to steady myself. Indeed, I think if I were to draw a big cheque on the Rothschilds at this very moment, it would ease me a bit. It would ease me, you see, even if they did not pay it."

"May, May!" said I, reproachfully.

"Now, Harry," she cried, laughing, "I must laugh and have my nonsense out. I can't cry, even for you. Let us go out and have a good long walk, and to-morrow talk over this trouble. We shall live to smile at the fuss we have made about it. So, change your coat and come with me: I was just dressed to go out to meet you."

"Well, May," I said, "if only—"

"If!—fiddlesticks!" she cried, putting her hand over my mouth and pushing me away. "Hurry, or we shall be late."

I don't often resist the little lady, and so I went as she bid me, and by and by coming back, there was May laughing and making absurdly merry over a bit of paper on the desk before her. I leaned over her shoulder and said, "What is it, sweetheart?"

"Riches," said she.

"Nonsense!" said I.

"What a relapse!" cried the wifey. "So you despise gold, do you? See what I have been doing for you while you have been idling in the next room."

"What is it?" said I, laughing, for not to laugh when she laughed was simply out of the question.

She gave me the paper, and I read just this pretty stuff:

"The Bank of Spain, please to pay to Bearer (who, the benevolent bank should know, is out of place and out of humor, and owes money not of Spain) One Thousand Dollars.

"\$1000. THE BEST OF WIVES."

We left the order and the wretched letter on the desk, and went merrily down stairs, full once more of hope and faith, comforted somehow by so little a thing as this jest of hers. I made, as I remember, a feeble effort to be plunged

in my new griefs, but my May rattled on so cheerfully, and the laugh and the smile were so honest and wholesome, that good humor could no more fail to grow in their company than a rose refuse to prosper in the warm sweet suns of June. I have loved that woman long, and greatly loved her afresh for the good and tender things I have seen her do, but it was on the summer evening of our trouble I first learned that I could love her more, and that truly to love is but to grow in all knowledge of such courage and winning sweetness and gallant, cheery endurance as she showed me then, just as it were for a little glimpse of the gracious largeness of this amazing blessing which had fallen into my poor lap and life.

That warm June afternoon was filled full for me of those delightful pictures which I told you have hung, with others more or less faded, in the great gallery of art which adorns my Spanish castle. There are bits by a rare artist of the long-gone gables and hip roofs and half doors which used to make old Swanson street picturesque. There is one little group of boys just loosed from school, ruddy and jolly, around a peanut-stand, alike eager and penniless, while behind them my May—reckless, imprudent May!—is holding up a dime to the old woman, and laughing at the greedy joy that is coming on a sudden over the urchins' faces as the nuts become a possible possession.

We were great walkers in those days, and as we walked and the houses and poor suburbs were left behind, and we gained the open roads which run wildly crooked across the Neck, it was pleasant to feel that we had escaped from the tyranny of right angles. It was the first time we had gone south of the city, and we found there, as you may find to-day, the only landscape near us which has in it something quite its own, and which is not elsewhere to be seen near to any great city in all our broad country. It has helped me to one or two landscapes by Dutch artists, which will fetch a great price if ever my heirs shall sell the Spanish castle.

Wide, level grassy meadows, bounded by two noble rivers, kept back by miles of dykes; formal little canals, which replace the fences and leave an open view of lowing cattle; long lines of tufted pollard willows, shock-headed, sturdy fellows; and here and there a low-walled cottage, with gleaming milk-cans on the whitewashed garden palings; and, between, glimpses of red poppies, tulips and the like, while far away in the distance tall snowy sails of hidden hulks of ships and schooners move slowly to and fro upon the unseen rivers.

Charming we found it, with a lowland beauty all its own, lacking but a wind-mill here and there to make it perfect of its kind. Along its heaped-up roads we wandered all that summer afternoon, until the level sun gleamed yellow on the long wayside ditches, with their armies of cat-tails and spatterdocks and tiny duckweed; and at last the frogs came out, both big and small, and said or sung odd bits of half-human language, which it pleased the little woman to convert into absurd pieces of advice to doleful young folks such as we. She would have me pause and listen to one solemn old fellow who said, I am sure, "Good luck! good luck!" and to another sturdy brown-backed preacher, who bade us "Keep up! keep up!" with a grim solemnness of purpose most comforting to hear. Then we stopped at a cottage and saw the cows milked, which seemed so like home that the tears came into my wife's eyes; and at last we had a bowl of sweet-smelling milk, and then turned homeward again, the smoke of my pipe curling upward in the still cool evening air.

It was long after dark when we reached home. As we went up the side stair which opened on the street by a door of its own, I put my head into the shop and bade Mr. Willow good-night. He was seated at his bench studying the strange swing of the many pendulums of his new instrument, but in place of the pleased look which the view of his completed task usually brought upon his face, it was sad and weary, and he merely turn-

ed his head a moment to answer my salute. On the stairs we met Phœbe, who was greatly troubled, and told us that a little while before dusk, Mr. Willow and his son being out, the stranger had called, and asking for my wife—for the little lady, as he called her—had pushed by the maid and gone up stairs, saying that he would wait to see her. Phœbe, alarmed at his wild manner, had kept watch at our door until her master came back. Then she had heard in our room, where the son and father met, fierce and angry words, after which the old man had gone away and the clock-maker had retired to his shop. All that evening we sat in the darkness of our room alone, thinking it best not to disturb Mr. Willow and his lad, who were by themselves in the shop. About ten the boy came up, bade us a good-night, and soon after we ourselves went, somewhat tired, to bed.

The next day was Sunday, and as usual we slept rather later than common. After dressing I went into the back room, and, throwing up the window, stood still to breathe the freshness of the time. The pigeons were coquetting on the opposite gables and housetops, and below me, in the garden, the rare breezes which had lost their way in the city were swinging the roses and jessamines like censers, till their mingled odors made rich the morning air.

Suddenly I heard a cry of surprise, and turning saw my May, prettier and fresher than any roses in her neat white morning-dress. Her face was full of wonder, and she held in her hands the papers we had left on the table the night before.

"What is it now, May?" said I.

"Look!" she said, holding up her draft on the Bank of Spain.

Beneath it was written in a bold and flowing hand, "Paid by the Bank of Spain," and pinned fast to the paper was a bank-note for—I could hardly credit my eyes—one thousand dollars. We looked at one another for a moment, speechless. Then my May burst into tears and laid her head on my shoulder. I cannot understand why she

cried, but that was just what this odd little woman did. She cried and laughed by turns, and would not be stilled, saying, "Oh, Harry, don't you see I was right? God has been good to us this Sabbath morning."

At last I took her in my arms and tried to make her see that the money was not ours, but then the little lady was outraged. She called Phoebe, and questioned her and young Willow in vain. Neither knew anything of the matter, and my own notion as to its having been a freak of the English stranger she utterly refused to listen to.

It was vast wealth to us needy young people, this thousand dollars, and as it lay there on the table it seemed to me at times unreal, or as if it might be the dreamed fulfillment of a dream, soon to vanish and be gone. My wife must also have had some such fancy, for she was all the time running back and forward, now handling the note, and now turning to cry out her gratitude and thankfulness upon my breast.

To this day we know not whence it came, but as Willow's father was plainly a man of wealth, and as he had spoken in words of strong feeling to my wife of the little service she had tried to render him, I came at last to believe that the gift was his. At all events, we heard no more of the giver, whoever he may have been. I trust that he has been the better and happier for all the kind and pleasant things my wife has said of him, and for the earnest prayers she said that night.

While we were still talking of the strange gift, young Willow suddenly re-

turned, and, after waiting a moment, found a chance to tell us that his father's room was empty, and to ask if we knew where he could be. I felt at once a sense of alarm, and ran up stairs and into Mr. Willow's chamber. The bed had not been slept in. Then I went hastily down to the shop, followed by my wife and the lad. On opening the door the first thing which struck me was that the clocks were silent, and I missed their accustomed ticking. This once for years they had not been wound up on Saturday night, as was the clock-maker's habit. I turned to his workbench. He was seated in front of it, his head on his hands, watching the pendulums of his machine, which were swinging merrily. "Mr. Willow," said I, placing a hand on his shoulder, "are you sick?" He made no answer.

"Why don't he speak?" said May with a scared face.

"He will never speak again, my darling," I replied. "He is dead!"

I have little to add to this simple story. On inquiry I found that the stranger had left the city. No claimant came for our money, and so, after a little, having buried Mr. Willow in the Old Swedes' churchyard, we went away with his son to the West. The lad told us then that it was his father's desire that on his death he should take his true name. An evil fate went with it, and to-day young Tresilian lies in a soldier's nameless grave beneath the giant shadows of Lookout Mountain—one more sweet and honest life given for the land he had learned to love and honor.

"THE GREAT IDEA."

GREECE has many sins to answer for in the eyes of Europe—sins of omission and sins of commission—but above all rises one mountain of iniquity of such stupendous dimensions—"singeing its pate against the Torrid Zone"—as to diminish the "Ossas" of brigandage, bankruptcy and political corruption to very wars. Brigandage is nothing to it, since the candid observer cannot but admit that the root of that evil is not wholly indigenous, and that the government does really make some exertions to repress it. It is worse than being in arrears for debt, for people are sometimes excusable for not paying what they owe, especially when they have nothing wherewith to pay it. It is not to be compared with political corruption, because Cowper told his countrymen long ago that

The age of virtuous politics is past :
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them.

So Greece can hardly be considered as setting the world at defiance in that regard. The sin of sins that I refer to, and which excites the irony, if not the indignation, of the critics of Greece, is called "*La Grande Idée*." This "Great Idea" is a component part of the Greek brain and the Greek heart. It permeates all classes of society—the toothless baby draws it in with the maternal milk, and the toothless mouth of age pledges to it in long drafts of the native resined wine. The shepherd dreams of it in the cold mountain air under his shaggy sheepskin, and the rich proprietor traces it in the graceful smoke-cloud of the incessant cigarette, and perhaps wonders if it is not quite as evanescent. If I treat the subject in a poetical way, it is because the subject itself pertains more to the realms of fancy than of fact.

Briefly defined, the Great Idea means that the Greek mind is to regenerate the East—that it is the destiny of Hellenism to Hellenize that vast stretch of territory

which by natural laws the Greeks believe to be theirs, and which is chiefly inhabited by people claiming to be descended from Hellenic stock, professing the Orthodox or Greek faith or speaking the Greek language. These in the aggregate vastly outnumber the people of Greece proper, and are regarded by "Free Greece" as brethren held in servitude by an alien and detested power. There are in European Turkey and its territories not far from fifteen millions of people, of which number less than four millions are Ottomans. The rest are Slavonians, Greeks, Albanians, Wallachians, etc., who profess the Greek religion or speak the Greek dialect; and although in morals and character these are far below the independent and educated Greeks of Athens and the chief towns of Greece, this inferiority may doubtless be largely ascribed to the political restraints still pressing upon them. The Greek in Turkey does the work and receives the money. He vitalizes the sluggish mass around him, but is quite as unscrupulous as his masters. How can it be otherwise when he possesses all the characteristics of a conquered race. "At sight of a Mussulman," says an intelligent observer, "the rayah's back bends to the ground, his hands involuntarily join on his breast, his lips compose themselves to a smile; but under this conventional mask you see the hatred instilled even into women and children toward their ancient oppressors."

If this be the prevailing sentiment of the Greek population in Turkey, it may well be asked, Why, with corresponding influences at work in the Hellenic kingdom, cannot the Great Idea be made to bear practical fruits? With the elements of revolution, why is there no revolution? With the general desire of the people for unity and territorial grandeur, why does the prospect of political and national amalgamation grow more

and more illusory, and the shores of the Bosphorus and the minarets of Constantinople (as the ideal capital of the Hellenic kingdom) recede farther and farther into the landscape, like the mirage of cities and of fountains mocking the wearied eyes and parched lips of the traveler in desert lands? There are many reasons, of which a few only need be cited. Greece has no organization of forces sufficient to make the first attempt to deliver her countrymen. Occasional spasmodic movements in Epirus and Thessaly have only resulted in defeat and disgrace. A large proportion of the Greeks under Turkish rule, especially those who are placeholders and those who are engaged in gainful commercial pursuits, prefer the proverb, "Let well alone," to that of "Nothing venture, nothing have." They distrust the result of revolutionary movements, and the political and pecuniary condition of King George's kingdom does not tempt them to change the temporal advantages of their present position for the chances of prospective independence, however golden with patriotism.

The Greeks in Turkey breathe an atmosphere of political and social impurity, which pervades all classes, from the sultan's household to the lowest menial at the custom-house, and from which foreign subjects, even foreign ministers, have not always remained untainted. It is a habit with certain writers to charge the Hellenic population in Turkey with the creation of this miasma of immorality and vice, but the truth is, they only avail themselves of the existing laxity in all departments of the public service and in all the circles of social existence, and by their extraordinary mental vitality and shrewdness turn the general debasement to their own advantage. When the Turks found themselves masters of Constantinople they discovered that nothing was wanting to their maintenance of power but one thing, and that one thing was brains. The faculties of perception and forethought, obtuse in themselves, were largely developed in their Greek subjects, and so they were forced to take

them for their political and intellectual servants. The Greeks accepted the position. It was an arrangement founded on mutual interest, without mutual sympathy. Interest indisposes the Greeks in Turkey to stir up revolution, but the want of sympathy with the Mussulmans is as marked as ever.

In Greece itself there is a divided sentiment as to the proper time for making another attempt to recover the liberties of the nation. Just now, with the bitter failure of Crete before their eyes, the conservatives are decidedly disinclined to waste money and strength in fresh agitations for the Great Idea, while every department of the state at home demands the most earnest and absorbing attention. The radicals, who at any time and under any circumstances, cost what it may, are eager to rush to the breach, and perish, if need be, for the cause of national unity, are in the minority, and expend their enthusiasm in newspaper appeals for their brethren "in chains," and in passing the watchword from mouth to mouth, "Greece for the Greeks"—"*La régénération de l'Orient par l'Orient.*"

But however divided public opinion in Greece may be as to the proper time and method for attempting the realization of the Hellenic Idea, the Idea itself never leaves the teeming brain of the Greek. He may, in his impatience, disgust or despair, denounce it as chimerical, and join in the laugh of scorn which its mention evokes from foreign nations, but at heart he still cherishes it—if not as a practical possibility, as a tenet of his political and religious faith. It is sweet to believe that we are a "chosen race," destined to carry the symbol of Christianity and the torch of civilization and freedom into the benighted realms of superstition and ignorance, even if circumstances prevent us from attempting the pilgrimage. Therefore, however much and often a Greek may say to you in private that his countrymen are wasting their energies in chasing a phantom, which might better be employed in studies of political economy at home, he would not dare to advise

any one of them to abandon the Great Idea, nor does he himself believe that it should be abandoned.

It is easy, therefore, to understand the scorn with which the advice of the other European powers on this head is received by Athenian statesmen. Very much the same feeling is evoked there by the efforts of England to tranquilize Greece and to make her satisfied with her present limitations—in a word, to preserve the status quo in the East—as was experienced in the loyal States of our Union at the darkest and most discouraging period of the civil war, when the same nation appealed to us to give up the futile attempt to restore "an impossible Union," and to consent to "a peaceful and happy separation!" Nothing is so dark and discouraging in Greece as to shut out the forlorn hope—to steal from the public heart its belief in a special destiny—to utterly extinguish the coals of resurrection which lie under mountains of ashes and débris. The very ruins of the great Past appeal to them, or seem to appeal to them, never to forget that what has been may yet be again. The modern Greek remembers—and is never tired of quoting—the words and examples of the dead heroes of the shadowy past, from Miltiades, Themistocles and Demosthenes—as if they walked the streets of Athens but yesterday—down to their more legitimate forefathers of Greek independence—Miaoulis, Canaris, Bozzaris, Colocotronis, and Ypsilanti. And those of the last category do, with some degree of reason, give color and vitality to the hopes of the future, for the Greeks feel that what they did accomplish in the seven years' war, in spite of the indifference or scorn of the European world, justifies the belief that the end was not reached when Greece consented to lay down the sword and accept at the hands of the great powers a fragment of the heritage she expected; relinquishing to her great enemy Crete, Rhodes, Samos, Chios, Thessaly, Macedonia and Epirus (Albania), the most fertile and most populous portion of her territory. To bid her for ever give up her claim to these fair re-

gions, peopled with "her own people," she holds to be a piece of diplomatic selfishness incompatible with the claims of a distinct nationality, if not of civilization itself. Attenuated, poverty-stricken, a political pauper at the close of the revolution, yet possessing a certain shrewdness and wit which commanded the respect of those who had come forward in the character of "national guardians," Greece, who without their timely aid would have sunk back into barbarism and obscurity, boldly demanded a larger share of the territory for which she had sacrificed so much. Dissatisfied with the spoonful of political broth, the *Oliver Twist* of nations had the unblushing temerity "to ask for more." The plump beadles stood aghast, then made a show of earnest consultation, which resulted in stamping the little upstart with the badge of deep-dyed ingratitude, and refused the second spoonful. The powers claim that they were right, and in justification of the partition of Greece point to the small progress which the kingdom has made in material and political strength. Indeed, not a few assert that Greece as a self-governing nation is a "complete failure." The Greeks do not deny that the advancement of their country has been slow and feeble, but assign as a chief reason the contracted limits of the kingdom. England says to the Greeks, "If you cannot govern what you possess, how can you hope to persuade Europe that you are capable of governing a larger kingdom?" To which the Greeks wittily reply: "Your reasoning produces the same effect on us as if you said to a lame man, 'Since you cannot walk with the leg which you have still left to you, do not regret the loss of the other: you would not know how to use it if you had it.'"

But the question is not what Greece might do in the way of progress and reform if she had more resources in fertile lands, more hands to work with and more room to work in, so much as the abstract question of national rights. Is she to be denounced for having an Idea? Even if the Idea is not presently practicable, is it not, *per se*, a natural, in-

evitable and wholesome Idea? If the Greek nation stood alone in this respect, if national aggrandizement and unity were an original conception of the Greek mind, the political student might well think twice before endorsing a proposition born of no precedent—an ideal form assuming the shape of wisdom and springing self-made out of the brain of an ideal Jove. But it is not original. Other nations have Great Ideas, and rather pride themselves upon the fact. England, the chief adviser of Greece, had an Idea of commercial supremacy, and by force of her maritime position, strong armies and the cold-compelling industry of her dense population has been pretty successful in giving it practical illustration. France has had an Idea, and has not unfrequently nourished and fed it at the expense of other nations, and would have succeeded in her last ambitious designs but for collision with the greater and more carefully-matured Idea of German unity. Russia, the third "protector" of Greece, has her Great Idea, and under the guidance of experience and clever statesmanship is slowly and surely putting it into execution. The unification of Italy was an Idea which, *when successful*, won the applause of the world. In her case the union of one people under one government, which comprises within its territorial limits the entire length and breadth of the Italian domain, is considered the simple result of a fixed purpose and determination of a people whose blood, language and religion are the same. On this subject the leading journal of London made comment in language which, although not intended for them, might be read by the Greeks with hopeful satisfaction. "Such," it remarks, referring to Italian unity, "is the tendency of our age to mature and accomplish things which men had long given up as impossible, and which upon trial turn out to be natural, obvious and inevitable." Our own boastful land, where "the whole boundless continent" is the limit of *its* Great Idea, is permitted to indulge in dreams of aggrandizement without ridicule or reproach, because

the wealth of its soil and the increasing numbers of its people seem to guarantee the ultimate fulfillment of the promise. Every nation, indeed, has dreams of glory which fail to arouse the wrath of the scoffer. Greece alone, exceptional in all things—the youngest, the poorest and perhaps the proudest of them all—is not permitted to indulge the hope that her own may one day gather around the flag they have sacrificed so much to uphold, without exciting the censure of her older, richer and more powerful neighbors.

The Greeks are perpetually told to abandon their little idiosyncrasies, and to come boldly up into the front rank of the nations. Especially are they told that the dream of empire is a terrible dream for a small state, and that nothing but self-sacrifice and the concentration of the public mind upon internal improvements can save them from decay and annihilation. So far, the advice is sound, and the sooner this self-sacrifice begins—although they look in vain for shining examples of it in the governing classes of Europe—the better will it be for them. But they will never abandon the Great Idea—never obey the bidding of the conservers of the status quo, and not make their sign—openly if they can, secretly if they must—to the millions of their countrymen who are not free. It is unnatural to expect that Greece will act otherwise: it is morally and politically wrong to wish that she should. The wisest course for her advisers to take is to cease to check her national aspirations. If these aspirations tend to disturb a line of policy which diplomacy has laid down for the protection of certain material interests in the East, these interests should give way to the higher claims of humanity.

I have ventured to hold the opinion that England would have consulted her own political interests in the East by actively promoting the Hellenic Idea. Not, by any means, in encouraging political intrigues or revolutionary agitations, so much in vogue there, but by giving open countenance to the idea that the principle of Greek nationality,

enunciated by the war for independence, in which she materially assisted, was a principle to be maintained until it reached fruition. Open encouragement to the Great Idea, so long as its manifestation did not lead to belligerent movements, might by this time, as I shall attempt to show, have placed the territories now comprising European Turkey in a position of political strength and unity which at present they can never hope to assume except under the government of a stronger power. The moral forces of Hellenism are the only real strength it possesses, and if properly directed by a sagacious power could achieve their mission—if mission they have—without the smell of gunpowder or gleam of a bayonet. Public opinion in great civilized nations like England is in most cases more powerful than war, because it averts and prevents war. There is now no compact, self-poised government on the shores of the *Ægina* or the *Marmora*. Let the three powers withdraw their protection from Greece, and at the first collision of forces that little kingdom is swallowed up by the Turkish empire, or, what is perhaps worse, enters again upon a prolonged conflict which would leave her distracted and undone. Let the three powers withdraw their protection from Turkey, and her great northern adversary will avail herself of the first opportunity to carry out what is popularly held to be her "traditional policy." Whether this "policy" is destined under any circumstances to be realized, or whether, if realized, the "Eastern question" would be solved in the most satisfactory way and to the benefit of Eastern Europe, is not the subject of present discussion. It is very certain that the existing condition of things in that quarter of the world is not a condition which possesses any qualities of permanence, and is the cause of incessant watchfulness and anxiety. As has been forcibly said by an English writer, "counting by individuals, the Greeks in European Turkey are to the Turks as six to one, but estimating them by their wealth, they are as thirty to one." There is something not only un-

natural but appalling to Christian eyes in the fact that a handful of Mussulmans, without a single drop of sympathetic blood for the people they govern—aliens in race, religion, manners, customs and language—should come over into Europe and hold control over six times their number belonging to a different race. It is one of those anomalies of which history furnishes other examples, but at which human nature must ever revolt.

I am not, however, of the number of those who would allow sentimental abstractions to interfere with the obvious claims of an established government over a people fairly conquered by the force of arms. Neither do I think that the cause of public justice can be subserved by joining in the cry against the Turk because the character of the Mussulman differs in essential particulars from the character of the Christian. One of the great shining stars in the firmament of human regeneration is that of religious toleration. Brighter and clearer it gleams from the obscurity of centuries. As the worship of paganism was as pure in its nature as the condition of the world then permitted, and has sent down through the eras of Christianity lessons of fervor, devotion and self-sacrifice which the world may well imitate in its more enlightened worship, so is the faith of the Mohammedan illustrated by many holy observances and much practical virtue, which should shame the laxity in morals and superficial worship too often observable in Christian society. The intolerance, lust and barbarous inhumanity of the Turks have been a theme of reproach with Christians for ages, but the conflict between the Cross and the Crescent can only result in perfect triumph to the former when the image of Christianity is upheld by forbearing hands, and not wielded as an implement of battle. In spite of the antipathy between Christianity and Mohammedanism, the world must admit that enlightened views of public policy and sterling reforms have crept into and influenced the government of the sultan. It is not, therefore,

in any anti-Turkish spirit that I allude to the anomalous condition of the Greeks in Turkey. But inasmuch as the condition is anomalous, unnatural and practically unwholesome, and moreover is a condition which it is impossible to regard as permanent, it may be well to consider what measures might have contributed to ameliorate it.

The principle upon which the Western powers have *governed* Greece since her independence of the Turkish power has been that which Pitt declared in 1792 to be "the true doctrine of balance of power"—to wit, that the power of Russia should not be allowed to increase, nor that of Turkey to decline. After the battle of Navarino, Wellington, the demigod of Englishmen, who had pronounced that victory an "untoward event," was for making Greece "wholly dependent upon Turkey." This idea was supported by Lord Londonderry, who wished to render Greece "as harmless as possible, and to make her people like the spiritless nations of Hindostan." These views seem to have prevailed in effect over the liberal ideas of Palmerston, who desired to see Greece as independent of Turkey as possible.

Governments cannot serve two opposing principles at one and the same time. Turkey the conservative and Greece the radical could not be petted and encouraged by the same hands. Hence, Greece was sacrificed that Turkey might prosper and grow fat. A policy of perpetual repression has been applied to a perpetually expanding national sentiment. This is why European ministers in Greece have been constantly employed to shake the finger in the face of public opinion when external measures are discussed, and to lay the finger on when any actual demonstration threatens to disturb or revive the Eastern question. That question, which no statesmanship or wars have been able to solve, stands to-day, in spite of the intrigues of politicians, the waste of millions of money and thousands of lives, as huge a note of interrogation to the people of Europe as when it first reared its sinuous sign over the unsettled and dissatisfied popu-

lations of the East. A policy of force and of expedients by turn has utterly failed to change the real relations of the East with the West, or of the Greeks with the people who hold the majority of that nation in political servitude.

If a contrary policy had been adopted, if the Christian Greeks under the banner of the Great Idea—however imperfectly that Idea had been expounded—had succeeded only in establishing a government as good as that of Abd-ul-Azis, there would to-day have been a community of interests which would certainly seem a better guarantee to political safety than now exists. If England and France had crowned the glorious work at Navarino with a declaration that the territorial limits which diplomacy assigned to the new kingdom of Greece must not be regarded as final, that the principle acknowledged in the treaty of peace between Turkey and Greece extended over and embraced the whole nationality which had contributed by valor and sacrifices to achieve its independence, and that to a peaceful consolidation of this Idea the powers pledged to Greece an unflinching moral support, the Eastern question might long ago have been solved by the peaceful acquiescence of the Moslem minority in the just claims of a vast Christian population, supported by the public opinion of civilized Europe. I venture to believe that if England and France had openly encouraged the aspirations of the Greeks as a national right, the Mohammedan subjects of the Porte would gradually have recrossed the Bosphorus to the land which is less disputably theirs by right of nativity and population. The feeble few who might have remained would have had no influence on the political condition, and with the death of the last sultan an easy transition from Mohammedan to Christian rule would have ensued. The Greeks in European Turkey and its tributary states may be even now regarded as virtually masters of the situation by their superiority in intelligence, enterprise and wealth, but they lack cohesion, and are demoralized by the yoke they bear, which could not

be imposed except by the aid of foreign diplomacy and foreign money. If as much eagerness had been evinced by England to support the Great Idea as she has shown to scoff it, if a fraction of the capital loaned to Turkey to increase her armament, build sultans' palaces and keep up her meretricious display of power* had been advanced for the education and elevation of the mixed population of Christians in the provinces, a picture of civilization would to-day have replaced the wretched spectacle of a half-barbaric and half-revolutionary people, who, without any confidence in the government they have, look forward to a political condition which has no promise of independence or of unity.

These views may appear chimerical, and it is perhaps the most idle of occupations to speculate on what might have been the condition of a people under other circumstances than those which exist. It is equally unprofitable to forecast the future in an age when events precipitate themselves with a rapidity and character which disprove the wisest horoscope and confound the political soothsayer. What we do know is, that the policy of Pitt, so tenaciously clung to by British statesmen, has succeeded only in "bolstering up" an effete and corrupt government at the expense of Christian unity, power and progress, and that what might have been accomplished during the half century since the dawn of Greek independence in consolidating a nationality which would certainly have been as efficacious as is now the Turkish power in Europe, has left the "Eastern question" without any permanent solution. It is no longer a diplomatic secret that the statesmen of Western Europe are preparing their minds to accept sooner or later what they are unable to provide against with a substitute, and what they have sacrificed so much to avoid—namely, the Russian solution of the Eastern question.

*The present total debt of Turkey is estimated at \$630,000,000.

Whatever may be the fate of Greece with a change of neighbors, it can hardly be worse than it now is with hostility ever brewing between her and Turkey, and with no disinterested friend to look to for counsel. Russia would at least bring to the provinces the sympathy of co-religionists, and it is probable that while a Russian princess shares the throne of Greece the independence of that kingdom will be strengthened and assured by a large accession of wealth and by internal improvements. But Greece does not regard without apprehension even the friendly approaches of a power whose iron rule is not in harmony with those elastic ideas of popular liberty which are the essence of Greek nationality. Better, think they, is the rule of the Moslem, with the hope of unseating him at last by the slow but subtle operation of Hellenism, than the Muscovite, whose entrance into Constantinople might be the deathblow to national unity. Whatever period of time may elapse before the earnest consideration of this subject may engage the pens of publicists, it is highly probable that the Eastern question, as a theme for political disputation, will give way to what the moralist at least will regard as the more momentous question, namely: What will be the effect upon Hellenism of a change of political rulers in the east of Europe? Will the banner of the orthodox religion of the Eastern Church, upheld among the people of the now Turko-European states in the political grasp of the "emperor of all the Russias," strengthen Hellenic nationality? or will the Great Idea fade into vague and indeterminate forms, without even the semblance of the substance which it now possesses?

The people of the United States cannot be wholly indifferent to the aspirations of a nation whose democratic instincts are so closely allied to their own, but whose ability to give practical expression to them is paralyzed by the overwhelming force of external monarchical dictation. CHARLES K. TUCKERMAN.

AYTOUN.

CHAPTER XI.

The warm noon ends in frost,
The worldly tongues of promise,
Like sheep-bells, die out from us
On the desert hill cloud-crossed.

TO-NIGHT Hortense sleeps a sleep as dreamless as death. Philip's sin, Bryan's harsh words, the shadows before her, the gloom behind, have all been kindly blotted out by "Nature's soft nurse."

There was no journey taken last night, for Philip has lost his fears, and he will not steal away now in the darkness when he is in no danger. And Hortense's cloud begins to lift a very little, and is not quite so dark, showing a silver lining if she can judge by the edges.

Of course, Aytoun will have to be given up, but that is a light trouble, if she can walk out of the old home in broad daylight, compared to the bitterness of a night-fitting. And Bryan may yet know why she had thought it best to free him from their engagement. She owes it to her former lover to tell him, and life would not be so heavy if she knew he no longer thought hardly of her.

So Hortense wakes to find to-day is not so oppressive with its cares and sorrows as yesterday, and she is not so cast down.

Philip too has risen above the utter horror of the past two days. His organization is not a very delicate one, and, being free from the outward consequence of his crime, he will soon forget there was any sin in it. And Hortense finds he has risen to his usual level. Whilst she is in the dim twilight, Philip is again basking in the full sunshine, almost forgetful of the Egyptian darkness he has passed through.

Philip rides out of the iron gate of Aytoun with much the same feeling of joy with which the prisoner leaves his dungeon. His confinement of two days has made him restless and impatient for motion, and now that he can ride

over the country a free man, with no fear of being stopped, he is anxious to be in the saddle. Gerald Alston lying wounded almost to death will not haunt him long, for, not having drunk the bitter cup of death, he is not so sure that Alston has not had fitting punishment for his malice and scandal. That he, Philip Dunbar, should have made himself judge and avenger is not much of a sin in his eyes.

Hortense sees Philip ride off with a slight sense of relief, for she would be alone with her thoughts, and she is feeling keenly the reaction mortals are bound to feel after there has been a greater strain than usual on nerves and emotions. So she sits idly thinking of the past and present, and a little of the future.

It is nearing the dinner-hour, and Hortense goes down stairs to be in readiness to meet Philip when he comes in. She wonders where he can be so long, and thinks he has forgotten the flight of time, weighed down, as she fain would hope, with so sore a burden. She has no presentiment of future trouble in store for her: there is none of the hush which is said to come before the earthquake. The feet of them who bring evil tidings are at the very door, and she hears them not.

She does hear a noise at last, which attracts her attention, for she is listening for Philip's footstep. So she opens the door to go and meet him, but instead she comes upon a strange man, a laborer, she judges from his dress, standing in the hall.

Hortense thinks he needs help from her: she never dreams he is there to offer help to her. The rough jacket covers a kind heart, and he is anxious to give her some little preparation for the trial in store for her.

"It is an accident," he says quickly. "The master has been thrown from his horse."

"Philip! where?" She asks so quietly he never guesses the words come mechanically, but thinks she would know the spot where the accident happened. So he tells her: "Just at the end of the woods—not a hundred yards from his own gate."

Just where Gerald Alston fell—just where she had seen the white face of the man she left for dead!

She starts to pass out of the hall door to go to Philip, now that she knows where he is. But the man holds her back. "They are coming with him," he tells her: "you will do no good by going."

"How did it happen?" asks Hortense, glad to hear a human voice in this agony of suspense.

"The horse shied at something on the roadside, and he was thrown."

The horse remembered better than his master what had happened when he last passed that spot. He had not forgotten the sudden pistol-shot which had hastened his mad gallop into a still swifter one, and he would not go by the place. Hortense takes in this thought, this just retribution perhaps, yet not less bitter from its being just.

"You had better send for the doctor, to have him here handy if the master is still alive," the man suggests, seeing Hortense is still waiting there.

This rouses her to action, and life is more bearable because of the dim hope his words bring her.

There are two women keeping lonely watch to-night—Gerald Alston's mother and Hortense Dunbar. The mother watches tenderly, but at every groan of suffering there is something very like a curse in her heart on the hand that caused the pang. But there is a blessing too in the same heart for the unknown one who bound up the wound and thus saved the precious life.

The curses, if they fell, would do no harm to Philip Dunbar, who lies still and deathlike, past all harming. Only the room does not wear the appearance death is sure to give, and Hortense watches with the look on her face suspense always gives.

There is no one near her save the two

women-servants, who are kind and sympathizing, and the doctor, who comes frequently, watching all the time to see how her strength holds out. He has known her all her life, and loves her very much as he would love his own daughter if he had one. Philip has never been much of a favorite with him, but he looks pityingly at the almost lifeless form of the strong, handsome man suddenly brought down to utter helplessness. It is one of the mysteries of life, such as he often sees and as often wonders at.

There is one prayer in Hortense's heart, never breathed because she dares not name it—that consciousness and contrition may be vouchsafed. She has a strong hope, too, that Bryan will hear of her trouble, and will forget his anger and come to her. She is beginning to weary for that sympathy which alone makes trouble bearable—not words, but the mere presence of one who loves her, if only to break the stillness which has fallen over the old home.

For many weeks Hortense has kept watch at Philip's bedside. Now and then one of the servants comes to insist upon taking her place while she goes to lie down, promising to call her at the slightest change. But there has been no change in the state of the rigid form lying there. It is not death, and yet it scarcely seems to be life.

So the weeks drag on, and then there comes a little change for the better—a slight consciousness and a little moving of the head and arms. Then the doctor gives his opinion. "Philip may grow better," he says; and then he stops to watch Hortense's face, so as not to tell too suddenly all he fears.

"Will he never be altogether well?" Hortense asks, feeling sure there is something kept from her knowledge.

"The spine is certainly injured," the doctor says significantly.

"Tell me the whole truth, please."

"He will never walk again, I fear;" and then he adds, "The brain is very apt to suffer with the spine, and Philip's case is not different from the common run of them."

It is a double sentence—mind and body both are useless for this world's work!

"Will he suffer?" Hortense asks, catching at the one hope.

"No: if he did, his case would not be so hopeless. I must not deceive you, Hortense. Philip will never be himself again—not imbecile, but weak in mind and body."

Hortense does not murmur or give a groan, and yet the full weight of the retribution seems to fall on her frail shoulders; for Philip lies there quietly, only at times is he conscious, and when he is, he seldom asks any questions about himself; and no one would care to tell him of his fate—always to be a prisoner, never a free man again.

Heretofore, Hortense has not known the passive suffering which makes saints. Action may make martyrs and conquerors, but it never places the glory on the head which shows the victory is complete, the battle won.

"Mr. Lancaster is down stairs, Miss Hortense."

Philip is asleep, so she motions to the servant to take her place whilst she goes down to see her old friend.

She finds him in the library, not seated comfortably, but walking about restlessly. He comes forward to meet her with outstretched hands, and marks, as he speaks to her, the change sorrow and watching have made. Yet he never tells her she is pale and worn-looking, but inquires at once for Philip.

"He is as well as he will be for a long time, perhaps ever, the doctor thinks," she replies sadly.

"Is he sitting up?"

Hortense shakes her head. As yet she cannot trust herself to speak of Philip's condition, even to so old a friend as Mr. Lancaster.

"There will be no risk in moving Philip?" Mr. Lancaster asks anxiously.

"Moving will do him no harm," Hortense replies, and for a moment her eyes are bright with glistening tears. But these do not drop, and she asks firmly, "Is the old home to be given up so soon?"

"You are not to be hurried, and yet if I were you I should leave as soon as I could conveniently: your staying here now is only through an act of courtesy. Have you thought of any place where you would like to make your new home?"

"No," answers Hortense. "I have had no time to think in my anxiety for Philip. It will not be very troublesome to make our move, however. Yet I would like you to tell me exactly how everything stands, and what is left to us."

"You must leave everything in the house just as it is: only your wearing apparel and Philip's, your jewelry and private papers, can you take with you. Everything else must remain."

Mr. Lancaster speaks in the low, hushed voice we are used to hear in a sick room or where a corpse is lying. He has been too long a friend of the family not to feel sorrow and mortification in telling Hortense that everything has passed out of her hands, and he would be angry with Philip if Philip could be an object now of any feeling but pity.

"Is there nothing left for Philip?" asks Hortense after a little pause.

"A little, a very little. Just something to eke out your income with—hardly a help, though. I am glad I was too late when I tried to pay off the mortgage with your money. It would have been only swallowed up in the general ruin. There has been fearful waste and mismanagement, and—"

But Hortense interrupts him with a question, for she cannot bear now to hear Philip blamed, however justly: "Where do you advise me to go?"

She needs his counsel, for without it she would be like one set down on the roadside with no shelter near at hand.

"Bridgeford would be the most convenient place, I should suppose."

Hortense winces at this. Bridgeford she would hardly have chosen to live in. And yet Philip cannot be moved very far, and she does not know any other place well enough to say it will suit them better.

"Will you try lodgings?" Mr. Lan-

caster asks, thinking, as Hortense makes no objection to Bridgeford, she is satisfied to live there.

"No: it would never do, on Philip's account."

"You will hardly be able to furnish. Suppose you take a furnished house to begin with?"

"That will be my best plan. A furnished house will save me a great deal of worry and trouble, and I cannot leave Philip for very long at a time just now."

"Then let me procure the direction from an agent of such furnished houses as are to be had. Then we can see which will suit you best, and I will come for you and we will go and judge of them. I will try to come for you to-morrow."

"Better take a house at once. Its cheapness will be recommendation enough for me."

She thinks of saying something about the situation on Philip's account. But she checks herself, for fear any suggestion on her part may hamper Mr. Lancaster.

But he will not hear of choosing a house for her. She must see and judge for herself in such an important matter. And it is arranged that he will come for her to-morrow in his carriage, and show her the houses recommended by the agent which are within her means.

They fall into silence now that their business is over. Hortense is thinking how Philip will bear the move and the new home—whether he will miss familiar objects and grow sad under the change. And Mr. Lancaster is thinking of days long passed, when Hortense's grandfather and he were friends, and Aytoun was a pleasure and delight to him.

"I have been in and out of this old home ever since I was a boy," he says at last. "Eight generations of the Dunbars have lived and died here—have had all of life's sorrows and joys within these walls."

Hortense looks up at the pictures hanging round—pictures she has seen from her babyhood—glances up at the one Grace Robson admired so much for

the gloss on the satin dress and for the Spanish point; and Hortense wonders if any of those ancestors of hers had in all their lives such sorrow as she has had in the last few weeks. But they smile at her as if they knew nothing of heart-troubles, or would keep them to themselves.

"I have done my best to keep ruin from the house, but it was impossible," Mr. Lancaster resumes.

"Philip came too young into the property—before he knew enough of management," Hortense replies. "All his extravagances have been more from want of judgment than from any fault of his."

She is eager to defend him, for who else is there to say a word for him? And Mr. Lancaster is not one to find pleasure in crushing the pale girl before him with the history of Philip Dunbar's mismanagement and debts.

"It does not matter much whose fault it is that the old place must change hands. I never expect to cross the threshold after you leave it. Henceforth, Aytoun will be an unknown place to me."

"There will be other friends, I hope, to its owners, but never as true a one as we have found in you," Hortense says gratefully.

Mr. Lancaster has risen to go. There is nothing to converse about except business or the leaving of the old home, and both are trying subjects to Hortense. And besides, she is not sure Philip is not awake and wanting her; so she does not press her old friend to stay.

She follows him into the hall, to the door, to see him drive off. On the threshold he stops to answer a question she has put to him with just a little quiver in the voice which she has failed quite to steady: "Who is master of old Aytoun now?"

"Gerald Alston," Mr. Lancaster answers briefly.

"And he is well again?"

"Perfectly recovered, as if by a miracle. The doctor ascribes it to the timely binding up of his wound by some good Samaritan, who stopped there in his work, however, and, unlike the one in

the Bible, left the wounded man on the roadside. Some think that Alston himself had presence of mind enough to bind up the wound, as his own handkerchief was used for the purpose. He has not the slightest recollection of doing it, but that may be accounted for by his losing all consciousness afterward. The men who found him and brought him to Bridgeford in their wagon thought they were handling a corpse."

Gerald Alston well and strong again, and saved perhaps by her hand! Hortense is very thankful to hear such news of the master of Aytoun. If she and Philip must go out of these doors, it is at least without the stain of blood on their name. Gerald Alston is well and strong, able to enjoy his new possessions. She stands there comforted by this thought, and Mr. Lancaster is pitying her, believing she is only feeling the full bitterness of giving up the old home into the hold of a stranger.

If Philip had tried to rob Gerald Alston of his life, was it not by Hortense's hand it was saved to him? But she does not think of this, or thinks only, thankfully, of the mercy vouchsafed to that simple act of hers—the mercy of freeing Philip's hand from blood-guiltiness.

After this several notes pass between Mr. Lancaster and Hortense in reference to her future home. Furnished houses are not often to be met with in Bridgeford, for it is only when the death or removal of the head of the family occurs that renting the furniture also is ever resorted to.

So Mr. Lancaster, after many delays and disappointments, has only succeeded in hearing of one house within Hortense's means, and the agent tells him that it is small and meanly furnished, and the situation disagreeable—not at all suited to the Dunbars. But Hortense writes to take the house by all means. She is in haste to leave Aytoun—in haste that Gerald Alston should have possession.

Mr. Lancaster will not take it until Hortense sees it for herself, and he writes that he will send his carriage for her.

So she is obliged to give her decision, for her friend calls for her himself.

It is the first time in her life that Hortense has ever preferred a close carriage. But now she gladly draws back into the farthest corner, where she can neither see nor be seen.

But Mr. Lancaster thinks it is kinder to try to draw off her thoughts a little from herself. So he begins with inquiries about Philip, for which Hortense is grateful, and she rouses herself to talk. She hears his copious regrets over the damage the storm did on that night she never closed her eyes, and yet never heard the wind which wrought the mischief. And she points out which trees are down and which are broken and injured.

Outside the gate there are other places to point out, but Mr. Lancaster is cicerone now. He is sure he knows the spot where Gerald Alston was shot—on the very night of the storm, too—and is anxious that Hortense should lean forward to see it the better. He is a quarter of a mile out of the way, but she does not correct him with her superior knowledge, but lets him talk on uninterrupted as he wonders who Gerald Alston's enemy could have been. It was odd there should be no trace, and that even Gerald himself has no idea who shot him, or, if he knows, chooses to remain silent on the subject.

"It has made a dreadful coward, I fear, of Mrs. Alston," Mr. Lancaster adds. "She cannot get over a dread she has that Gerald will be brought home to her dead some day—that his enemy is on the watch for him. She behaved well enough at the time, I believe. But that is very often the case with you women. You are more nervous after a danger is over than at the moment."

Hortense knows how idle the mother's fears are. If Mrs. Alston knew it was Philip Dunbar she is nervous about, she would lose all dread. But as Hortense is silent, Mr. Lancaster never suspects how much of the mystery of the attempt on Gerald Alston's life the girl sitting next to him can disclose.

They are driving through the streets

of Bridgeford now, and it is not so easy to keep up a conversation rattling over cobble-stones, scarcely able to hear your own voice. So Mr. Lancaster gives up all attempt to beguile Hortense's thoughts away from her trouble by his talk.

They are not very far from Grace Robson's house. Her carriage is before the door, and Grace, brilliant in wine-colored silk and plumes, has just seated herself in it, and is giving some directions to the coachman. Involuntarily, Hortense thinks of Philip, and how Grace and Aytoun have both slipped through his grasp, and without regret on his part.

Hortense has drawn even farther back into the corner of the carriage. She does not care to meet Grace to-day, of all others, when she is seeking a new home. But they do not drive past Grace's, but have turned into a side street. With one turn more they have stopped before the row of tenement-houses, and Hortense sees, with almost a shudder, that Mr. Lancaster is giving directions to his driver to ring the bell of one of the houses—that which she once felt a passing interest in because of the bit of black which hung from the bell-handle.

Her half-idle curiosity that morning will be answered now. The dead one must have been of some importance there, or the house and furniture would not be to let. Some of the family comfort has evidently died also.

The mistress of the house is ready to show Hortense and Mr. Lancaster the rooms, and she is very eager that the young lady should be pleased with everything. To her all is beyond commendation, and it is a trial to give up such good furniture into the hands of any one. To be sure, this lady, she hears, has only a sick brother, and she inclines to her as a tenant. There will be no children to scratch and spoil the furniture.

So she leads the way into the small, close room she dignifies as parlor, and which she seems to regard with special pride. The hard-stuffed horsehair sofa, devised to torture weary ones, never to rest them; the half dozen stiff-backed

chairs, covered with the same chilly material; a round table with a flaming red cover on it; a well-blackened stove, guiltless of fire; even the rows of photographs, which hang on the wall, suspended by long red cords—caricatures of faces which even the flattering brush of a painter could never make handsome; the large red-and-green pattern of the thin ingrain carpet,—each and every one of these the mistress of the house shows with pride and evident satisfaction.

Mr. Lancaster groans aloud as he sees Hortense standing in this poor room listening to the woman's commendations of her possessions. Hortense in her dainty beauty amongst such poor vulgarity! It is like hanging a Madonna by one of the old masters amongst the woman's ugly kindred.

Hortense never groans for herself, but listens graciously to the woman's self-complacent talk, tries at her request the softness of the sofa—which slides her off viciously—examines the draught of the stove, though she is no wiser when she hears how good it is, there being no such ugly thing in the old home at Aytoun. She looks, too, at the plain face of the departed master, and makes kind inquiries for the children. And the woman finds no cause to blush for her poor furniture, and never suspects that the lady has a finer and more luxurious home than she. Has had, for Aytoun is no longer Hortense's home.

There are other rooms to show, but evidently not so fine in their mistress's eye, yet larger and capable of being rendered more habitable. Hortense hopes, by a judicious moving of the furniture and some small additions, Philip may be made comfortable, and that he will not miss old Aytoun after a little while. And Mr. Lancaster is surprised to find she is satisfied and ready to come to terms with the woman for immediate possession.

"We shall do very well," she assures Mr. Lancaster cheerfully. "Some bright chintz and a few pretty chromos will make a wonderful difference in the appearance of things: you will not know

this room when you come to see Philip, and he will not miss Aytoun very long," she adds, with a sad fall in her voice.

After this Hortense is in haste to get her fitting over. There is nothing to do at Aytoun but to burn old papers and pack the clothing. Some of her jewelry she will sell to buy the chintz and chromos: the rest she will keep until she needs money more than she does just now.

Those letters Grace once drove to Aytoun for, and after all left behind her, Hortense finds thrown carelessly in one of the pigeonholes of Philip's desk, and she sends them back to Grace without a line or message. Philip has no need of such an earnest of a past love, as he once said he would keep them for; and to Hortense they are very valueless.

And so, walking out of the old home flooded with the winter sunshine, with everything around her just as she has seen it all her life, very much as if she were going only to return in a few hours, Hortense is forced to leave Aytoun.

The pictures are on the walls where the Dunbars have always had the right to be. The silver glitters on the old oak sideboard. Even the silver tankard stands in its place on the hall table, where in days of ague and miasma it had always been kept full of our grandfathers' specific against such disorders—mint-julep, which, if not as efficacious as quinine, was at least more palatable. But now its lid is closed, and it is to be for ever empty of its legitimate contents.

The old dog on the door-mat looks up as Hortense goes out. But he does not offer to follow the carriage, for in his experience Hortense has always come back, and he is too stiff for a needless run.

Philip does not like to be moved. He would rather be left where he is, and Hortense's full attention has to be given to soothe and coax him into believing he is pleased with the drive. And so she never needs when she passes out of the iron gate of Aytoun—to her as much closed as Eden was to our common mother. But no angel guards this gate; only, Gerald Alston owns it.

There is one familiar face to welcome Hortense to the tenement-house near Blidale Mill, one familiar voice to speak to her; for the younger of the servants has asked to follow her mistress into her new home, and Hortense has gladly taken her.

There is some comfort, too, in seeing that Philip is contented with her arrangements, and that he does not seem to miss Aytoun. At times the shrill whistle of Blidale Mill will call out a fretful complaint, but it does not bring with it any association with Grace Robson.

Only a feeble ray of sunshine ever struggles into the windows of Philip's room. It does its best to contend with the dismal back-buildings and chimneys which would fain shut it out altogether, and it manages to do double duty in lighting up the pale pink lining of the chintz curtains and the cheerful pictures hanging around. Philip is as fond of the sunbeam as any child could be, and watches it with delight as it dances now on Hortense's hair, warming it into a golden brown, and then on his own thin, pale hands.

Hortense is as blithe as a bird may be in its new nest, sings to Philip and talks gayly to him, brings out the backgammon-board, and has no end of expedients to while away the time for him. Yet with all her strivings there is a sad look in her eyes which tells of a constant effort, and which those who know her best never remember to have seen there in the days which are past.

In a little week Philip seems to have forgotten there was ever any other life save the one he now lives in the back room of the tenement-house near Blidale Mill. Whether Hortense dwells on other days no one can tell. She has no one to talk to about them but Philip, and he has lost everything save a dim memory of Aytoun.

At night there is not a sound to break the stillness of the street Philip Dunbar and Hortense have found their new home in, except the passing step now and then of some belated tippler coming from the neighboring tavern. All the population around them is too weary with the hard

day's work not to be thankful for the boon of sleep.

But in the street whose back-buildings shut off from them the sunshine and the fresh air which should be theirs, there is the rolling of carriage-wheels and the sound of soft stringed music. The bright light from one of the houses has caused many of the passers-by to halt and to ask what is going on.

It is a wedding, they say, which has made more stiff than has been known in Bridgeford since the panic in the cotton-mills many years ago. For not only is Grace Robson, the bride, an heiress who has broken many hearts in Bridgeford, but Gerald Alston, the bridegroom, has just risen from a bed most thought his deathbed, and the curiosity has not died out yet as to the person who shot him, and why the act was done.

Yes, Grace Robson has married Gerald Alston to-night, and she looks pretty in her orange blossoms and diamonds, her glistening silk and soft laces. Very lovely and a fitting mistress for Aytoun, most persons think. All, indeed, except Mr. Lancaster and a few old-fashioned ones, who contend that Hortense's reign there was perfect.

That Gerald Alston bought up the mortgage on Aytoun everybody knows, as well as that he got the property very cheap. He is a lucky fellow, to step into such a house all furnished, with even the silver on the sideboard and the saucepans in the kitchen. Certainly he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and he is not one to care much if it chances to have a Dunbar cipher upon its handle.

So Grace Robson's ambition is satisfied. Whether she will ever miss the handsome eyes which so often held her captive, sometimes against her will; whether she will ever blush as she has to explain that the courtly gentlemen and beautiful women hanging on her walls are not hers by blood or marriage, only by purchase; whether she will ever feel that Aytoun has lost all its old reputation, and will soon be only the handsome residence of the owner of Blidale Mill,—we cannot say. But she

will be wise enough not to complain, and no one need know whether she has paid dear for her gratification or not.

And Bryan Bonham, is he too dancing at Grace Robson's wedding? No: Bryan is not a guest here. He is keeping a somewhat sorrowful watch by the bed of his grandfather to-night. Not such an all-engrossing one, though, that he can't give some bitter thoughts to Hortense. He knows she has left Aytoun. But she has made her choice—his name and home, or Philip's—and, having chosen, she must abide by it.

Bryan thinks he could have forgiven most things, but it was not in his nature to stand being put last where he should be first. It is not in the nature of most of Adam's sons.

Hortense's just duty, he argues, was to him, and as she failed even to love him better than her brother, he would keep his vow and crowd her out of his heart—that heart which for two years was hers only.

If Bryan finds other women a little wearying, and in time love-making insipid and a mere waste of words, the fault must be in himself. Let him fight his battle, but whether conqueror or conquered, it would be better to essay his armor before he makes boast of it.

CHAPTER XII.

Only my heart to my heart shall show it,
As I walk desolate day by day.

MORE than a year has passed, and Grace Alston is queening it at Aytoun a little more royally than she did as Grace Robson at Bridgeford. Gerald is the important moneyed man of the county, for Blidale Mill has coined money lately under his judicious management. Any one could tell he was a good man of business, since he bought Aytoun for such a song, and it is worth more than it ever was, now that Bridgeford is growing out to its very gate.

Hortense lives on the life she has chosen with Philip, in the small tenement-house near Blidale Mill—with Philip, a man in stature, but needing the same care as a child.

Bryan Bonham has come back to Bridgeford to settle some affairs before he leaves the town altogether and takes possession of the new home he has inherited by his grandfather's death.

Bridgeford has made rapid strides in improvement in the past year. Gerald Alston has given business such an impetus by his fortunate speculations that mill upon mill has been built in the town, until the din of machinery has drowned all other sounds.

Even the pretty river, the young people used to be fond of forming pleasure-parties to visit, has lost all its picturesque-ness, and its waters, forced from their bed where they used to leap gayly over the rocks, flow now with smooth swiftness into the narrow races, and at last do good service in turning the heavy mill-wheels.

Bryan has been some weeks in Bridgeford, and he has never sought out Hortense, nor even tried to hear of her, though it is more than a year since he parted from her on that early winter's morning. His wrath is in no way appeased, and he flatters himself that the past is as nothing to him, and that he could pass Hortense in the street and never feel a flutter of the pulse at the sight of her.

Perhaps he is right, and the old love can die out easily, or else Heaven help many of the men and women in the world! Few win and keep the first fresh love, and so it is to be hoped that but few hearts are true to it longer than the birds are to their mates.

Gerald Alston has met Bryan more than once in Bridgeford, and has pressed him to come to Aytoun; and Grace has shown by a somewhat stiff little bow from her fine carriage that she is offended at his neglect. For, as I said, she is queening it at old Aytoun, and she expects due homage from all her acquaintance. So, in spite of a pressure of business he would fain plead as an excuse, and a shrinking he has from going to Hortense's old home, he determines to do his duty and call.

Perhaps if Grace still lived in Bridgeford he would not consider himself in

duty bound to go and see her, and he would only have been amused at her pretty airs. But as she lives at Aytoun, and as he does not intend that it shall have any hold on his heart, or even on his memory, he is determined to make a martyr of himself, to prove by an odd contradiction that there is no pain in store for him in the visit.

Old Aytoun is looking very lovely in the bright June sunshine as Bryan opens the heavy gate and walks up the familiar avenue of oaks. Gerald has made some improvements in the grounds, but they are not in very good taste, and Nature would have done much better if left to her own graceful devices, instead of being shorn and trained by a landscape-gardener.

Bryan marks every change, even misses the trees the wind blew down a year ago last winter. And as he does not miss Hortense also as he stands at the door waiting to be let in to the house once so familiar to him, he thinks the old love is dead, and he can without a shudder step over its grave.

Grace welcomes him as a friend she is glad to see, even though he has been culpable in his neglect of her. And she soon proposes to take him to Gerald's sanctum, rather than to send for the busy man to come to her drawing-room, which he seldom visits.

It is the old smoking-room into which Grace ushers Bryan, where the latter has had many a cigar, as well as gay talk over some hunting-party Philip was always ready to head. Yet, if it were not for the locality of the room, Bryan could never guess he was in it. Ledgers have crowded out the sporting-books which used to lie about, and the guns and whips and spurs and pipes which once made a litter Hortense used to laugh at, but would never put to rights on account of these same guns, were all gone now—put into the garret, perhaps; for Gerald Alston is much too busy to care for the sports he liked well enough when he was struggling to climb the ladder which now he is ready to throw down, having stepped from the highest rung.

Bryan sees a picture of Mount Vernon

hanging over the mantel, where Philip's favorite race-horse used to be, and an oiled walnut hat-rack with Gerald's cipher in white beads on a crimson ground—Grace's work, no doubt—has taken the place of the huge deer-antlers which were wont to hang between the windows. There is nothing here to recall the past life at Aytoun, though much to tell of the rich, prosperous business-man of Bridgeford.

Gerald is busy writing, but puts down his pen when Grace brings Bryan in. He always gives the morning to his business correspondence, when he does not go into Bridgeford; but he can afford to put aside his letters and entertain an old acquaintance for a half hour. At first, the conversation is general enough, and Grace bears her part in it, but soon it drops into the improvements at Bridgeford, and labor-saving machinery, and the price of cotton, and the heavy taxes, and Grace keeps silent, not seeming to mind it, but as if used to being thrust out of the conversation.

Bryan feels no more interest in Gerald's topics than Grace seems to do. He thinks the vaunted improvements at Bridgeford rather questionable, but then he has no interest in any of its mills. So, whilst Gerald discourses without interruption, Bryan looks at the picture of Mount Vernon, at the white-bead cipher in the useless-looking hat-rack, and then glances at Grace herself, and thinks she has grown prettier since her marriage; which he rather wonders at, if she is used to such prosing as Gerald is favoring them with just now.

But Grace does not hold his glance, any more than Gerald does his attention; and Bryan's eyes rove round for something to rest on, until he is fascinated by a picture hanging on the wall—the sole remnant left of all Philip's old possessions. It is a picture of a fresh young face with brown eyes and hair—a face which has not changed since he last saw it, but which still looks saucily and smilingly at him, though he has said he never cared to set eyes on it again.

Bryan is not thinking of the price of cotton as Gerald talks on: he is wonder-

ing if Hortense looks now as she did when this picture was so wonderfully like her. Grace must be witch enough to read his thoughts, though perhaps she has only seen what he is looking at, for she says, "Have you seen Hortense since your return? She has sadly changed. No doubt she has a hard life of it, nursing her brother. They say he is little better than an idiot."

"I can't bear that face," Gerald says, glancing up at the saucy beauty smiling on him, which must be a little exasperating to him, seeing he ought never to have had it in his possession. "It always looks as if it were laughing at me."

"How did you ever get it?" Bryan asks wonderingly, knowing how much Philip used to prize the picture.

"It was in the house with the other things. I bought in everything as it stood. Of course a good deal of rubbish fell to my lot."

Bryan flushes angrily. He forgets how often he has said Hortense is nothing to him now. To see her picture hanging in Gerald Alston's room, and to hear it designated as rubbish—this his old love with her bonny face, smiling down on him just as she used to look when he came to Aytoun something more than a year ago—rouses his wrath.

She does not smile on him now, he thinks bitterly, any more than on Gerald Alston, whom she always disliked, or on Grace, whom she had a right to frown on as one who played false to Philip.

"Why do you keep the picture if you do not like it?" Bryan asks.

"Because I found it here, and I don't care for a blank wall to gaze at. When I can find something I like to fill its place, I will send my haughty lady to the garret," is Gerald's answer.

"Let me fill its place," Bryan says before he takes much thought. "I will exchange an Eastlake for it." He sees the look and smile which the husband and wife interchange, and adds: "Philip Dunbar may like to have the picture. He always thought it a good likeness, and certainly he ought to have it."

So it is a bargain, for Gerald is glad

to part with the sunny face which always seems to mock him, and a genuine East-lake is not so easily met with. But old Mr. Bonham, Bryan's grandfather, was a picture-fancier, and when in Europe had spent much time over his collection; and there is not much fear of not getting a genuine painting if Bryan sends it.

Hortense's face smiling on him as she used to do has set Bryan thinking of the past. For the first time he wishes he had taken the hand she held out to him when they parted on the road, and that his parting bow had been less cold. Heretofore he has been a little proud of his demeanor on that occasion, but sitting in Philip's old room and bargaining for Hortense's picture, he feels a flush of shame, and wishes he had left himself a shadow of an excuse to go and see Philip, now that he is under the iron heel of misfortune.

Bryan is in haste to leave Aytoun. He will not stay to dinner, though Gerald presses him, and he excuses himself from going over Grace's hot-houses, which she is so fond of showing. The house stifles him, and he is anxious for the fresh air. But once more in the road, he does not turn toward Bridgeford, but strikes across the fields into a footpath. There is no sign of the white rime which covered the fields the last time he walked by the path. Instead are violets as blue as the sky above, and the golden disks of the dandelions.

Why was Hortense in such haste to get rid of his love on that winter's day?—in such haste that she could hint at a crime, rather than not part from him. Where was she, that he had never heard her name mentioned until to-day? How came it that she had died out of the knowledge of every one, though he knew she still lived in Bridgeford? It was strange that they had never chanced to meet. Was he glad that they had not?

If it was Philip, as he believed, who had separated them, and the coarse words Grace had used of her former lover were true, ought he not to forgive Hortense? Had she not a life to lead that, bitterly as he felt toward her, he

must pity? He had a great desire to see for himself whether that face had changed as much as Grace Alston said it had. Could the old love have done the work? Was it through a weary looking-back on what she had let slip from her?

His own love had been dead a year, he said—killed that winter's morning when he last walked through these fields. Dead! and yet there was a pale ghost he could not lay offering him her hand, standing just there on the roadside. It was strange how this act of hers, which he once thought merited disdain, should haunt him to-day, and how he longed for a different parting, for then he would not hesitate, but could take Philip this picture, which he knew Philip would be glad to have again.

Where are not Bryan's thoughts wandering through the past as he walks on? He has lost all control of them, and they leap wildly back from day to day, from week to week, from year to year. Only a little walk he would take over the fields this June morning, and he has ended at the cliffs which look down on the rapids; or rather where the rapids once were, for the rocks are bare and silent now, only a little water trickles over them, and Bryan, if he chose, could cross to the opposite bank dryshod, jumping from rock to rock.

Standing here on the cliff, and glancing down on what had once been the bed of the river, Bryan remembers how he had seen Hortense tottering on the edge of this very rock he is standing on, and how he had held his breath in fear until he bethought himself to try and save her; and of the relief he felt when he reached her and held her fast. If she had died then, if she had been crushed before his eyes, it would not have been half so bitter to him as to have lost her as he had.

Standing where Hortense died that day, Bryan looks over the cliff, wondering what she could have seen in the river to make her so careless of her life. Not what he is looking at now, for what was then a small whirlpool foaming and fretting between the rocks, is now only a

cleft between two rocks, and all the mysteries which used to awe the Bridgeford boys are revealed to Bryan.

This empty pool surprises him, and he descends to the river-bank to examine it. But peering into it, he forgets the mystery of the raging waters in his anxiety to see a greater one lying in its depths—lying lodged tightly between two rocks. Bryan climbs down into the hole, slippery with green slime and moss—climbs down to pick up a somewhat odd thing to find in the bottom of such a pool, though it is only a pistol, very rusty, as if it had been a long time in the water. Rusty and very harmless now, no matter how many lives it has once ruined.

Useless as the pistol is, Bryan examines it curiously; finds it is still loaded, though the hammer is immovable from rust; sees, too, there is a silver plate with a name on it, rusted also almost past deciphering. And yet by close scanning he manages to read the name of Philip Dunbar.

Even then, with the pistol in his hand, the truth does not flash on Bryan. It must come to him by a slower process, and yet there is a sort of fascination about the pistol he cannot understand—a desire to find out how Philip could have dropped it into the pool.

Bryan clammers again to the top of the cliff, and stands where Hortense did and looks over. Then he throws a stone over, but it goes crashing down the side of the cliff and into the bed of the river at its foot. He leans over as far as he dares, and drops another stone into the hole where the whirlpool once boiled and fretted, and where he had just found the pistol.

Why should Hortense throw the pistol into the pool? he questions anxiously, as if that answered he might at last grasp the mystery of her early walk, as well as of what she had said to him in the fields.

Hortense with her nervous fear of any kind of firearms—why had she carried this pistol so far to hide it from all human sight?

Bryan has no doubt now that Hor-

tense threw the pistol where he has just found it, and he tries to think what day it was he saw her standing where he now stands. His sitting up with Gerald Alston the night before will help him if he needs any help to recall the day and month he lost all claim to Hortense. Gerald Alston wounded almost to death near the gate of Aytoun—is this a clew to help him out of this maze? Gerald Alston, the owner of Aytoun now, the husband of Philip's old love—had Philip foreseen this end, and did he seek to frustrate it, even by blood.

Had not Hortense said that day, "A sin concealed was not the less black," and that "she would not hurt his name by marrying him"? And he had deemed her mad for a moment! Mad, poor love! in her endeavor to hide a brother's guilt! And Bryan groans aloud in this his certainty. If they were to be separated, if she would fain have it so for his sole good, why should he with his bitter, cruel words have made it the harder for her?

Bryan puts the pistol into his pocket and turns with hasty steps to walk to Bridgeford. He is going to find Hortense. Perhaps the heart which could so love a brother in his sin, and never flinch from him, could also forgive Bryan's hard, harsh words, his unkind doubt of her. At least he can but try. And the old love has not died out of his heart, as he thought it had, for he is in hot haste to hear Hortense's voice, and to tell her he has wronged her.

Though Philip and Hortense Dunbar have lived all their lives within a mile of Bridgeford, and were as well known there as Grace Alston is now, yet they have died out of the memory of most people, and Bryan cannot find them as easily as he thought he could.

Some one tells him they live near Bliedale Mill; and, hoping that the direction is right, he sets out in his search. There is nothing in any of the houses in the long, dull row which hints to him of Hortense. Hortense, fastidious and dainty to a fault in the past days, could never find a home in these poor houses, all looking alike, except that

here and there one is a little tidier than its neighbor, yet nothing better than any operative of Blidale might claim.

Failing to find Hortense here, Bryan turns to walk past the block of houses again which he has been scanning hopelessly for a hint of Hortense. He had much better have gone to Mr. Lancaster's at first for certain information. He wonders he did not think of this old friend and business-man of the family.

At the corner Bryan pauses and looks along the long row of houses again, as if loth to leave, even though he believes his information is at fault—pauses and sees a woman's figure dressed in black standing on one of the doorsteps. Catching sight of her, he turns quickly and walks down the street again toward where she stands. But her face is turned from him, and before he reaches her the door opens for her, and she goes in without seeing him.

A moment after and Bryan's hand is on the lock. He opens the door hastily, as if afraid of losing her, and finds himself face to face with Hortense. The entry is too small and dark for him to see her when he shuts the door behind him, and Hortense might have been startled at his unceremonious entrance if she had not seen his eager, anxious face as he came in.

So she leads the way into the little parlor, where stand ranged against the wall the stiff, ungainly chairs and the torturing sofa opposite the grim, ugly stove. Even the family photographs hang by their red cords upon the wall. Nothing has been touched since Mr. Lancaster first brought Hortense here and she decided to take the house.

Hortense spends her days in Philip's room, and very rarely comes into this one. But Bryan knows nothing of this, and, coming as he does from Aytoun, he feels the difference keenly. But he soon forgets her poor surroundings when he looks at her face. Why had Grace Alston told him he would find her changed?

Hortense does not hold out her hand to tell him he is welcome. Perhaps she has not forgotten their parting, and that he

then refused to touch it. But Bryan is thinking little of mere courtesies just now, and he says at once, with some reproach in his voice, "Hortense, why did you not trust me that bitter day we parted? Was it because I was not worthy of it?"

"What should I have trusted you with?" she asks uneasily.

"With Philip's secret. I have been to the rapids to-day, dreaming of you—you whom I thought dead to me. Everything is changed there, as I find it is everywhere else: even the whirlpool is dried up—"

Bryan stops here, and Hortense looks at him for a moment anxiously, and then drops her eyes, as if she knew the uneasy light that is in them. But she does not speak, and he goes on to say: "In the crevice of a rock in the whirlpool I have found Philip's pistol."

She glances at the pistol with a half-frightened glance. But she conquers the feeling, and says quietly, "Philip is past all hurting now by my silence or my words. You will find him changed since you last saw him."

"And yet, for all the change, I can find it in my heart to envy him, as he has you."

"It is his sole comfort, as it is all he has left to him."

But Bryan will not take the evident meaning of her words, and asks, "Have I wronged you past all forgiveness, Hortense?"

"No," she answers. "You could not help your mistrust of me. Our parting was my fault, or rather it was my necessity. It was a heavy secret for a girl to keep. There seemed no help for me save in your mistrusting me, and I was forced to bear it as best I could."

"I should have had more faith in you, and have taken your word that you were in the right until you chose to speak more plainly. It is easy enough to see it now that I have it all so plainly before me," Bryan says penitently.

"It was too great a tax on most men's trust. I have never blamed you, so you should not blame yourself."

"You do not blame me, but you have ceased to love me, Hortense?"

She smiles, a little, just a little, wearily, and does not answer his question, but asks, "Will you come and see Philip?"

"Not yet. Do not torture me, Hortense, but tell me—is there no hope for me?"

"Philip must be my answer. When you see him you will know I cannot leave him."

"And I will never ask you to do so. Let Philip come also: this is no place for him or for you. I have a home for both of you."

"You do not know, Bryan, how very sad it is," she says with a little tremor in her voice. "You cannot think how changed Philip is. It is not with him as it is with most who are stricken down. I seldom leave him night or day."

"But it cannot be necessary," Bryan interposes quickly. "It must be a living death to you."

"The dead are happy, and they do not care to live the common life of flesh and blood," she replies.

But he will not let her off so easily, and urges: "Hortense, I will promise that Philip shall have all your thoughts and time—I only the mere surplus any of your acquaintances could have. Only do not let us separate again."

She does not say, "Love me as in the old time, but leave me here to Philip." She knows he would never be content to see her daily and never press her coming to him. Indeed, she is not sure it would be kind to him, to hold him by a bond which would be sure to weary him from its very hopelessness. And she must form no tie which will weaken Philip's claim on her. Hortense sees with a woman's quick instinct where these two loves would clash—that neither Bryan nor Philip would be satisfied with her best endeavors. And feeling this, she says, "There are some who, finding two duties, cannot tell which of them to choose. God keep them from erring in their choice! Mine is an easier lot, because the path before me is plain. You will not blame me if I never stumble at a doubt, and stay with Philip?"

"It is my own fault," Bryan says bit-

terly. "If I had not let you go that day I met you at the rapids, you would have no choice now, for I would have had the stronger claim on you, and I would hold you by it. Was it kind of you to let me wreck my future so utterly and never give me a warning?"

She answers nothing to excuse herself. It is very bitter to her to know her hand has had to push him from her. The weariest trial on earth is where two loves draw in different ways, and our commonest acts become a question of right and wrong to one or other. Hortense knows this, and would fain avoid it—not for herself, but for Bryan and Philip.

"Let us go to Philip," she urges again, as if in his room she would find sanctuary.

But Bryan stands before the door and faces her, leaning against it. "Hortense," he says deprecatingly, "you cannot expect me to give you up now. When I thought you false and fickle I could strive to do so, though Heaven knows I made but small headway with all my efforts! It was hard to live the common life when I thought I had a certainty to help me, but now you might as well ask me to give up the air we breathe, and yet live on."

She does not answer him. He can plainly read, if he will, the mute appeal in her eyes. Why will he not take the inevitable in silence, and not torture her? But he will fight for her to the bitter end, or perhaps he misreads her silence, for he says quickly, "You cannot doom me to such a life. I need you as much as Philip."

If he had been her enemy she might have taunted him by reminding him how little mercy he had shown her not much more than a year ago. But as he is her lover, and her heart has never swerved from him while knowing he misjudged her, she has the double pain of gainsaying him and of seeming cold.

"I do not doom you, Bryan, but a fate so sad that if I did not pray daily to a common Father I should think myself uncared for and fatherless. And yet it may be a merciful hand which keeps me from you. For see, Bryan, though Phil-

ip did not do the actual deed I tried to hide the only witness to, it was only God's mercy that kept him from it. Out of the heart comes all sin: it does not lie in the action only. That God can and will forgive it I believe firmly, and I go daily to church and say, by way of comfort, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sin,' knowing how Christ bought the gift for us. But the taint sin brings is on Philip still, and on me as his sister. In the olden days there were cities of refuge where the guilty fled who did not come under the full penalty of the law, and they led lives separate from the rest of their kind. I suppose the innocent lived there apart from the old life. The mother and sister must have followed the banished one, and the child and toddling infant must have played in the streets, unconscious that they lived a life different from the rest of the world."

"But those were in the old, hard Israelitish days," Bryan says. "In these we do not banish from us all who sin as Philip has done. You are too morbid by far, Hortense."

"Philip is banished out of the reach of every one but me—you cannot tell how utterly until you see him."

"Then let me share it with both of you. I will never mind it, nor prove a coward to anything but the fear of losing you," Bryan pleads.

"It would be worse to you than losing me," she says, "for then you would be forced to go back into the old life, but this would irk and crush you. I can never let you do it."

She is looking at him through a mist of tears. Perhaps even now Bryan does not despair of winning her, when a sharp, querulous voice calls, "Hortense!"

She does not move, but only says, "Philip is calling me."

"Let him call for once," Bryan replies quickly. "Just now hear me only. Philip cannot need you as I do, cannot love you as I have done. He never hesitated between Grace Robson and you—never feared to crush you with his sin. He must bear the consequences, and let me have you. Not that I would part you—that I will never do," he adds hastily,

seeing a look coming into her eyes which makes him uneasy and fearful whether it had not been better not to have mentioned Philip's name at all.

"I never minded being set aside by Philip for another, as it was but natural I should be in time," Hortense answers.

"And I was never crushed, except on the day I met you at the rapids. I know you do not now mean to separate me from Philip, but you could not help it in time if your claim upon me were the stronger of the two. I must never place myself in any position where Philip has not the first right to me."

Again comes the call for "Hortense!"—a discontented, weary cry, such as a sick child might give for his mother. And Hortense, hearing it, moves toward the door, never seeming to see that Bryan bars her way. He steps aside to let her pass, knowing he has no right to hold her back.

"Will you not come?" she asks; and Bryan follows her into a larger and more cheerful room, where all the comforts and luxuries of the house seem gathered. But he does not notice this just now, for he only sees Hortense bending over a couch, and he is struck with the wonderful likeness between Philip and his sister—a likeness Bryan resents as an injustice to Hortense.

"It is Bryan, Philip," she is saying—"Bryan Bonham. Are you not glad to see him?"

"Is it he who kept you so long?" Philip asks fretfully. "Give Bryan a chair, Hortense. Why do you keep him standing?"

There is a mixture of the old Dunbar courtesy to guests and of childishness which strikes Bryan painfully. But Hortense does not appear to heed it. She has been constantly in this room for more than a year now, and this is Bryan's first visit.

There comes a hope to Bryan, as he watches Hortense, that if he can win Philip to his side, in that way he may gain Hortense. So he says, "I came to see if you are not weary of living here, and if a change to the country would not do you good. I have a pleasant

home I could take you to—a home like—like—”

“Aytoun,” Hortense puts in, taking up his words. “You remember Aytoun, Philip?”

“Of course I remember Aytoun—where the Dunbars have always lived. Does Bryan live there?”

“No,” Bryan answers; “only my home is somewhat like it. Would you not like to try what change can do, and come to see me?”

“No,” Philip says. “There is something wrong at Aytoun. We are better here than there. I might lose Hortense if I left, and I’ll not risk that. Do you think she will have to leave me?” he asks uneasily, turning to Bryan. “It would be hard on both of us, for there are only the two of us now.”

Hortense kneels beside Philip and rests her head on his shoulder, and his hand moves softly over her hair, as he says, with something of the wail of a child, to Bryan, “You will not separate us? you will not take Hortense from me? There are only the two of us left: you will not take her?”

What can Bryan say? He sees he might as well bid Hortense leave a child alone on the roadside as leave Philip. And he feels he could never watch her living this life with any patience. She in her youth to be so chained! He does not quite take in the love which makes her bonds endurable.

After that there is not much conversation. Hortense tries to bring back to Philip some remembrance of Bryan and of the past, and Bryan watches and listens, and wonders at her patience, as men often wonder at the patience women show to the whims and caprices of a sick child. He even thinks angrily of her having chosen this life, rather than the one his love would fain make for her.

There is no use in lingering, and Bryan rises to go. Hortense holds out her

hand in mute farewell, standing at Philip’s side. Philip looks so pale and wan Bryan cannot help thinking he may not always claim Hortense’s care, and that in time she may need a stronger hand to sustain her.

Let him take the thought with him if it lightens his present load. Philip’s life is not such that even Hortense would pray for it to be prolonged, though she will do her best to help him bear it. But death seldom comes soon when the body has wrecked the mind. The future is shut to both of them: let them take the present patiently.

For Hortense there is no fear. She will bear her lot bravely and cheerfully, whatever it may chance to be, for in the path of duty there is never a lack of help.

If Bryan should at any time lose the hope he has taken just now to heart, and, growing weary of a long waiting and his dull, lonely life, should take a wife by way of mending it, she will find amongst his treasures two things which will tax her curiosity and astuteness sadly.

One is a pistol, tarnished and rusted, and certainly useless, with a silver plate and a name on it—Philip Dunbar. No one she knows or will ever chance to know.

The other treasure he guards carefully is the picture of a young girl—a wonderfully beautiful face, with sweet brown eyes, and a mouth which seems made for smiling. If, like Cinderella’s prince, who went from house to house to find a match for the glass slipper, she too would find a counterpart of that pictured face, she will be sure to fail, though she journeys the world over. She may discover one pair of sad eyes which are of the same color, but neither eyes nor mouth wearing the same gay smile; and Bryan will never tell her what it was that killed the mirth out of them.

PRIVATE ART-COLLECTIONS OF PHILADELPHIA.

III.—MR. SAMUEL B. FALES'S COLLECTION.

I WISH I could put into words the quaint charm of this collection. The rooms themselves are rather dim, yet so tintured everywhere with art that their influence passes into the brain with a kind of incantation, far more penetrating than all that can be said of them. The rarities with which they are replete, in their hushed and tenderly-lighted multitude, are a volume full of matter for those who understand and for those who remember. Generally, the precincts are hushed and solitary. Now and then there leaves them some one of the brotherhood of collectors, yellow with the most barren of the passions, and capable of stealing the little Couture or the little Meissonier that would go into a pocket-book. Now it is an artist who enters, and slips into the farthest corner for his lesson from some obscure masterpiece. Now it is Church the landscape-painter taking a furtive note in his traveling-hat, and pronouncing the collection "the most instructive he has ever seen." Now it is a committee-man, bland and official, soliciting some of the blackest of the pictures for a loan exhibition. He receives a courteous and utter refusal, served with coals of fire in the form of hearty invitations to come often, with all his friends, and see the treasures on the walls which they never leave. When company is gone the antiquary himself curls his white moustache in front of this canvas or that, slowly growing brown as he is growing gray, and eloquent for him with an expressiveness that the cleverest amateur visitor cannot understand.

The Fales pictures represent the advance of a refined and sensitive taste, beginning with acquisitions of a conventional or traditional order, gradually improving upon itself, and at the same time becoming more imperative and exacting, demanding all the time larger quantity and freer space, climbing, broadening and sharpening like a wave. What is

peculiar is, that the group remains adjusted to the æsthetic epoch of some ten years back. The wave mounts to a certain height, and there hangs fixed. The choice betrays about the best taste of 1860, when some Düsseldorf and English collections were being shown around the country. Since that period no weeding, no re-hanging. The rebellion broke out, the virtuoso left his many-colored dreams, seized the opportunity by the first handle of usefulness that presented, and put his whole energy into the task of giving away banquets of sound bread-and-butter and legitimate coffee to the coming and going troops. The eye that was nice for lines of beauty became keen for the quality of eleemosynary cheeses and hams. The shame of being deceived in a Vandyck yielded to the shame of letting a single brave fellow, of all the entering and dispersing regiments that made thoroughfare of Philadelphia, go away unrefreshed. As for the pictures, they still remain at the precise point whither they had gathered when this open-air reality supervened. They hang as quiet as the flags in the armories, somewhat dusty, somewhat shadowy, somewhat tarnished; and they too remember the war.

There are about one hundred and ninety oil paintings and seventy water-colors, arranged, in despair of adequate space, "in a concatenation accordingly." They dispute each other's place in the rooms, slip into the entries, clamber up the stairs and fill the upper chambers, large and small pictures battling for access to the light, and all thronged with a ponderous variety of bric-à-brac. The secretion of the true virtuoso has this in it of sacred—that it is amenable to no rule, will endure no questions, and goes on assimilating its Dresden china, or bronzes, or carved furniture, or ivory, or inexplicable books, according to a law which is all its own and a mere stupefaction

to the profane. Suppose a man, for instance (and I have heard of such men), spends his soul's best labor in the accumulation of many scores of pantaloons. It may be done because he is a metaphysician, and is transcendently urged to handle and put in evidence the Unmentionable and the Inexpressible. Or he may be of Scotch descent, and by some occult law of race bound to fulfill on his own person, and to satiate, the Platonic heart-seeking of a countless line of Highland ancestors for that to them undivulged, unborn, unembodied Indispensable. Which is the better solution? And the best of it is, there is no answer. Again, to come to our present connoisseur, why are these sheaves of carved walking-sticks accumulated in the rooms? In the ordinary mind, the only association between the two orders of things is one of stern and peremptory prohibition. "*Canes and umbrellas forbidden in the galleries.*" Who has not seen this inhibitory warning in collections of art? The canvas and the ferule are usually the two poles asunder. Yet here, amid these delicate paintings, among many other kinds of curiosities, are walking-sticks in fagots, in fascies, in impenetrable forests, to the number of several hundred at least—menacingly pointing at yonder rare copy done on glass—stacked in a carved bamboo drum in front of this rich mass of incandescent oils by Diaz—violent in incongruity and calm in possession. I attempt no theory, and pass on to a review of the works of art.

Carefully taken down by the proprietor, and fondly tilted back and forth to catch the best light, see this little work of enchantment by Couture. Coutures are so shy and rare, even in their native country, that every one which we shelter on our own distant shores ought to be carefully inventoried. Let the color-artist come forward and see from this sketch how a great work should be felt for. Couture, in his "*Décadence*," set the fashion of composing in a key of dominant Veronese gray, accented with knots of vivid color, enriching with local flakes of splendor his great plans, as

cool as crayon drawings: it is by this insulation that he gives preciousness to comparatively modest tints. As the other examples of him held in America are mostly single figures, this group of three persons has much to tell about his notions of composition. It is a shipwrecked man and some women who have found him. By a daring invention the pose of the drowned victim expresses the movement of the wave which has delivered him to land. He has plunged head-foremost toward the spectator, and lies prone on his breast, revealing in all his lines the sudden laxity to which his muscles had yielded before the setting in of the *rigor*. His dark wet head is driven in upon his bosom, and his naked back arched like a combing breaker, his arms being knotted in front: the hue of his body is jewel-like, with an effect like that of Tintoretto's "Slave," in a scene where all is cold and drenched. The rounded force of his shoulders and sinewy *nugue*, all bunched together, and embossed upon the canvas with the most forcible modeling, gives an energy to his motionless figure beyond the wildest gestures of the women who bend over him. There are two, in attitudes of terror and appeal: one, overcome, hangs her head and willowy neck over the corpse; it is the pensive action familiar in many of Couture's women—the action of the foremost female head in his early picture of the "Love of Gold." The other, in despair, throws herself back as she kneels, gesticulating wildly to the heavens, in whose dark canopy is seen one solitary and distant gleam. The study seems worthy of the artist's best care in developing it for a larger picture, but I am not able to say whether he ever so employed his sketch. As it stands it is a valuable record, in color, arrangement and sentiment, of a motive that might have expanded into rivalry of everything that is superb in Géricault's "*Méduse*."

It is not in disrespect, but in the effort to learn something useful, that I would set this gigantic little work in contrast with a similarly sketchy and very attractive morsel of painting by the Scotch

artist Thomas Faed, called "Lift me Up." It is really a remarkably clever vignette, imposing on the eye with the fresh glitter of many broken tints. A woman sits in a flashing landscape, her year-old child trying to clamber into her lap. Here are all the resources of Nature carelessly summoned to give importance to a coolly-felt piece of *chic*. A thunder-storm must be concentrated into a black lump to contrast a white cap, and a person with a city face and air must be planted improbably in the green downs to give effect to the little monkey's red jacket. I respect all the ability, but I recognize the chromatic sputter whose want of purpose made the imaginative Ruskin weary, when he said of Faed's "Mitherless Bairn" (from which, by the way, Mr. Fales has the artist's capital pencil-sketch for the figure of the cotten's son) that the work showed "throughout the most commonplace Wilkieism—white spots everywhere." We are most of us learners at the knees of these successful foreign painters for some preponderant quality that they have, but let us not select, out of Faed, his trick of patch-work. The incident of Couture is itself of the most trite and Wilkie-like nature, but he has known how to build it up into a pyramid of horror that typifies all shipwreck since the world began, while he gives to his stormy background a pervading purpose, and lets his restrained color only reveal itself in carnation at one glowing point. I have often had to complain of the British painters, especially the landscape-painters, because they cheapen the grand storms of their climate into such flat, every-day incidents of umbrella and overcoat: they can hardly paint a storm without assuring you, in some corner of the heavens, that it means nothing and will immediately pass into a shower. Nothing shows a frivolous habit of mind more than this constant reference to the great storehouse of Nature for idle playthings. The water-color school is, it seems to me, quite childish with it. Faed's town-woman has not the least fear for her stiff-starched cap. These islanders notice nothing about rain but that it may be borne with

less inconvenience than foreigners suppose, and that it leaves a glitter behind it. How different seems a summer tempest to the more sensitive temperament of the South, which bows to it in many a mood of sombre thought! For the painter, clouds are Nature's mourning, and when they fall the baptism should be made solemn and unusual, the tempest should generally be treated with reserve, not poured so often out of a teapot upon the pate of some mountain, at which all the rest of the landscape laughs. Every storm is an epitome of the grandest cataclysm, and the painter who meets it with a receptive heart, instead of a kind of gymnastic defiance borrowed from the Alpine Club, may prepare himself for effects as grand as that of Poussin in his "Deluge," where the air is solid with rain, and the wretched boatman, as his keel breaks on the crest of the cataract, turns to pray to the lightning.

We must not regard too gravely, however, certain irresponsible conditions of the British sky—conditions of many moods at once—with broad blue spaces washed by foolish little stormlets, too glad to sulk long and too inconstant to be long content—which deserves, no doubt, to be raised to a type, and to be painted for its very coquetry. Some English artists have a knack at rendering this jade's trickiness by a congeniality of mind. There is a feeling of all-weather-at-once in the large pair of landscapes painted to Mr. Fales's order by Henry Jutsum—one, "First of October in Merrie England," with a plume of magnificent park-oaks in the foreground, and a broad distance; the other, the "Highland Glen," with cloud-shadows racing down the mountain-sides, and incidents of purple heather-patches, the shieling, the byre for the kye, and the rippling burnie. Another wet-looking landscape is by J. W. Oakes, a great authority in glens and pools: this one shows a long plain, cloven by a weedy ditch that leads off into distance—a scene in which the lush prairie seems poured out like water far away to the utmost horizon, and there to melt into the tender sky that is dappled and dim-

pled with its idle vapors. The vegetative result, too, of so much capricious weather, the succulent leafage overfed with drink, is present for those who care; pre-Raphaelite tours-de-force of certain large, healthy Englishmen, whose brains seem full of little leaves, and who perhaps fancy that there is something devotional and Peruginian in painting weeds into foregrounds. Hulme, for example, in "The Day-Dream," shows a carpet of matted ferns, interwoven with all the damp, cool intricacy of the plant; and Hough, a bank of brambles, whose capricious arabesque is pierced with grasses and mosses of a persistent detail that will scarcely be appreciated until men are born with microscopes in their skulls.

Where English landscape is dripping, French landscape is dusty. I enjoy Fontainebleau Forest, and I honor the true-hearted painters who from their cabin-windows at Barbizon dip their pencils into its shadows. A certain dry grittiness seems, however, to pervade Nature when good French interpretations of her are set up beside good English work. Here is Diaz, for example, in an alley of Fontainebleau, with embroideries of leafage a little sapless, a little suggestive of the Persian rug; but what a close privacy of woven softness everywhere around, and how the rings and hoops of percolated light drop down the marble masts of the birch trees! For Diaz as a color-harmonist Mr. Fales can show him at his best expression: Diaz, who cannot draw the figure, loves dearly to weave a nosegay of bright, impossible beings, as an excuse for strange compositions of rainbow garments and soft petal-like cheeks and bosoms. Here are five Turkish children looking at a brilliant bird, but accurately they are not children, nor Turks, nor human: they are little existences of the paint-tube, nursed to enervation out of the creams and lakes of the artist's delicatest colors; they are linked together in strange floating fumes of blue and rose and gauzy gray and pellucid green: it is all as soulless as flowers, but, unlike flowers, it is immortal.

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I must pass rapidly upon the pictures whose specialty can only be described in terms of artists—upon this example of Luminais, "Children Playing at Wagon," whose composition of colors is almost as good in its soberer way as the Diaz, while its action and expression are life itself; upon "The First Letters," a naïve group of two children by Guillemin; upon the three fine landscapes by Brissot, with their white cumulus clouds, their breathable air, their antlered oak trees, their black and yellow sheep; upon the excellent Hoguet, with shepherds at their fire by the mouth of a seaside cave, from which the pale blue ocean floats off into a filmy distance; upon the more masculine treatment and larger style of Hoguet's master, Isabey, whose restless breakers are kneaded upon the canvas in such ponderous impasto as they overroll the Norman beach at Étretat; upon the sunny and truly agreeable Laminet, "The Pastor's House;" upon the fine, grave Deshayes, with trees and low meadow-scenery; upon the French landscape-gardening style in the view near Compiègne by Richardson, with Parisian figures bowing and flirting like marionettes, and its companion-piece; upon the precious example of Édouard Frère, whose cottage child of Écouen, busily spooning up soup at a kitchen table, is attired in the most captivating little melody of subdued and rusted colors, and relieved against a gray plaster wall that is bathed with all the secret of sunshine. Édouard Frère, like Hamlet's father and many other celebrities, has a brother: in his case it is a brother Théodore, who leans upon him affectionately in the photographs, and who hangs assiduously upon his fame, shining largely by family reflection: he paints sunsets and deserts, and our collection shows one of his flamboyant little pictures, "Sponge-gathering on the Mediterranean," with something ærial in the quality beyond his usual attainment. By Charles Jacques there is a hardly-paralleled example, far better than anything the artist has produced since he began to drug the American market. This specimen, evidently made while he was working

for fame, shows a radiant little corner of poultry-yard, with silvery plaster wall and sky of lapis-lazuli; a turkey, in bronze and parti-colored armor; and hens grouped about a short step-ladder, one of whom, viewed from behind, scratches for corn with a fiction of attending to something else, and with a negligent sidelong extension of leg, that have hardly ever been better caught by artist, unless by George Eliot in some of the splendid animal-painting of her rustic novels. The rich positive glitter of this Jacques is really unsurpassed, its light-and-shade as rudely fine as the best of his etchings, and its color of a beauty he seldom reaches. The poultry of Couturier, however, is nearly as good: two of his compositions are here, the larger an excellent group of speckled hens scattered over a dunghill, while the other, showing a few fowls upon a straw-bottomed chair which they have picked to pieces in a barn corner, has that penetrating luminosity of color which we see striking through the golden dust of barns oftener than anywhere else. This Couturier, it is said, painted lovely Madonnas up to the very starvation-point of public neglect: one day, going down to the Seine on an errand—that of drowning himself—he was struck with an artistic effect at a poulterer's, went back and painted it, and sold his experiment so promptly that he ever afterward confined himself to the same "pot-boilers." For animal-painting of a somewhat older style—for a horse that affiliates with the sinewy horses of Géricault—we may go to the "Frightened Steed" of Alfred de Dreux, a good study of a gallant gray, small of head and elastic of limb, and drawn in very vivacious action. Then there are the fringy-footed "Ladies' Dogs" of Verschaar, and the enameled sheep in enameled landscapes of Koekkoek and Verbeekhoven, connecting, it seems to me, by a certain triviality and shallowness of the artistic mind, with the broad school of German narrative-art which has its centre at Düsseldorf.

The anecdotic artists, so lively a faction in Germany, are represented in abundance at Mr. Fales's varied enter-

tainment. Some of the best of them are well worth attention. It is incontestable that these narrative-painters must ever be content with a secondary place in art. The alchemy of color, the charm of chiaroscuro, the chastity of line and of composition, will never be the endowment of the man who is occupied in giving to his work qualities purely literary, and usurping, as Hogarth did, the domain of the novelist. True character-art is apt to be best in proportion to its sketchiness: it pertains, I repeat, to literature; and just as the literary epigram is good in ratio with its economy of words, so is the pictured epigram satisfactory according to its economy of lines; so that a crusty English face scratched upon a block for *Punch* in two minutes by Charles Keene is a better thing than the character-works of Hübner or Stammel, just because it does not disperse its power in an abortive pretence of color and light-and-shade.

One of the most amusing of these men is John Peter Hasenclever, of Düsseldorf, who died in 1853, at little more than forty years of age: none could set down more crisply the rakishness of a *bon camarade*, the self-importance of a wine-taster: the man is strong by virtue of his limitations. Here is a picture from his series illustrating the humorous epic of the *Jobsiad*, a picture lacking to the set owned by Mr. John Taylor Johnston of New York. It is a night-scene, and the broad moon is glimmering upon the defeat in life of the unlucky Hieronymus Job, who from the emptiest clatter-pan among college-students has descended to the condition of night-watchman at Shielsburg. With ox-horn slung to shoulder and large cocked hat awry, he comes down a staircase of the city wall shouting the hour with melancholy diligence: his lantern and halberd droop in his hands, he is completely tamed; sunk from the peace-breaker into the peace-keeper, a few more steps may bring him into contact with a group of roystering blades such as he once was, from whom he may ruefully learn the true humor of breaking lanterns and beating the watch. Another Hasencle-

ver, more varied, is scarcely better: a little peasant-boy, in his cleanest blouse, is brought by his father to school: they bear a peace-offering of new-laid eggs and a magnificent fowl, but the school-room scene upon which they enter is something less than reassuring. A victim is just laid across the master's knee, and beats the air wildly with his little woolen-socked heels; the despot, with the ill-starred urchin well in hand, is just tightening the cloth across his person for a clean stripe; he salutes the incoming party with his sceptre-bearing and red right hand, showing a comical kind of arrested action and expression in abeyance; a row of sore, crestfallen victims, their innocent breeches hardly buttoned over their well-warmed flesh, have already gathered behind the master; while others, plucking up a spirit, make faces elaborately, or caricature the man of learning on the blackboard, or regard with pleasing anticipations of tyranny to come the newly-arrived, whose eggs are dropped and whose hair is sadly rubbed in the surprise of his reception. It is the tale so often told by the Düsseldorf easel, but it is the tale made keen and vivid by the accent of the master of the studios.

Let us linger rather briefly over the rest of these ballad-pictures—over this *Gesellschaft*, whose lady attaches a candle to the Christmas-tree, while grandmother hustles away the little peeping intruders; over this other, where a young peasant as she spins tells a fairy-tale to a lymphatic, speculative boy, who may live to repeat it to the world in music or art; over this *Stammel*, whose pair of laughing *Fagins* are playing a young gamester for his coat and shoe-buckles, and who themselves are about to be bagged by the arriving gendarme; over this *Carl Hübner*, the "Intercepted Love-letter;" over these *Wittkamps*, where *Riding-hood* knocks with persevering innocence at the door, or where a young Dutch Protestant, in the days of the Spanish persecutions, is seen drawing his aged mother on an inverted barrow into the recesses of the frozen swamps; over this *Meyer*, whose little girl gives

her little lover a bite of her little apple; over this *Ten Kate*, whose *Rembrandt* paints broad-ruffed Holland wives in his dark studio; over this *Lanfant de Metz*, whose dandy artist sketches a *carabinier*, a girl of the requisite prettiness looking on. Needless to say that the incidents are well emphasized: all are good pictures, or the small change for good pictures, but they are little better than another form of illustrations to the weekly papers.

While we keep in these low-lands of Art, we may get a breath of cheery and health-giving laughter over some character-painting of another school—over the broad Irish comedy of *Erschine Nicol*, the Scotchman. Here is his "Partial Eclipse of the Moon"—the honey-moon: a big, fresh-looking young *Dennis* or *Dermot* is sulking temporarily in his chair: he turns from his bride and glowers unsocially in the very centre of his new-established home; but she laughs and touches his shoulder, and we can hardly give *Dennis* five minutes before he must come round again, and probably have to pay for a bonnet or for a jaunt to the fair. A still better specimen shows *Paddy* on his return after harvesting in England: his lately smooth face is a stubble-field, his holiday suit is in tatters; marks of the most horrific saturnalias are all over his person, and he sits on the English stile counting his remainder shillings to see if there are enough to carry him home. Drawn with unaffected, genial humor, and colored in a bold, effective way, this is the legitimate Irish drama, a hundred times better thing than *Boucicault's*.

I have swept the *genre* pictures very much together, but from out this classification some specimens are carried by the sincerity and select nature of their technic into a rank of very genuine art. Here is *Bosch*, with his picture of "The Little Sculptor," which *Ruskin* praises in a chapter on animal-painting, right after the dogs of *Veronese*, *Velasquez* and *Rubens*. "I was pleased," he says, "by a little unpretending modern German picture at Düsseldorf, by *E. Bosch*, representing a boy carving a model of

his sheep-dog in wood: the dog, sitting on its haunches in front of him, watches the progress of the sculpture with a grave interest and curiosity, not in the least caricatured, but highly humorous." Mr. Fales's is the original, earliest specimen out of several repliche made by the painter, for it is a frugal trick of the Düsseldorf men to assimilate their industry still more with newspaper-work by making out quite an edition of facsimile copies, without troubling the first purchaser for his permission so to do. Bosch, who in his embowered pastoral subjects seems to be a more virile and simple-hearted Comte-Calix, is capable of a class of figure-study higher than anything in Comte-Calix's range; attest this larger picture, of the "Gamekeeper," with a fair piece of character in the man, evidently a portrait, and a noble dog's head alongside. Another very sincere painter is F. Kraus, a kind of German Toulmouche or Boutibonne, who paints with graver method the old line of feminine and costume subjects: his lady here, all in black velvet, examining the morocco jeweler's case, is phlegmatic, slow, yet a lady still; while his other and better example in the collection, "Threading the Needle," a fair kerchiefed head at a garret window, is as full of tenderness as of bloom.

One large, assiduously labored and minutely expressive picture, by the Prussian artist E. Hasenflug, tells its pensive story without the aid of any living figure. It shows a ruined cloister, left desolate after the ravages of the iconoclasts: a light snow is sifted over the pavement through the empty window-arches and doorways. The graduated shadings upon this coat of snow are wonderfully made out: now the thin yellow light of winter afternoon dies over it, a late travesty of the glow of the sacred altarcandles; now, in shadow, where the old steps have been worn into hollows, a faint circular rim of the most unsubstantial reflected light, like the ripple around a stone, defines the margin of the depressed portion; the pavement, in little downy cushions of the snow, spreads away into regular perspective; it is quite

illusory. The Virgin's statue, torn from some niche and snow-mantled, leans against the wall, and the vanishing lines of the cloister all centre in the Christ of a *pietà* in bas-relief. The picture is said to have taken a full year to paint, and the fact is quite possible. The work is of the best in its proper school, but it certainly betrays the school, and has it is hard to say what of plodding and infelicitous, plainly manifest in the heaviness of hand with which the more distant features are presented. So long as these patient works of mechanic miracle are produced, however, so long will there be a plentiful following of awestruck souls to enjoy them to the very top of the author's bent.

Having dwelt thus long among the modern oil-paintings, we may pause a moment, with the hasty insolence of the nineteenth century, to notice the works of older hands cursorily on our way to the room of water-colors. Here is a life-sized head by Etty, covered with his almost Venetian color, and resembling the portraits of Paul Veronese; another face, encircled with a standing ruff, is from the brush of Porbus, a Fleming in high esteem at Paris (where he died in 1622), half a dozen of whose works are in the Louvre, including his excellent portraits of Henri IV. and Marie de Médicis. Angelica Kauffmann, painted by herself, watches from the staircase; and farther on there is a picture which, if tradition and the opinion of competent artists are proofs, is more fascinating than all, for it is a self-executed portrait of the youth Vandyck, of the period when he worked among the pupils of Rubens. Not to be overlooked is the delicately-manipulated statue of "Love Reposing," one of Thorwaldsen's latest works, a crystallized dream. Arrived finally among the water-colors, still unsated, yet with the sense of having already seen a good deal, we pay our court in the first place to the royalty of Turner.

Mr. Fales's Turner is a "Cumberland Lake, Sunset," in dimension about a foot across, besides the mounting. One cannot see a finer Turner. It exhibits, in the sky, that favorite lemon-yellow

which his oil-paintings have lost through the changes of time, but which in an aquarelle like this is clear as when it was born in the master's imagination. The graduation over it, undoubtedly produced by the simplest mechanical means, is of the most perfect evenness and ratio: it has the true sky quality of penetrability—a quality which Turner so willingly lost in his oil-work; it is heaven's cup of clear golden air, and, like Joseph Andrews's eyes, "as full of sweetness as of fire." The lake holds this stainless heaven in its mirror, and a vast airy plain seems to be covered with detail, until examination shows that it is merely marked with the crumbling roll of a nearly dry brush on the grained paper. The crystal beauty of this study is the work of an angel, and proves that Turner *could* be, just when he chose, a faultlessly grand painter.

Another great master, Clarkson Stanfield, shows vast merit of a quite diverse kind: his little scene of a low coast, with winding creeks that lead off to sea under a cloudy sky, and a general superimposed hood and blanket of gray, has all the feeling of a flat, alluvial Dutch shore, rendered with as much fidelity as spirit. Samuel Prout, the man who of all others, in his architectural views, has the art of turning an inch of paper into an inch of very stone, is represented by two studies—an interior and an exterior—both worthy of his even and always satisfactory talent: the interior is the chancel of Orleans Cathedral; the other is a street-view, with his own admirably-balanced throng of figures, showing the Priest's Corner at Nuremberg. By William Collingwood, the painter of Alps and of interiors, there are two large subjects in the latter style: the scene at Cotele, with Elizabeth and Essex, shows a shaft of sunshine playing across a tapestry background; that in Speke Hall—a seat near London—besides the fine study of a groined ceiling, has good atmosphere and difficult detail in per-

spective. The throng of English water-colorists, however, in their sunny variety, we will look at, if the reader please, but will not inventory.

But two among the cartoons are not English, and they will not submit to silence. Here is Gavarni, the always gay, the inexhaustible, with one of his grisettes: she is in sepia, gamboge, red lead, and a few other simple kinds of colored dirt. She is called "Lodgings to Let," and she comes down the front steps barefoot, yet rigged out in the cast-off furbelows of a grand lady, her face gaunt but alluring—epitome, in short, of Paris, then, as now, hungering but hospitable. In strong contrast hangs the minute, deliberate finish of Meissonier—his admirable puppet, dressed to perfection and finished to an eyebrow: it is a garde-de-corps smoking his pipe contemplatively at the window; the character, of course, within its own quiet limits, is keenly indicated; he is smooth-faced, almost smug-looking, but with fine lines around the mouth and nose that are the tracks of past expression, and show him apt to brighten up into a surprising readiness if a repartee or a galantry is wanted—the mobile face of French comedy.

Such are the specimens of the Fales collection, a series already beginning to take on the delicate petrification of the olden time. Its examples are of the best, but it stopped growing years ago. New masters have arisen—the new masters, it is to be observed, are boys—of whom it has never heard. I find it, for my part, not unrefreshing to get into a collection which shows me Etty, Thorwaldsen and Turner, but which knows nothing of Zamacois, which has not heard of Fortuny, which contemns Courbet, Alfred Stevens and Carl Becker. This symposium of artists is intelligent, clear-brained, entertaining, harmonious and companionable—altogether the best of good comrades all. E. S.

CARCASSONNE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE NADAUD.

I'M growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain:
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know—
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store:
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay:
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The vicar's right: he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend:
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
 A peasant double-bent with age.
 "Rise up, my friend," said I: "with you
 I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
 We left next morning his abode,
 But (Heaven forgive him!) halfway on,
 The old man died upon the road:
 He never gazed on Carcassonne.
 Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

LONDON CLUBS.

CLUBS in London have been multiplying marvelously of late years, and this is the reason why the traveler finds the cafés there so inferior, as well as few and far between. For a very long time clubs were entirely proprietary; that is, they belonged to a man who "ran" the institution, and agreed with a society of gentlemen to supply them at a certain rate. All the old London clubs were conducted on this principle, and *White's* and *Boodle's* are to this day. The first on the joint-stock plan was the *United University Club*, composed of members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which, proving an extraordinary success, gave a brisk stimulus toward the formation of similar societies. There are now four University clubs within half a mile of one another. The *United University* still retains its intensely respectable character, though less fashionable than at the outset of its career, when it gave a memorable *fête* to royalty, when such was the crush that ladies did not get away till six in the morning, and meanwhile bivouacked where they could about the hall and corridors. Deans, bishops and such-like reverend persons much abound in the old *University*. A rather amusing incident, proving how the colonial bishop is regarded by the popular British mind as an inferior prelatial animal, a sort of counterfeit of the real article, occurred one day at this club. It was suddenly reported in the

dining-room that a bishop had fainted in the hall. A footman was sent to inquire by a member at dinner. When the man returned the diner said, "Well, who is it?" "It's only a colonial bishop, sir," was the reply. The old *University* is almost the only club where, when his wife is out of town, the prime minister (Mr. Gladstone) may often be found taking his modest meal. And a very modest meal it is—some fish, mutton broth, bread and cheese, small beer and a cup of coffee are enough for that great intellect, though smaller ones need, it seems, a deal more in the way of stimulants.

The *Athenæum*, which has a charming situation; being in the middle of everything, yet quite quiet, with its dining-room windows commanding a cool garden, swarms with cabinet ministers, prelates and savants. The story goes that luncheon there used to be gratis, until Bishop Wilberforce—the emancipator's family are famous for their great appetites—partook so largely of cheese, butter, biscuits and ale that the committee said they really could afford the expense no longer. Luncheon, by the way, is delightfully cheap at all the London clubs. A capital meal, washed down with excellent beer, can always be had for thirty-five cents.

Next to the *Athenæum* stands the *Travelers'*. *Non cuius homini contingit* to enter there—only seven hundred members, and all *crème de la crème*.

You sit down to dinner with the Foreign Secretary on one side and a prince of the blood on the other. This club has always had a diplomatic tinge about it. Talleyrand played many a game of whist within its walls, and all ambassadors are made free of it.

The *Travelers'* is admirably managed. Cuisine and library are both excellent, though the latter cannot compare with that in the *Athenæum* next door, which is a magnificent collection. Next to the *Travelers'* comes the *Reform*, with its splendid hall and corridors, but very inferior, so far as the social standing of most of its members is concerned, to its next neighbor, the *Carlton*—the Tory stronghold. The *Carlton* is externally the most splendid club in London. Nearly opposite to it stands its younger brother, an almost equally palatial structure, the *Junior Carlton*. It is much easier to get into the latter than into the former. Indeed, the *Junior Carlton* was designed to keep the *ignobile vulgus* out of the senior. A large number of noble Tories heroically sacrificed themselves to the interest of the party by becoming members and paying their fees. They rarely pass the doors themselves, but their names "draw," and rich country attorneys, electioneering agents and a large sprinkling of young men of good position waiting for access to the *Carlton*, flock to the *Junior*. It is also a very convenient place to entertain constituents, and guests of a peculiar demeanor and accent may not unfrequently be detected in its strangers' room, who the initiated know at once are those whom their M. P. entertainer is bound to conciliate if he wishes to continue to be "the honorable member for Rottenboro'." The elections at the *Carlton* are by a committee, and room is always at once made for a newly-elected member of Parliament, or other person whom it is deemed advisable, for political reasons, to admit to the club. And the number being necessarily so small, the entrance-fee and subscription are—with the exception of the *Marlborough Club*, opposite—the highest of all, the former being two hundred and fifty dollars.

The *Marlborough Club*, opposite, was founded specially by the prince of Wales and a set, now happily much broken up, which once surrounded him. The entrance is a hundred guineas, and the society is entirely composed of fashionable men, swells and tuft-hunters.

At the *Carlton* there is a gap, so far as clubs are concerned, in Pall Mall, and passing over a few houses we reach the *Oxford and Cambridge*, a very fine house, built to relieve the *United University*. This also has a fine library. Then we come to the neat little *Guards' Club*, with its bow window, where in the afternoon you may see lounging and criticising the passers-by a goodly phalanx of the Household Brigade. Only members of the foot regiments of Guards are eligible for this club.

A little lower down in Pall Mall is the *Army and Navy*, commonly called "The Rag"—that being short for the "Rag and Famish," in allusion to the red rag, meaning a soldier's handsome uniform, and next to nothing to live upon. It is a gorgeous building, and quite in keeping with the splendor of its appearance are the knots of handsome fellows, in faultless attire, who much do congregate about its steps. Neat little broughams drive up there about dusk, in whose recesses lovely forms may be detected by the curious eye. It seems, indeed, to be a sort of loadstone to the feminine population.

Besides "The Rag," there are three other splendid establishments for the use of the two gallant professions—the *Senior United*, the *Junior United* and the *Naval and Military*.

The *Senior United* is confined to members over a certain rank in the services, and as a consequence has a great proportion of elderly members. There is a legend that some years ago a member of the *Junior*, who had been long abroad, entered the *Senior* by mistake and tripped gayly up stairs, taking two or three steps at a time. The portly porter, who of course failed to recognize the salient young man, puffingly pursued him, and, at length overtaking him, politely begged for his name. The

circumstances under which the gallant young officer found himself in the domain of admirals and major-generals were soon explained. "Ah, sir," affably explained the janitor—club porters, by the way, are great folk, be it remembered—"I thought you weren't one of our gentlemen: they don't run up stairs like that." These old men of war have studied *savoir vivre* and Brillat Savarin to much advantage: they live superbly. The *Senior* was Major Pendennis's head-quarters. How he glowered at "Glowry the Scotch surgeon" when that medico presumed to take his favorite table. There is a good deal of nook-and-corner and "favorite-table" jealousy at clubs. The original of Mr. Fang, the magistrate in *Oliver Twist*, always had his favorite table at the old *University*, and looked like a famished ogre, thin withal, at the man who dared to take it. At the *Athenæum* Theodore Hook's table was long pointed out.

The *Naval and Military Club* occupies the mansion in Piccadilly where Lord and Lady Palmerston lived during that noble lord's premiership, when it became so famous for the political reunions given there. It is known as Cambridge House, having, before Lord Palmerston entered upon its occupation, been for many years the residence of the queen's uncle, the late duke of Cambridge. The owner is Sir John Sutton, son of Sir Richard, a celebrated sporting baronet. Sir John, who has a great town property, worth some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, has never resided there. His father said he would give ten thousand pounds to any one who would make Sir John fond of sport, but whether that sum changed hands or not, Sir John never was made so. He became organist of a church on the Continent, and a Roman Catholic, and some three years ago the town was startled by the announcement that the ground which is occupied by Cambridge House—a very conspicuous site, within six hundred yards of Buckingham Palace—was to be presently covered by a splendid Roman Catholic cathedral. At present, Sir John receives fifteen thousand

dollars a year for his house from the dazzling young *militaires* who stand stroking their moustaches on its portals.

Clubs are creeping into the far west of London, and beyond the *Naval and Military* are now the *St. James's*—a sort of chapel-of-ease and relief-valve to the *Travelers'*—and the *Junior Athenæum*, which stands in a similar relation to its senior.

But to return to "Clubland" proper, for Piccadilly does not yet come strictly under that head.

Out of Pall Mall you get into a new nest of "Clubland," in St. James's street, its original home. Human fossils are to be seen peering from the windows of *Boodle's*. There may yet be seen a few of the old "bucks" who dazzled the town when George IV. was king. Very groggy and gouty are these ancient sinners now. They just manage to totter from brougham to bow window on sunny days, and while away an hour or two with the comrades of their youth.

Opposite to them is *Brookes's*, the stronghold of aristocratic Whiggism—Whiggism of quite another kidney to that found in the grand corridors of the *Reform*. Dine at *Brookes's* in morning attire and you will find the cold shade upon you: the very manner and bearing of the black silk-stockinged and black knee-breeched waiters reprove you. An aroma of Charles Fox, Lord Holland and Devonshire House in the days of the great Georgiana hangs heavily around *Brookes's*: there is nothing new-fangled in its arrangements. It breathes the atmosphere of pedigrees and quarterings, family plate and ancestral halls.

On the same side of the way is *Arthur's*, a quiet, comfortable and eminently gentlemanlike establishment, whose members are always regarded as an extremely "good set." Near it is the *Conservative*, another chapel-of-ease to the *Carlton*—a fine building, but second-rate as to social standing. Higher up the street is *White's*, opposite to what was once the haunt of fashionable vicious London—*Crockford's*, long since broken up because of its gambling reputation.

White's is a very elegant building. Its members are almost exclusively the sporting members of the aristocracy. On a fine afternoon in summer you may see there Admiral Rous—"the admiral" in sporting circles—the duke of Beaufort, Mr. George Payne, and a host of turfites and hunting celebrities whose names are familiar to many on this side of the Atlantic. It is a bad club for a poor man, and does not stand quite as high in reputation as formerly.

Besides all these there are several night clubs, of which the chief are *Pratt's*, *Egerton's* and the *Raleigh*, which are open until almost any hour. The late hours of Parliament much favor late hours at the club.

The only representative of the club system in the neighborhood of the older theatres, where in the last century so many famous coffee-houses used to be, is the *Garrick*. This has changed of late, and in many respects for the worse. Up to five years ago the *Garrick* occupied a house which was in fact originally nothing more than a private house, a few hundred yards from Covent Garden. There it acquired its fame, and those were its palmy days. The number of members was commensurate with the size of the house, and they were of the right sort. When it removed to a grand new mansion in a neighboring street, some thought that a fresh era of prosperity would attend it. This is not to be: on the contrary,

Something ails it now:
The place seems changed.

In fact, it *is* changed. The old house had a goodly savor of great literary souls departed. There was Thackeray's favorite table, the corner in which Charles Dickens liked to sit, and similar associations which gave a charm all its own to the club. Then, too, a number of people got in who had no business there—men who had not a spice of literature or art in their composition—gay, empty-headed young Guardsmen, who might occasionally be laughed at, but never with, and the character of the house has changed. But *stat nominis umbra*: clubs have their fortunes like their mem-

bers, and the *Garrick* may arise and be once more a charming coterie of those who love the Muses and wit and humor.

An enormous amount of money is spent annually in these establishments. Most of them keep from fifty to a hundred servants, and their daily expenditure is on a huge scale. Judged by New York rates, club life is very cheap.

Breakfast.....	.50
Luncheon.....	.30
Dinner, with half pint of sherry, and beer <i>ad lib</i>	\$1.25
Total.....	\$2.05

And then, be it remembered, all you have is of the very best, and it is not the custom to fee the waiters. You can quite make yourself cosily at home at some clubs. There are snug corners in the libraries; delicious easy-chairs; the books you like; the waiter who knows your little ways. Bachelors and widowers whose homes have been broken up use clubs most. Many elderly men who otherwise would find their existence sadly desolate have a home in them. They meet those similarly circumstanced, dine together, play whist or billiards together, talk over bygone days and bygone friends, and so life glides easily and comfortably down the hill with them, and to many these days are not improbably their happiest.

These fogies are, however, by no means a source of unmitigated satisfaction to the younger members, who resent their sniffings, snortings and old-gentlemen tricks. Indeed, it is sometimes found necessary to remonstrate. At the *Oxford and Cambridge Club* these remonstrances have been made with a degree of freedom which other societies have not yet dared to imitate, and a member who had a pleasant habit of puffing and blowing which procured him the sobriquet of "the grampus," was formally remonstrated with by the committee.

Peculation of a very extraordinary kind sometimes takes place, and gives a deal of trouble. At one of the very best clubs wax candles disappeared in a manner which could not in any way be

accounted for, and threw serious suspicion on the servants, until a certain duke, with an income of six hundred thousand dollars a year, was detected by a member of the committee with a wax candle sticking out of each coat-tail pocket. His grace's friends received a hint, and the ducal kleptomaniac ceased to frequent the house. Members of London clubs very rarely interchange conversation, except in the smoking-room, unless previously acquainted, and a chance conversation in the smoking-room or at the next table at dinner does not involve any further acquaintance. The election of members takes place during the Parliamentary session. At some clubs it is done by a committee, at others by the whole club. At some black-balling is very frequent, at others very rare. At the former not the faintest opprobrium attaches to the black-balled, but at the latter it is felt as a highly unpleasant incident in a man's career.

Most of the clubs stand on Crown property, and pay enormous rents, varying from five thousand to fifteen thousand dollars a year.

At none of the principal clubs does the subscription exceed fifty dollars or the entrance-fee one hundred and fifty dollars, except that at one or two proprietary clubs, where there is little or no

entrance-fee, the subscription is fifty-five or sixty dollars. At the proprietary clubs a member can open an account, because it is the proprietor's own business if he choose to permit him to do it, but the other clubs are extremely strict on this head, and no exceptions are made.

Members are very rarely turned out of clubs: there is, in fact, a great deal of fuss and bother involved in such a step. Generally, however, when a man commits any heinous indiscretion his good sense leads him to withdraw. Still, there are certain members of the London clubs whose withdrawal would be regarded as a positive boon by the societies to which they belong. This, however, generally arises from their unpleasant personal habits.

At all the London clubs the object of making them available for men of moderate means is kept steadily in view, for there money has no connection with social position, and men belong to the best clubs who could not possibly afford to belong to those of New York.

A very large number of men belong to two clubs, and some to four or five. People who live very much at clubs find it as well to belong to more than one. Men get to hate "that fellow who's always here."

REGINALD WYNFORD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THROUGH HELL'S GLEN TO INVERARY.

IT was a beautiful July day, and Lochgoil, "that dark and stormy water," gave back the reflections of Ben Donich and Ben Vula. There stood John the coachman caressing his horses in that endearing manner peculiar to his craft. Round his throat was twined a huge muffler, and his voice had that deep bass tone known to boatmen and heavy drinkers. As he roared out "Bob" (pro-

nounced "Bobe") and "Hector" and "Jesse," his Highland face glowed with health and the recollection of his last dram. The coach was a curiosity in its way. There was an "inside" formed like an ordinary hack with seats across, and a "basket" open at both sides, with benches parallel to the wheels. On the top were two seats for the driver and passengers. Every place was filled, and we found ourselves duly planted in the

post of honor, beside the great man himself. He had mounted the box, arranged the ribbons, cast a critical glance over the appointments of his team, exchanged a parting joke with his friend Dugald, cracked his whip, and we were off, dashing round the beautiful bay at a spanking rate, and away into the unfathomable depths of Hell's Glen and Glen Crow.

As you emerge from the well-wooded avenues leading from the head of Lochgoil, and come in full view of Hell's Glen, a scene of unparalleled magnificence meets your eyes. On the right the road, like a thin white line, contrasts beautifully with the rich green tints of the valley. High above you tower the frowning mountains. Far as the eye can reach there is one wilderness of craggy and uncultivated moor. There is scarcely a tree to be seen—nothing but the broom, the heather and the mountain brushwood. Through the centre of the glen runs a little stream shaded with willow, honeysuckle and hazel. Not a house relieves the landscape, not a sign of human life—nothing save the figure of a stray sheep grazing at intervals on the roadside or wandering from crag to crag on the mountain overhead. It is a sight fitted to fill one with deep emotion, and the traveler is fain to relapse into reverie and enjoy to its full extent the delightful range of emotion suggested by the scene. Reverie on the top of this coach was, however, out of the question. As we rattled on the tongue of our irrepressible coachman never stopped. He had tales and legends by the score. Every stone suggested its story, every stump of a tree its jest. He had Sir Walter Scott at his finger-ends, and the private affairs of every minister and farmer within the circuit of twenty miles. As we neared the foot of the glen the scene changed, and Nature, as if to atone for the loneliness through which we had passed, had clothed the rocks with foliage and the mountain-side with trees. Here we found a pretty little farm-house nestling quietly by the side of the stream, and beside it a rustic bridge. Winding through this leafy détour, we came in full view of the celebrated Glen Crow. If the other glen

was desolate and drear, the awful grandeur of the scene we were approaching was still more weirdly sublime. As we gazed up at its massive crags and uncultivated wastes our thoughts instinctively turned to Sir Walter's beautiful description of Loch Coriskin in *The Lord of the Isles*:

But wilder glen than this may know
Some touch of Nature's genial glow—
On high Ben More green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glen Crow,
And copse on Cruchan Ben;
But here, nor tree, nor shrub, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken."

After crossing the bridge the path becomes extremely dangerous, and as we rode by precipice and frowning cliff the skill and coolness of our coachman became matters of general wonder and admiration. "Now," said he, pulling up at a small spring of water, where two ragged little urchins in kilts and bare legs were presiding over two tin cans—"now, leddies, this is the temperance hotel—ten minutes allowed here for refreshments." The "leddies," as well as the gentlemen, were not slow in availing themselves of the tempting offer, and many were the pennies and halfpennies that dropped into the mysterious pockets of the small Celts. While resting here John relieved himself of the following yarn, but the tone, the attitude and the face are something beyond the power of a "Sassenach" to describe:

"Ye see, one day there was a spate (freshet) on the burn, and the roads were just awfu'. I mind it well, leddies. There was an English tourist and his bride on their honeymoon, like—a bonny honeymoon they had o't that day! The passengers had just to get out and walk. There was one big dub" (*anglicè*, puddle) "in which the maist of them stuck. I kind o' liked this English lass (it rins in the family, ye ken), and I offered to carry her mysel', seeing that Charles—that was the name o' her man—was wading up to his ankles and in a bad way. She objected, and called loudly for Charles. Charles came, and hard did he try to carry her, but it was beyond his power. The puir lad was a

sickly bit cratur. So in the end he was obliged to hand her over to me. I took her in my arms, and in we went. 'Oh, Charles, love,' she cried in an agony of fear, 'this horrid coachman! take me away!' but 'Charles love' had enough to do for himself. I got her over, but thinks I, when I was about the middle, 'Noo, my ledly, I'll pay ye back;' so, putting my rough-bearded cheek to her bonny face, I whispered, 'Ma dear, how wud ye like to marry a coachman?'"

Having laughed heartily at John's story, and refreshed ourselves generally at the spring, we made another start. Again we rode through desolate mountain and lonely moor, with the wild birds hovering above us and a stray sheep honoring us with a passing stare. "Them's Satan's sheep," said John. "Satan?" inquired the passengers. "No ken Satan? Ise warrant ye'll ken him weel enough some day. Aweel, Satan's a farmer, his hoose is called Brimstone Hall, and his direction is 'Hell's Glen.'"

Thus beguiling the way, and enjoying the stories of our communicative coachman, we passed through the varied scenery of Glen Crow. The day was fading as we reached the summit of the hill, and beheld Loch Tyne like a sleeping beauty at our feet with its calm waters, and the little town of Inverary nestling on its borders. There, too, stood Inverary Castle, the seat of the duke of Argyll, with its square towers, grassy lawns and noble policies; and we watched the shadows deepen on the mountain and the shades of night come stealing along the valley.

Rolling leisurely down the hillside, we soon found ourselves within the comfortable walls of Saint Catherine's inn—"John Campbell, proprietor, licensed to sell whisky, teas and tobacco," with good accommodations for man and beast. Feeling slightly fatigued after our journey, and being assured that all the hotels in Inverary were full, we decided to remain here for the night. Loch Tyne is celebrated for its herrings, and we found them fully equal to their reputation. They are about the size of a burn trout, and when newly caught

and freshly cooked combine the flavor of shad with a peculiarly delicate taste of their own. Our repast consisted of herring and potatoes, with a tumbler of the "invariable," and notwithstanding the Lowland prejudice of Burns that

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger:
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in his anger,

we went to bed thorough converts to the Highlands, and perfect believers in "the Lord their God, His Grace."

The sound of the bagpipes in a parlor is not cheerful. It has, in fact, the same effect upon a sensitive ear that the badly-executed music of a church choir has upon a musical bloodhound, and suggests pigs; but to hear its wild notes reverberating amongst these Highland hills on a beautiful summer morning has a charm at once wild and musical. We were awoke on this particular morning by the music of "a hundred pipers an' a' an' a'," and the lusty voice of "mine host of ze Garterre" calling out at our chamber door, "Six o'clock, gentlemen. I've brought your 'morning.'" Now this "morning" is quite an institution. In Virginia it would be a mint-julep, in Maine a gin-cocktail: west of the Clyde, it consists of a small glass, a black bottle and a "wee drap" of the real Glenlivet. As a panacea for all ills this extract of the mountain rises far above "Radway's Ready Relief" or "Helmbold's Extract of Buchu." You can tak' a dram in the morning just to clear the cobwebs; when you are cold you can tak' a dram; when warm a toothfu' will get you cool; when you sit down to dinner a dram will give you an appetite, and when you rise therefrom a "snifter" will aid digestion. But as the old Scotch divine said at the close of his peroration, "Ye're no to be aye dram-drammin'." When lively, however, there's nothing like a tumbler of toddy; when dull it's just the thing to "kittle up your notion." In short, it is a cure for everything, excepting, perhaps, atrophy of the purse.

Who that has witnessed the dawn of day upon a Highland lake can ever forget its grandeur and its beauty? The

pall which has slumbered over mountain and valley receives its morning kiss from the sun's first beam. Slowly from the bosom of the lake the misty curtain rises, revealing the bright green sward, the dewy flowers, the rocky crags—lifting the veil from chasm and heathery peak, higher to the snowy summits of these marvelous mountains, ever changing, ever the same; while the lake stands unveiled in all its maiden beauty, so fair, so pure, so exquisitely lovely, that the very heavens smile and the mountains woo their shadows in its glistening waters.

Having secured the services of Donald-mohr, or Duncan-ruag, or some such gentleman, we chartered a small skiff to "row us o'er the ferry." The nautical abilities of our boatman being of the highest order, we were safely landed amid much Gaelic, after a passage of twenty minutes, on the other side of Loch Tyne. As we entered the county-town of Inverary the imagination could very easily picture a coming raid or some warlike meeting of the olden time. There were nothing but kilts to be seen—kilts of all descriptions—green kilts, red kilts, yellow kilts, Macdonalds, Macphersons, Mactavishes, Macleans; more "Macs," in fact, than you could conveniently cram into an ordinary-sized directory. There were lairds by the score and "gillies" by the hundred. It is the custom in the Highlands for one laird to address another by the name of his property, and such salutations might be heard as, "Ah, Sonochan, and how are you?" "What! Ballinahashinish! Kimmerhao?" which, being literally translated, signifies "How goes it?" or "How do you do?" or, to bring it down to the civilization of modern life, "How does the antiquated party navigate?" "Pless my scw! Dunsliganach, and Ardtomish too!" "Where's the McClosky?" "Is the McQuarrie here?"

Many a fine specimen of a Celt stood there that day in the garb of his ancestors, many a Highland gentleman who traced his lineage back to long before Noah or the Flood, or the time when the McNabs had a boat o' their own.

Fine specimens these Celtic chieftains, with their fresh and noble faces and their splendid limbs. Many of the kilts were a sight to behold. Magnificent brooches of silver and cairngorm, jewelry of every conceivable design, claymores of splendid workmanship—nothing wanting but the targe to complete the picture of the Gael, the Roderick Dhu of Sir Walter Scott. It was the "coming of age" of one of MacCallum-mohr's sons, and the clans had turned out in force "to do him honor."

Inverary is a small but pretty town. It contains three or four churches, two or three hotels or "inns," a court-house, a principal street, and a number of stores and private dwelling-houses. Its leading feature is of course the castle, the gates of which are but a short distance from the town limits. The castle is a modern-looking structure, and is built in a perfect square, with four round towers, one at each angle. It is plain and simple, and wants much of that old baronial appearance to be found in many of the mansions of the Scottish nobility. The grounds about it are pretty, and the policies well wooded. From its situation on a table-land which forms the base of the mountains, from the vicinity of a peculiarly formed and square-looking hill called Dun Quaich, and from its general surroundings, it has a very picturesque and striking effect from the lake; but, taken in comparison with many of the castles and policies of Scotland, there is nothing particularly imposing about the whole place. Within the castle the rooms are handsomely decorated and luxuriously furnished. They contain the usual number of family portraits, which, of course, owing to the great antiquity and historical interest attaching to the Argylls, are numerous. The most attractive feature about the interior is the armory, which stands almost directly in the centre of the building as you enter. Here are displayed complete stands of arms of every description—spears, targes, claymores, dirks, brown "Elizabeths," and every species of weapon known to Highland warfare. Of the Argyll family, the duke

is now familiar to the world through his portraits and his pen. He is distinguished by his small stature, which is relieved, however, and rendered remarkably noble, by his long golden hair, his high and intellectual forehead, his firm-set mouth, and his general air and commanding presence. The duchess is one of the sweetest-looking women we ever saw. Her face is perfectly gentle and unassuming. Wanting the magnificent physique which gained for her mother the title of the finest woman in England, she is infinitely more simple and attractive. The marquis of Lorn is now, or has been, the most famously married man of modern times. His bride and himself will reign in the Highlands, as they now do in the hearts of the people, and may perhaps bring back to those heather mountains some of that feudal state which played its last coronach with "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Of the rest of the family, two, we understand, thanks to the advanced ideas and liberal spirit of this Highland duke, are engaged in business, and one has pitched his tent in our midst, and we are very sure will prove as successful in the pursuit of wealth as his forefathers did in the pursuit of glory. The Argyll family have been friendly to the United States when every man's hand was against her, and there is no family, nobles or commoners, throughout the length and breadth of Europe, for whom we ought to have a kinder feeling or a more cordial welcome.

We don't come of age so much in these United States as we used to do. That is to say, it is a matter of very little moment whether we ever come of age at all—at least so far as the ceremonial is concerned. But the feudal customs still cling to our relatives across the telegraph. The pomp and show may have died away, but several of the skeletons remain, and "coming of age" is one of them. MacCallum-mohr's son had arrived at a period of life when, if he were a commoner, he could be placed in prison for debt—if a pupil, he could call his curators to account and deal frightful havoc with the deeds of his minority. There was to be a grand dinner at the

castle, feasting among the tenantry, a general fuddle at the market-cross, and a general jollification all around. Everything, apparently, went off with éclat. Deputations of respectable citizens made respectable speeches, and somebody replied. The guns were a little rusty, but after much preliminary rushing in hot haste they didn't burst. One enthusiastic Celt got his whiskers scorched, but with that exception the guns were a success. Chieftains walked about in all the glory of tartan and skein-dhu. The pipers "hotched and blew wi' might and main." Every available flag was hoisted, healths were drunk, and the thing was done: the son of MacCallum-mohr was twenty-one.

We were not invited to dine at the castle, not being a duke or a Macnab, but we have no doubt that everything passed off there with Highland honors. We had struck up an acquaintance with the Macsporran, who gave us an invitation, which we cordially accepted, to dine with him at his "inns." The Macsporran was a sublime fellow—six feet three in his stocking soles, and as broad as an ox. His whiskers and hair were something gorgeous, and his conversation very pretty and ferocious. Altogether, we felt toward him as a small pug might feel toward a huge mastiff. If he had asked us to partake of roast Sassenach, we would have eat it. It was the Macsporran's undisguised opinion that any man who could not put beneath his belt eight tumblers of hot punch at a sitting was a creature to be despised, "a poor, contemptible wretch, sir, unfitted for the society of gentlemen." We trembled lest the chieftain should insist on our imbibing a like quantity of the mountain liquid, well knowing that two were about as much as we could conveniently stow away. We shall throw a veil over the events of that dinner-party: suffice it to say that we got off with two and a half, on the solemn declaration that we were going to the ball, and after promising to pass the remainder of our natural life at the fortress of the Macsporran, Achna-something, Mull.

The evening passed in merry-making. There were bonfires on the hills, and a grand *bal Celtique* for the benefit of the peasantry in a large barn. Never having witnessed a ball in the old Highland fashion, we wended our way thither in force at the appointed hour. We had heard much of Highland reels and the magic of the bagpipes, but we were scarcely prepared for the muscular display of that evening's entertainment. Imagine a huge barn surmounted by immense rafters, and decorated on all sides with tallow candles; place a barrel for the fiddler; fancy a couple of pipers strutting up and down as if the heavens, the earth, the sea, and all that in them is, were sprawling at their feet; people the room with an immense concourse of muscular men and women; fill the air with Gaelic and Scotch reels,—and you have a pretty correct idea of the opening of a Highland ball. There was not much programme to speak of, there being only one dance the whole night, and that was a reel. One reel succeeded another with scarcely a moment's intermission. Introductions did not appear to be at all necessary. The moment one reel was finished the gentlemen seemed to help themselves to partners wherever they could find them, little ceremony being used; and you might see a stalwart Highlander dragging a fair but muscular partner from her seat in the most unconcerned and nonchalant manner possible. When all was in readiness and the set formed, the men stood dos-à-dos, and the women faced them, forming four ranks faced inward. Some one roared "Muzique!" and bang went the fiddles, and away they went, twisting through each other in the figure eight, and pousetting with the most energetic and praiseworthy regardlessness of muscular tissue—"horching" and shouting and snapping fingers, and uttering the most extravagant expressions of delight. One favorite mode of procedure was for the gentleman to take both hands of the lady in his own, and dance at her as if he had some thoughts of throwing her over the rafters. From the gloaming of the evening to the gray

of the morning the dancing continued with uninterrupted energy, strathspey and reel, reel and strathspey. Whether it was the result of the "lashing's" of whisky or the physical strength of the natives, we know not, but there were no symptoms of flagging after the most terrific hard night's work we ever witnessed. The first beams of the morning found the native roses just as fresh upon the cheek of the village belle as when she started. There was but little intoxication. Sometimes you might behold a hilarious Highlander dancing affectionately to a post, and taking it round the neck in a loving and conjugal manner, but there was no quarreling, and everything passed off with the greatest good-humor and hilarity.

The sleepy mist of the morning was slowly rising from the Highland mountains, and the sun shone upon the hospitable home of the Campbells. We bade it farewell, and retraced our steps by way of Anochar to our quarters at Lochgoilhead. E. M. LAMONT.

WOES OF A VIRGINIA EDITOR.

JOHN PHOENIX's experience as an editor can never be forgotten. M. Tartine's troubles in attempting to conduct the *Cigare* newspaper for a day in Paris during the siege are fresh in the recollection of the reading public. But neither Tartine nor Phoenix was subjected to so peculiar an outrage upon his sensibilities as once befell a Virginia lawyer who tried to play political editor in the brave old days of slavery and unterrified Democracy.

"I had succeeded," says he, "beyond my most sanguine expectations. My friends were astounded at the capacity which I so suddenly displayed. The circulation of the paper increased, my editorials were copied far and wide, while compliments poured in upon me from every side. Within a month I had become a power in the land. The local politicians were in awe of me, and I fancied, not without reason, that I was shaping both State and national legislation. What pleased me most was the fact that the real editor of the paper,

having employed me temporarily in order that he might spend a few weeks in the city of Washington, was so charmed with my performance that he not only offered me a large interest in the paper, but announced to me by letter his intention of resigning in my favor. The truth was, I had quite eclipsed him. He knew it, and knew the public knew it.

"All thought of returning to the practice of law being abandoned, I applied myself with increased energy and ambition to the paper. The effect was immediate and unmistakable. A great career opened before me.

"Everything was going on swimmingly, when I was annoyed one morning by the entrance of the foreman, just as I was in the midst of one of my most brilliant articles.

"Well, sir?" said I sternly as I looked up from the foolscap on which I had been writing.

"Captain," said he nervously, for my temper, never the best, was unequivocally fierce at that moment—"Captain, there's an auction going on out here in the street."

"What the devil have I to do with that, sir? I am not in want of second-hand furniture."

"Some of the likeliest young niggers, cap, you ever laid eyes on."

"Do you take me for a nigger-trader, you infernal scoundrel?"

"No, sir; but you had better step out and buy five or six of them. Four might do, if they were all apt scholars, but some of them might not take to the business readily, and you had better buy six of the smartest. Them you don't want, you know, you can sell again 'most any time, and maybe make a right sharp margin on 'em."

"Six niggers! Buy six of them?"

"Yes, sir, certainly. There's no *ifs* nor *ands* about it: you've got to do it, right away."

"A suspicion crept over my mind that the man was drunk, but, resisting the temptation to kick him out of the office, I contented myself with a question:

"Got to buy them—for what?"

"Why, to learn the business."

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"Business! what business?"

"Why, the printing-business."

"Anger was lost in amazement at this monstrous proposition, made so coolly and calmly. Dropping my pen, I gazed at him for some moments in silence, and at length said, 'Are you drunk, sir, or crazy, or both? Do you seriously propose to me to go out and buy six raw negroes off the block, and set them to printing this paper?'"

"I do, sir. Every hand but one in the office is tight: they are on a bust, and good for a week before they'll get over it. And there's not a printer to be had within a hundred miles of this town.' He paused, but as I said nothing, he continued: 'Cap, listen to me. You are new to this business. I ain't: I've been in it all my life. Now, just as long as you are in this business you will be liable to this sort of trouble from drunken printers. I have thought a good deal about it, and the more I think about it the better I am satisfied that the only way to get along comfortably in the printing-business is to buy your printers and own them. They can't strike, they can't run away, and if they get drunk you can whale 'em like —. Then you don't have to pay them anything: just feed and clothe 'em—that's all. Depend upon it, cap, it's the best plan. Go out now, cap, and buy 'em."

"Wait for me here."

"He evidently thought he had convinced me, and that I was going to attend the negro-auction. I did no such thing. Putting on my hat, I went up stairs into the composing-room. Too true! There my solitary printer, a fine, industrious young fellow, who worked all day and played on the flute all night, was hard at it, setting type for dear life. He said nothing to me, and I said nothing to him. Turning on my heel, I went down stairs again, left the office, and never returned to it. The paper expired then and there, and that was the last I had to do with the printing-business."

This incident occurred in Lynchburg, Virginia. The printer who worked all day and played on the flute all night is now, and has been for very many years,

the editor of a leading paper in the city of Richmond.

THE CHILLINGHAM CATTLE.

AMONG the items of a recent book-sale in New York were some impressions of a famous engraving, by the well-known Northumbrian artist, Bewick, called the "Chillingham Bull." Various circumstances give this engraving an exceptional interest. It was drawn and engraved by Bewick himself in 1789, and is one of the largest cuts executed by him. Mr. John Bell (the celebrated Bewick collector), in a letter to William Andrew Chatto (author of *The History of Wood-Engraving*), dated June 27, 1840, says: "When the engraving was finished, Bewick brought the cut to my father in Hodgson's shop on a Friday to have some impressions taken off. My father conducted the concerns of the *Chronicle* newspaper, which was published in the afternoon of that day. The presses and the people were all engaged with the paper, and as it was clean, it was laid for that day in his desk; and on Saturday afternoon Bewick called, as he was going to Wycliff on the Sunday, and my father mentioning some fine parchment he had that day received from London to make some plans of estates on, he being also a land-surveyor, it was got out, and a skin cut into six pieces, and he, Bewick and Hodgson went to the printing-office, where the six impressions (afterward said to be on vellum) were printed off, together with the same number on paper. My father picked out what he conceived the best impression for having found the parchment, and Bewick and Hodgson each took one; and on Bewick taking the remaining three to his workshop, Bielby, by taking another, reduced the parchment copies to two for Mr. Tunstall, which, with about half a dozen impressions on paper, Bewick took with him next morning to Wycliff. When the impressions were taken off, Hodgson wanted to know where the cut was to be put until Monday, when the quantity required was to be printed. Bewick taking the cut, laid it upon the

stone imposing-table, and the parties left the office.

"On Monday morning, when the office was open, *the cut was found to have split*. The sun for the most part of Sunday had acted upon it through the window, and had it not been altogether in Bewick's hands in placing it where it was, there is not the least doubt but he would have made Hodgson answerable for it."

The bull in question belonged to a famous herd in the earl of Tankerville's park of Chillingham, in Northumberland. When at Chillingham in the last century, Pennant, the eminent tourist and topographer, wrote: "In my walks about the park see the white breed of wild cattle, derived from the native race of the country, and still retain the primæval savageness and ferocity of their ancestors; were more shy than any deer; ran away on the appearance of any of the human species, and even set off at full gallop on the least noise; so that I was under the necessity of going very softly under the shelter of trees or bushes to get a near view of them. During summer they keep apart from all other cattle, but in severe weather hunger will compel them to visit the outhouses in search of food. The keepers are obliged to shoot them if any are wanted. If the beast is not killed on the spot, it runs at the person who gave the wound, and who is forced, in order to save himself, to fly for safety to the intervention of some tree. These cattle are of a middle size, have very long legs, and the cows are fine-horned; the orbits of the eyes and the tips of the noses are black, but the bulls have lost the manes attributed to them by Boethius."

At Chartley, the seat of Shirley, earl of Ferraers, there are still a few similar cattle. The wild cattle of Chartley are, like those of Chillingham, of a white (or, rather, cream) color, but they differ from them in some minute particulars. The size of all these varieties is rather below that of the common breed of cows. It is the opinion of Professor Owen that they are descended from domestic cattle introduced by the Romans, which subse-

quently became half wild from breeding together in an unreclaimed state. Long ago, in a survey of Staffordshire, the surveyor observes of Chartley: "The park is very large, and hath therein red-deer, fallow-deer, wild beasts and swine." "Wild beasts" is still the local name for the few wild cattle left there: the wild swine have disappeared. There is an entry in the steward's book as late as 1683-'84: "Paid the cooper for a pail for ye wild swine, 2s."

There is a legend that when any calamity is going to happen to a member of the family, the birth of a black calf is the portent. In the last century a half-crazy Lord Ferrers was hung for shooting his steward, but whether the calf made its appearance does not appear to be recorded.

THACKERAY AS A SHOWMAN.

YEARS ago, when Thackeray was delivering his lectures on "The Georges" and the "English Wits and Humorists" to large audiences in a Southern city, he asked a distinguished literary man what chance of success there would be in a certain other city not many miles away.

"I really don't know, Mr. Thackeray," was the reply. "I never succeeded there. But I am nobody, and you are a great gun: it seems to me you ought to succeed anywhere. Still, I cannot conscientiously advise you to make the attempt: you might possibly fail, and lay the blame on me." After some reflection, he added: "Perhaps if you were to make a special lecture, compounded of the best and most diverting parts of two or more of your series, you might draw a tolerably good house. But I will not guarantee anything."

Thackeray thought the matter over, accepted the suggestion, made up the compound lecture, advertised, "billed the town," and went over.

On his return his friend met him at the cars, and, after the usual greeting, said, "Well, sir, how did you make out?"

"Oh!" said Thackeray merrily, "I have been playing the mountebank for sixpence."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The night, you know, was a wretched one: the audience was thin, not above fifty or sixty persons, and a more quiet and absolutely sober set I never attempted to entertain. I did my best, but so profound was their respect—their awe, I may say—of me that not a murmur of applause, not a ghost of a smile, escaped them. Solemnly, sincerely, piously they stared at me. I do believe they thought I was preaching a funeral sermon. At the close of the lecture I fully expected a committee to come forward and request a copy of my obituary on the Georges for publication in the morning paper, and I felt disappointed that the doorkeeper did not stop me as I went out to put crape on my arm and a weeper on my hat. It was truly a solemn and refreshing season."

"The next morning, after paying my advertising bills and the hotel charges, I found I had cleared enough to pay my return fare to this place, and five dollars over. Congratulating myself on this fact, I strode jubilantly down to the station, and was in the act of stepping on the train when I felt myself touched on the back. Turning around, I beheld a small man with the aspect of a turnkey, who, in no complimentary terms, made inquiry, 'Ain't you a man by the name of Thackeraay?'"

"That is my name, sir."

"Well, didn't you give a show here last night?"

"Why, yes, I think it was decidedly a 'show.'"

"Well, thar's a law in this town that any man that gives a show has got to pay five dollars license for a-givin' uv the show, and you didn't pay no license; and I'm the sargent uv this town, and here's the bill, and you got to pay it before you kin get to git in them keers."

"This was too good. I handed the fierce little sergeant the five dollars, paid my railroad fare out of my own pocket, and so," concluded Thackeray with a jolly laugh, "I played the mountebank for sixpence, and upon my honor I enjoyed it."

NOTES.

AN interviewer, who recently reported for one of our leading journals the particulars of a visit he paid to Baron Liebig, the well-known German chemist, gave Liebig's interpretation of the story of Cain and Abel as the tradition of the contest between the agriculturalist and the hunter, or between civilization with its productive industry, and barbarism with its necessity for living by destruction. Whether this interpretation is correct or not, it is at least suggestive. Though agriculture lies at the basis of social progress, since by it alone the ease and certainty of life, which is the necessary condition precedent for all social culture, can be obtained, yet the class of agricultural laborers has in all historic times been the most degraded portion of the body politic. In this country the freedom of our political relations has in a great measure altered this condition of things, but in Europe, and perhaps especially in England, the agricultural laborers are even worse off than our plantation slaves were, since they have not the natural gayety of disposition which the negro had, but are stolid and sullen. Their countenances, their bearing and their lives are those of men who seem to feel that their ancestors for countless generations have been drudges, that their own lot has been the same, and that their case is hopeless. The spirit of modern times has seemed to have as little effect in exciting them to new aspirations as the birth of spring has upon the rocks and stones. The recent strike, therefore, of the agricultural laborers in England is as noticeable an event as the opening of the East to the influx of modern civilization. The torpor of their despair seems to have passed, and with a terrible logic they have said, "Working all our lives, we starve: it cannot be worse if we refuse to work." To many of the employers such an action on their part is as surprising as a similar course upon the part of our oxen would be to us, but to the student of social progress their strike is full of significance.

THE theoretical admirers of Turner's

pictures, who have been induced thereto by Ruskin's brilliant crusade in their favor, as a general rule are dumbfounded and aghast at the first sight of them in the National Academy in London. These astonishing canvases, which have been fitly described as

A foreground rich in golden dirt,
A sunset painted with a squirt,

look like stupendous jokes upon the part of the artist, as though he painted them as tests of the gullibility of the public, or as proofs of how far a blind reverence for authority could deceive their intelligent common-sense judgment. It is interesting, therefore, to learn that the reason why Turner played in his later years such fantastic tricks with Nature was simply a physical one, a disease of his eyes which made him see things differently from what they are. The name given to this new optical disease is astigmatization, and its prophet is a German oculist named Liebfrieh, who recently lectured in London "on certain faults of vision, with especial reference to the works of Turner and Mulready." According to this new theory, astigmatization is a physiological condition which tends to so elongate all perpendicular lines as almost to obliterate horizontal ones, and produces analogous effects in color. These statements the lecturer illustrated by the use of an astigmatic glass—though exactly what that is does not clearly appear in the report—by which early pictures of Turner's were made to appear like those of his later years. He also by an astigmatizing glass made it evident that a tree painted by Turner, which from its close resemblance to a cloud of smoke the critics have heretofore been unable to classify botanically, was in fact a birch tree. All that is wanting now is for some one to demonstrate the same physical cause for our moral and political cases of obliquity of vision.

MOST of us have read with interest the accounts of the numerous funeral ceremonies and processions which have taken place in various Italian cities in honor of the patriot Mazzini, including

Rome, where much enthusiasm and respect were shown when his bust was carried through the city to be placed in the Capitol. But it may not be as generally known, on our side of the ocean, that his body, after having received a simulated burial in Genoa, was given into the hands of Professor Gorini, who has undertaken to preserve it by means of petrification. The art of petrifying bodies has been for years an object of special study in Italy, and Gorini seems to have been unusually successful in it, and, indeed, to have made wonderful progress in its details. There are two ways in which dead bodies are preserved, and made to retain all the appearances of life. Certain preparations give them the hardness of stone, so that they may be exposed to all changes of temperature and weather without being affected by them. Under the hand of this professor, Mazzini's body will be preserved in this wise, and will require eight months to become thoroughly petrified. We are curious to know what is to be done with the corpse after it has thus been preserved, and conjecture that it will be made to figure as one more attraction in M. Gorini's already most strange museum. This museum contains several lifelike corpses and heads, besides various objects made out of human flesh. Certain embalming preparations give to bodies, after an immersion of several hours in water, the appearance of just having fallen asleep; and having thus regained their flexibility they prove valuable for anatomical studies.

How far an interference in politics is justifiable upon the part of the clergy has always been a question. While every occurrence which could not be otherwise accounted for was supposed to have been caused by the immediate

personal action of some divine being, the belief was of course absolute that such action could be influenced by the priests who claimed, and were supposed to have, some more immediate means of communication with the divinities than fell to the lot of the rest of mankind. In Rome, for example, the augurs were consulted upon all matters of public importance, and the action of the state was deferred or carried out according to their interpretation of the will of the divinities. Modern philosophy, however, is supposed to have abrogated this dependence upon the priestly interpretation of the divine will in all matters of political action, and Cicero's disbelief in its accuracy or its efficacy, which was exceptional in his time, even among the learned, is to-day the rule rather than the exception. It is curious, therefore, to find in Massachusetts, where philosophy is supposed to be the daily occupation of the people, and in Boston, which is well known to be the hub through which the axis of the universe turns, that the Legislature, to which in our modern methods of government political action is specifically delegated, should suffer from priestly interference in its peculiar province. We saw recently how one minister in his annual sermon before the Legislature took the liberty of discoursing pointedly upon the text, Thou shalt not steal, and now it seems that the chaplain of the House has been in the habit of introducing political considerations in the prayers with which the daily sessions are opened. As an evidence of reversion to original types this experience should have delighted the philosophers of the Legislature, instead of disgusting them as it did, one of the members speaking of it as lobbying questions to the Almighty.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Music and Morals. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is an attempt to perform the Ruskinism of the art of music. The author, who evidently has given musical works a close and cultured attention, wishes to vindicate them before the moralist. He observes that color, as in the case of a fine sunset, conveys an address to the emotional nature, an appeal which he believes to affect our religious faculty. Music, which is to literature like unformulated color, he considers to carry a similar power. Undoubtedly, the influence of grand scales of color is a commanding one, and one can think of fine and poignant minds, the Shelleys and William Blakes of the world, taking definite impressions therefrom, and translating these to their fellow-men: as for the illustration of the sunset, the grand sunsets of Patmos have apparently modified with magistral effect the visions of the inspired author of the Apocalypse. Music, it is very possible, may in like manner and at some period, exert a definite refining influence upon morals, but it has the disadvantage of speaking an accent quite unseized of minds not technically cultured; and morals are improved through *rapproches* with the multitude, not through the fastidiousness of the dilettanti. As the sunsets of the Mediterranean were wasted upon the Roman hind until St. John came and painted him a heaven with them, so it appears to us that the religiousness of music will never greatly affect the *morale* of the world until some one comes capable of translating it into the world's one vernacular of language. This, in fact, is what Mr. Haweis's book is a tentative effort for; but we are sorry to assure Mr. Haweis that after a full inspection of his intellect, as spread forth in this rather pleasant work, we conclude that he is not the St. John, nor even the Ruskin. Biographical sketches of great composers, with chapters on violins and piano-fortes, on chamber-music and similar topics, make up the bulk of the volume, which, without anything new or very striking, contains a great deal of agreeable gossip that will whet the

curiosity of many readers in regard to such topics.

Their Wedding-Journey. By W. D. Howells. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The meagre happenings which are recorded here challenge the literary faculty by their very poverty and paucity: the two adventurers are just the next people you will meet at a party; the principal marionettes of the action are such well-worn ones as the bride of Niagara and the supercilious hotel-clerk: a treatment less sensitive would lose everything. Yet the tour is a little chef-d'œuvre. It is painted with light and air and local color on it: there is a bloom, as there is on the golden plum, and you are tempted to cover the book with a glass case. "The two scenes which linger in the memory are the transit through New York on a blind-hot dog-day, and Isabel's scene on the last of the Sister Islands at Niagara, where she has an intuition that the bridges are unsafe and will not go back. Hawthorne, who could never sketch conversation, though he was so perfect a limner of aspects of Nature and of people's actions and attitudes, would have found among these papers just the last, complementing grace which he never could catch for his *Note-Books*. The rarest, perhaps, of Mr. Howells's faculties is that of inveigling into print those little shreds of remark that float to the ear at railway-stations and hotel-tables: with these he charms his book. These nothings, uttered and lost and caught again, are found to be the life of the work, and the whole tale, which would otherwise be leathery enough, crepitates from their permeation. On the whole, it would not be surprising if this tender trifle were found at length to keep a permanent place in our literature that its author never dreamed of for it.

The Music Lesson of Confucius, and other Poems. By Charles Godfrey Leland. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The poem which gives its name to the volume is one of the three longest in the book, the second being the "Return of the

Gods," and the third, "Many in One;" and even these have a quality that is but too rare in modern poetry—they are all short. The nicety of taste, almost amounting to a faultiness rather than a faultless delicacy, requires of Mr. Leland more space than he is willing to give to the proper exposition of his fullness of learning and wealth of ideas—attributes uncommon to the poets of the day, for even the greatest of them are not afraid to run to unconscionable lengths, rather than leave a single flower of speech unopened, or the most modest turn of a thought to blush unseen. A reader in concord with the mood of the poet himself—and that is essential to the enjoyment, and indeed to the comprehension, of poetry—will find many things to gratify him in these poems, both in form and substance. The keynote of the whole is struck in "The Return of the Gods," and this melodious strain is pregnant with noble thoughts. Change, after all, is the *new*, and this dogma is laid down in the couplets beginning with—

Grandeur than Plato or Hegel, greater than Bacon or Comte,
Is faith in a noble endeavor, the power to rise to the new.

Less scoffing in its tone is the poem which Mr. Leland, with his love of quaint learning, dubs "De Apibus Mortem Domine lugentibus:" it is replete with frequent music, and it is, too, a study of art, yet, with characteristic indifference to mere popularity, the entire intention is not easy to catch, and as most people are dull as to hidden meaning in poetry, much of it will remain enigmatical to many readers, although all of it may be clear enough to others. Exquisitely told is the story of Spiridion,

And of his daughter, faithful unto death.

Then follow half a dozen short "Poems of Perfumes," which are very pretty and fanciful—Ovidian, yet with a sentiment unknown to the Latin poet. "Many in One" is a charming myth, taking twenty pages for its telling, and evidently a favorite theme with its author, who might have done well to make it the "leader" of his little family of poems, and given the title to his volume. So good a Latinist as Mr. Leland has bent to the inexorable rules of verse, and given us "Jovis" as a nominative, with no better authority, we take it, than the stress of necessity. But this and kindred faults are but flies in amber. Part III. of this poem

is clever enough, but it seems out of tune with its predecessors, for, after all, burlesque should not travesty the earnest by the same hand. The poem of "A Thousand Years Ago" is very pretty and sportive, and it is followed by half a dozen "Legends of the Birds," which deserve to be popular, both because they are new and because they are good, uniting the strange reading of the German chronicles with the happiest freedom of expression, and that verbal nicety which specially marks Mr. Leland's use of old material for a new purpose.

We can heartily commend and congratulate Mr. Leland on his book, both in detail and as a whole: it comprises a distinct individuality, and yet at times it brings out a fresh reminiscence of Shelley, of Heine and of Uhland, but only as serving to show how they at the same time enrich Mr. Leland's own store of poetry and attest his own originality.

Paris Illustré, en 1870. Par Adolphe Joanne.
Paris: Hachette; New York: F. W. Christern.

By the new *Guide Joanne* we get in a compact form some interesting data of the destruction of Paris. The Commune, it appears, during its reign of seventy-three days, ruined two hundred and thirty-eight public or private properties. The loss by its vandalism, in this and other sorts of direct spoliation, is calculated at eight hundred and sixty-seven million five hundred thousand francs. Except in architecture, however, it caused but little irreparable ruin, and the number of happy escapes for objects of value was marvelous. Not to repeat the well-ventilated stories of the Venus of Milo, M. Thiers' treasures and the Column Vendôme, it seems that the Archives, invaluable to the history of France, were only separated by the breadth of a street from the Mont de Piété, so thoroughly pillaged by the needy revolutionists: they were arranged in the Hôtel Soubise, and passed unnoticed. The great National Library in the Rue Richelieu was entirely saved, the volumes having been hidden in the cellar of the School of Fine Arts. In the Louvre Library, however, eighty thousand books were burnt; the registers of the *État Civil* were destroyed; and in the fires at the Palace of Justice, twenty thousand out of thirty thousand volumes were lost from the Advocates' Library; thirty thousand more perished in the new pavilion of the

palace. During the same fire the neighboring Sainte-Chapelle escaped with all its fine glass windows intact, thanks to the prevalence of a strong north wind. At the church of St. Eustache, however, the glass designed by Philippe de Champagne was destroyed. Only one corner of the ceiling of the Gallery of Apollo, in the Louvre (the centre-piece of which was painted by Delacroix), is burnt away. In Notre Dame the loss is confined to two ambones at the extremity of the bas-choir. We speak not, however, of the spoliation of sacristy treasures, quantities of which, from most of the churches of Paris, were taken to the mint to be coined. The issue of money made during the triumph of the Commune was one million three hundred thousand francs, and not, as has been stated, thirteen millions: a considerable number of postage-stamps was likewise struck. By the barricade of the Rue de Rivoli was destroyed the statue of Lille, one of those decorating the Place de la Concorde; and one of the horses in marble at the entrance to the Champs Elysées lost his tail. The villa of Rossini, at Passy, received more than fifty shells, the chamber where the composer died being left a mass of rubble: all is being now rebuilt by Madame Rossini. The house of Théophile Gautier, at Neuilly, near the river, was badly perforated, but the treasures had been hidden. In another house, however, that of M. Gatteaux, a friend of Ingres, perished, among other things, a choice series of the designs and compositions of the painter, intended ultimately for the national collections. The art-loss at the Gobelins factory included most of the specimens illustrating the history of French tapestry, kept in the exhibition-hall. That the losses in this kind can be so easily counted—that the collections of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Cluny and the Arts-and-Trades Museums should have all escaped—is a matter of sincerest congratulation. The work from which we have taken the above notes is *Paris Illustré* in its third edition, one of the admirable Joanne series of guide-books. The present issue, it appears, the result itself of a year's labor and more, was in press when Napoleon declared war against Prussia, eight sheets only remaining to print. Unwilling to suppress the carefully-amended pages, and ignorant of the plans of the future Paris with which to replace them, the publishers determined to

let the work stand as a presentment of the capital in the last months of the Empire. It is printed on such fine paper that, although there are about eleven hundred pages, the volume is not much over two inches in thickness. The engravings number four hundred and forty-two, and there are fifteen plans: a good feature in the maps is, that the quarters of the city are represented each on a page, in fine colored charts, avoiding much of the customary nuisance in creasing and tearing. The work altogether is a curiosity of *multum in parvo*.

Books Received.

John Jasper's Secret: A Sequel to Charles Dickens' Unfinished Novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Illustrated. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Shakespeare's History of King Henry the Eighth. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Strange Discoveries respecting the Aurora, and Recent Solar Researches. By Richard A. Procter, B. A., F. R. A. S., etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Speeches on Political Questions by George W. Julian. With an Introduction by L. Maria Child. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard. By the Count de Montalembert. 2 vols. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

Hannah: A Novel. By Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mistress and Maid: A Household Story. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," New York: Harper & Brothers.

Meister Karl's Sketch-Book. By Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitmann). Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Country of the Dwarfs. By Paul du Chaillu. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Poor Miss Finch: A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Lucia—Her Problem: A Novel. By Amanda M. Douglas. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Patty: A Novel. By Katherine S. Macquoid. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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